BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

VOL. 1 No. 2
JUNE
1929

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- Edgar Wallace
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- John Paris
- Warwick Deeping
- Lady Cynthia Asquith
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- Dolf Wyllarde
- The Earl of Birkenhead
- Etc., etc., etc.

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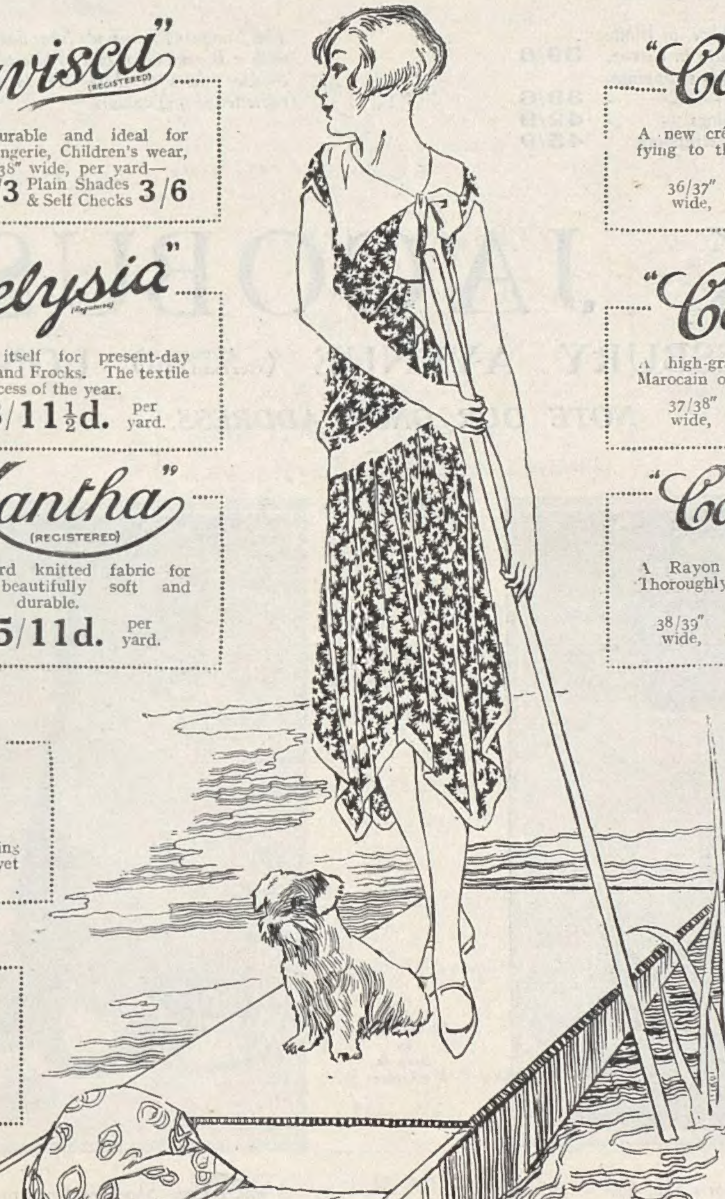

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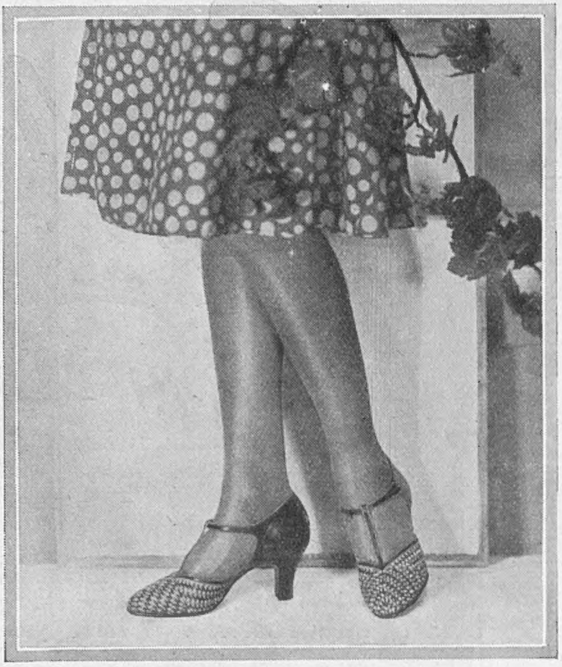
In White Suède with Dull Black Kid strappings - **45/9**



This Summer Promenade Shoe has a Dull Black back with a Black, Grey and White plaited vamp - **42/9**
Similar shoes to these are to be had in many varieties of gay colours.

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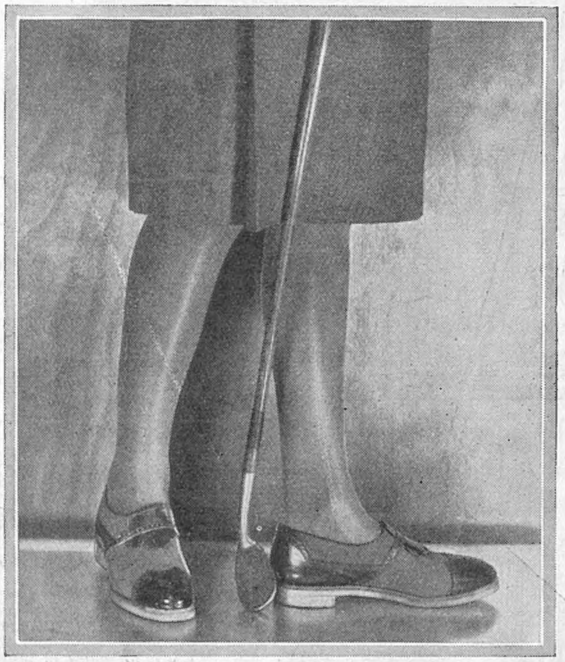
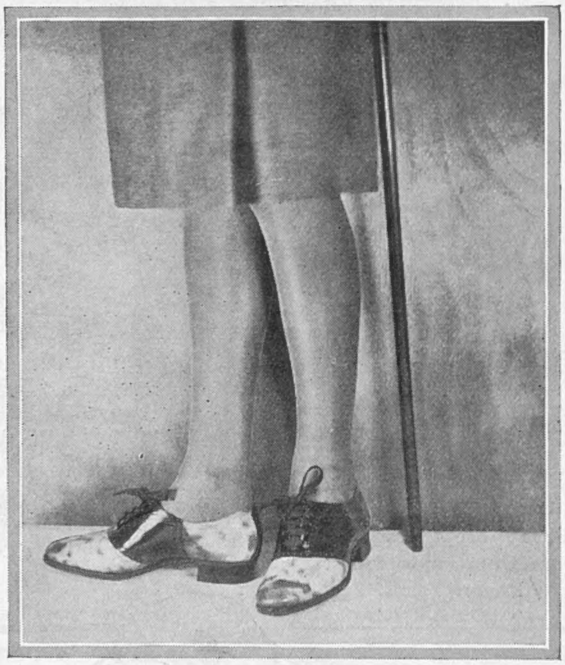


This Beaver Suède and Tan Calf Sports Shoe has a crêpe sole and is the ideal thing for Summer golf. A special feature of this shoe is the rubber inside heel pad for those not used to a low heel - **27/9**

Photographs by Beck & MacGregor



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Also in Brown fancy leather and Tan fittings, with leather sole and rubber heel - - - **42/9**

BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 220. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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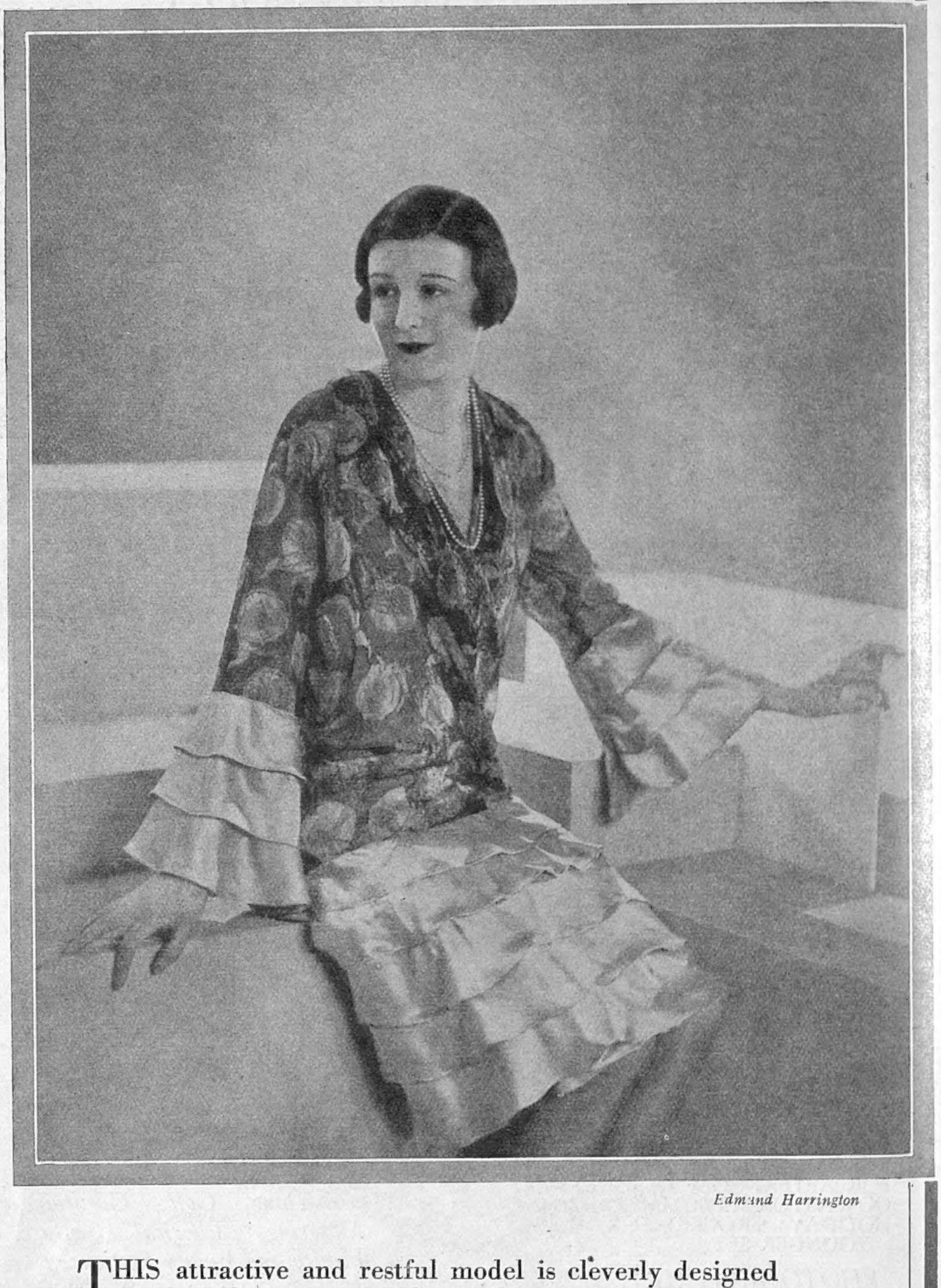
for

Tea Gowns



Edmund Harrington

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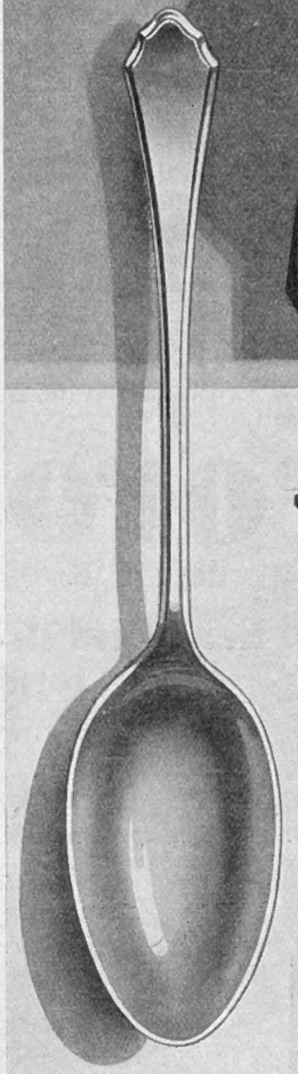

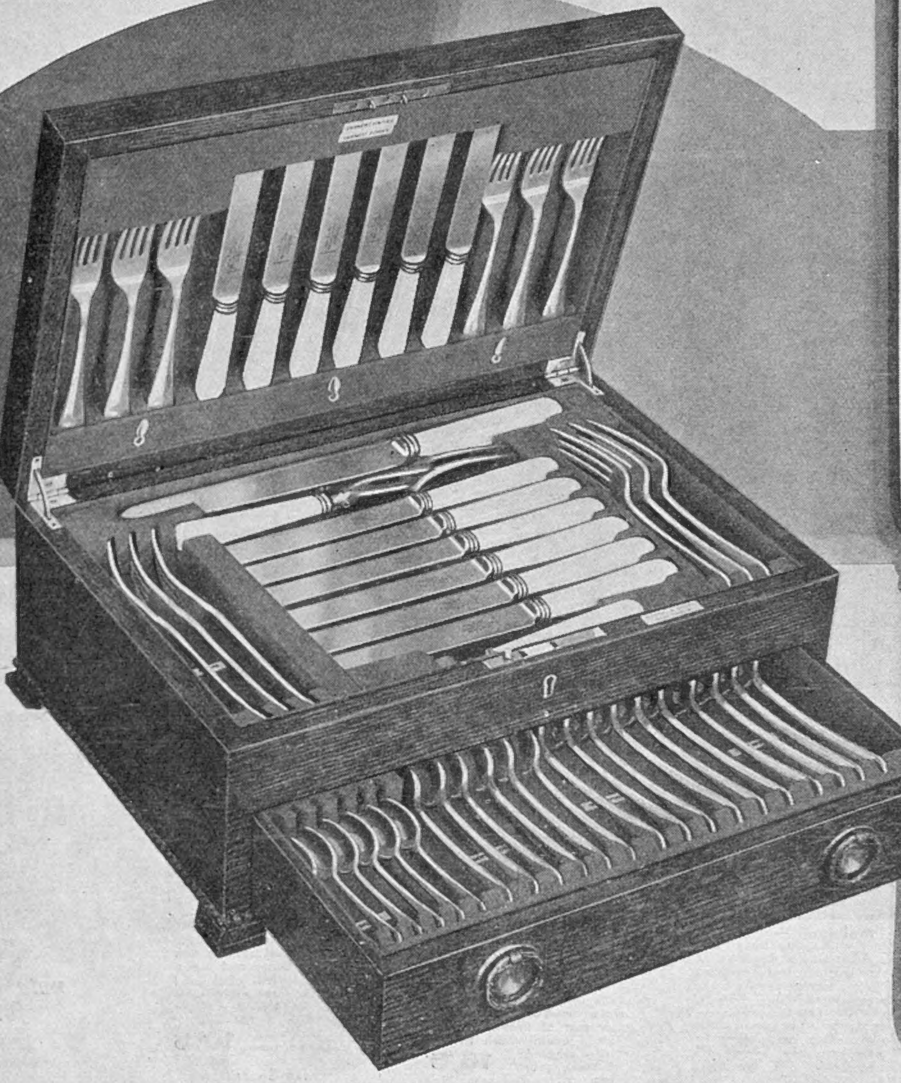

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Cheese Knives, £1 6 0 doz.

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Table Forks	2 7 6 ,,
Dessert Spoons	1 14 0 ,,
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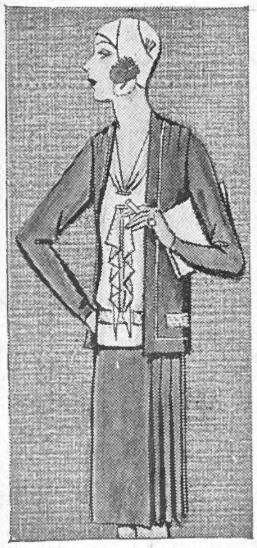
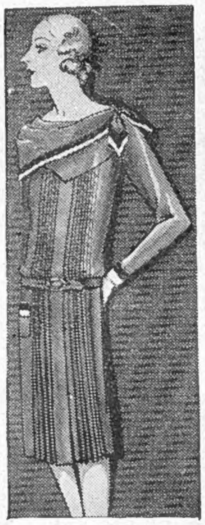
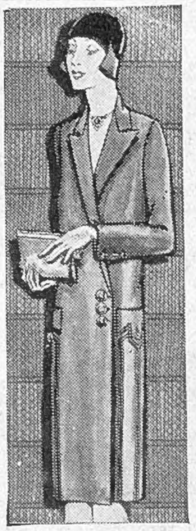


"celia."—here is a very smart and practical model suit. the loose coat and trim skirt are made of red wool crêpe—the coat having a pocket and piping of white satin. with this is worn a sleeveless jumper made in white satin with a very smart jabot. the belt is stitched with red as on the coat pocket. **12/-** monthly.
cash 4 *gns.*



"mary."—afternoon dress of navy blue crepe de chine, trimmed with bands of scarlet and white, which edge the scarf collar, pocket, and wrists. a deep yoke from which fall pleats, stitched flat to the hip-line, then allowed to flow freely, gives a graceful effect. **10/6** monthly.
cash 3½ *gns.*



"rhona."—this useful coat owes its chic to the perfection of its tailoring. it is developed in gun metal suiting, finished with bone buttons, and lined throughout with crêpe de chine to tone. **15/-** monthly
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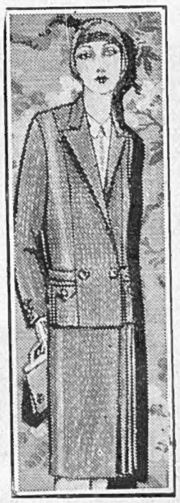
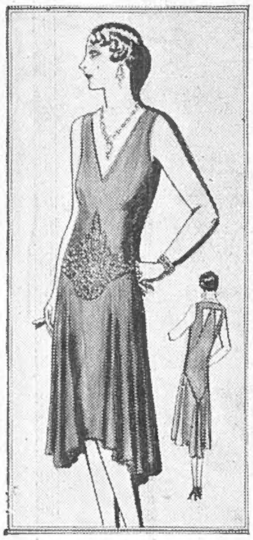
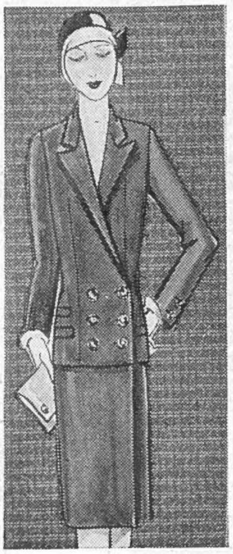


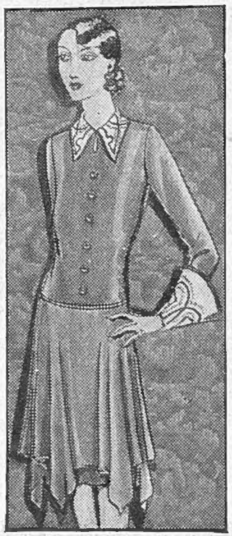
"janice."—a very chic tailor-made model developed in a fashionable blue and brown mixture suiting, the coat is lined throughout with beige crêpe de chine. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 *gns.*



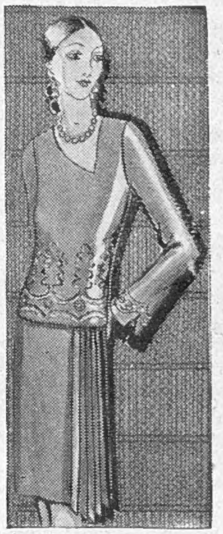
"elegante."—black georgette makes this charming evening gown. the front of the bodice is trimmed with a handsome design carried out in chrystal beads and diamante. note also the interesting back. **21/-** monthly
cash 7 *gns.*



"madame."—black hopsack makes this elegant suit. a smart note is struck by the six button double-breasted effect. another novelty is the arrangement of the pockets. the skirt has the appearance of being a wrap-over, but that effect is made by a very deep pleat. **27/-** monthly.
cash 9 *gns.*



"jose."—this is a very chic little dress, made of black georgette, trimmed with a collar (which can be worn open or closed) and deep gauntlet cuffs of white satin smartly embroidered with red and gold. the row of buttons, which give a quaint finish to the bodice, are made of black georgette. **16/6** monthly
cash 5½ *gns.*



"magda."—a charming jumper suit in black marocain, the bodice features the new sloping neck-line, and is embroidered in red, black and gold; the same embroidery appears on the sleeves; a novel touch is the slanting line of the pleats in the side of the skirt. **10/6** monthly
cash 3½ *gns.*

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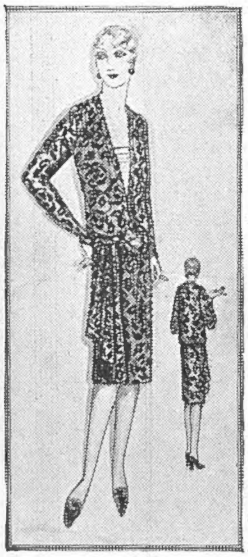

"claudia."—this elegant model is carried out in a french velvet embossed material, with a georgette vest, daintily hemstitched. the straight back and soft cascading draperies on the front of this model make it particularly becoming to the older woman. it can be obtained in amethyst, black, nigger and navy blue. **24/-** monthly
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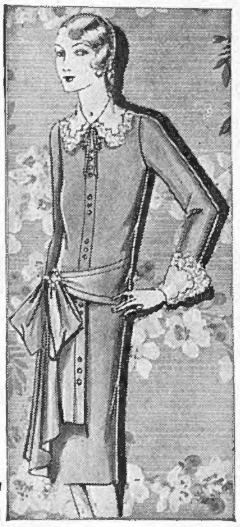
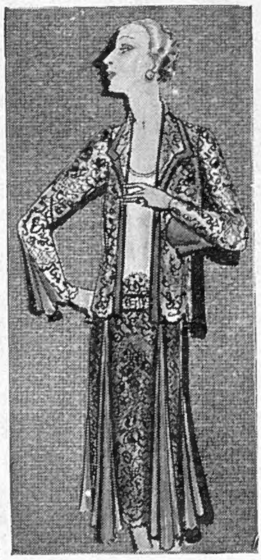


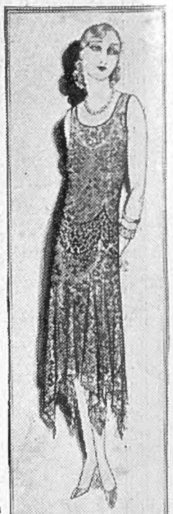
on the left.

"mai."—black wool crepe makes this very chic coat frock, daintily finished with cavalier collar and cuffs of beige crêpe de chine and cobwebby needle-run lace. a diamante buckle gives a brilliant touch of chic to the "sash." the back of this model is quite plain and straight. **16/6** monthly.
cash 5½ *gns.*

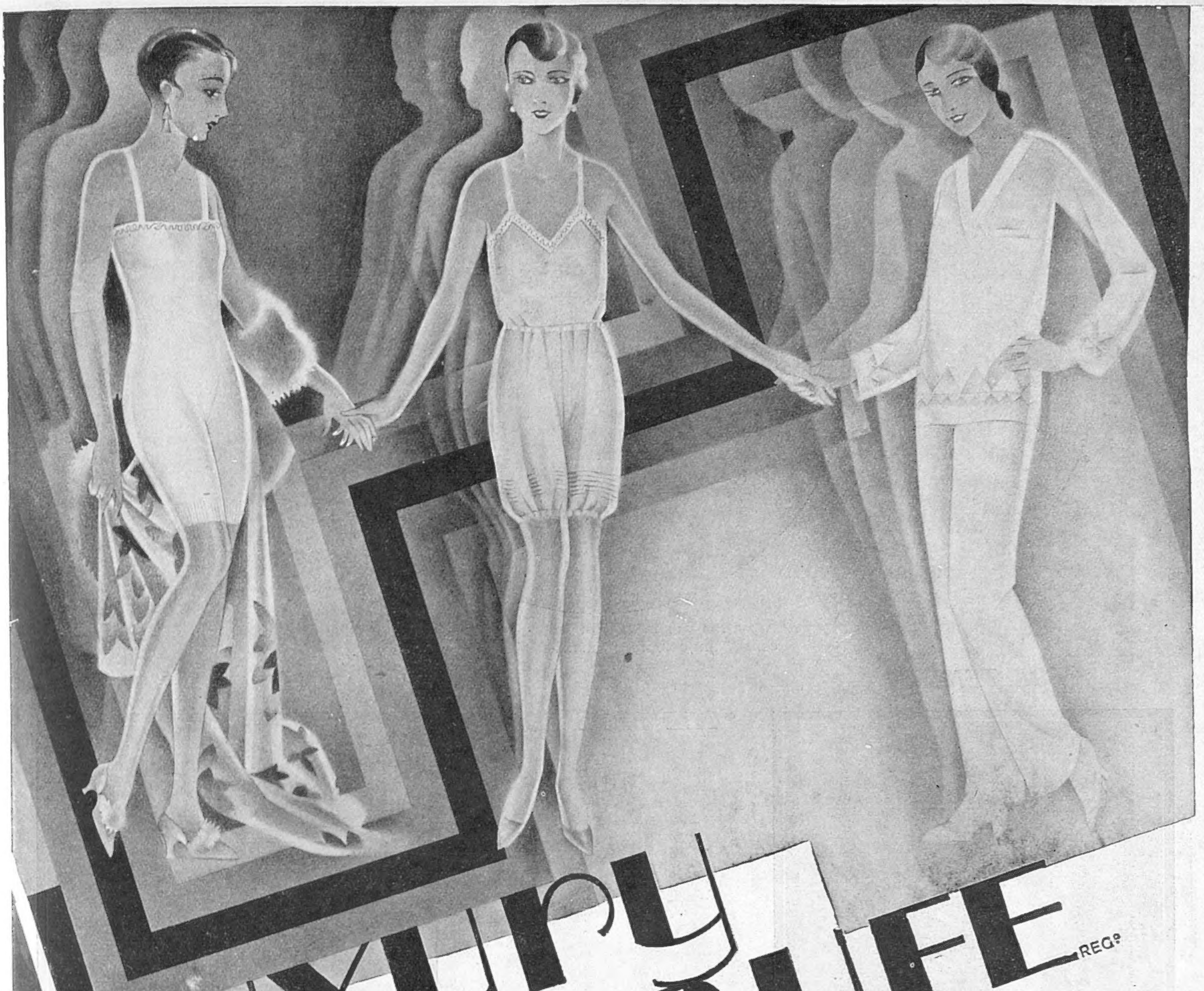
on the right.

"natalie."—exquisitely dainty yet practical is this model fashioned in georgette and lace; the lace skirt with its soft flutings of georgette volents is mounted on a sleeveless bodice of flesh pink over which is worn a little lace jacket. **22/6** monthly.
cash 7½ *gns.*





"lanoya."—soft black lace with a chiffon foundation makes this charming model. the incrustation of ciré lace at the waist is a novel feature and the skirt with its four long "points" is particularly graceful **24/-** monthly.
cash 8 *gns.*



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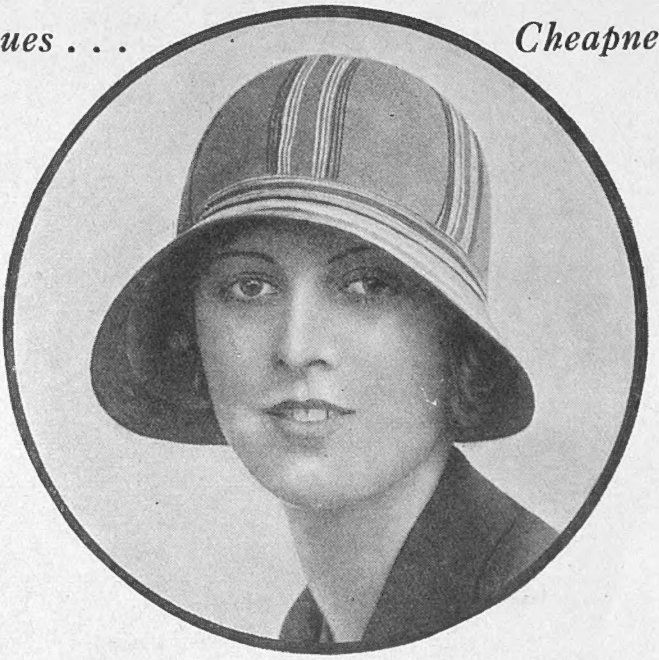
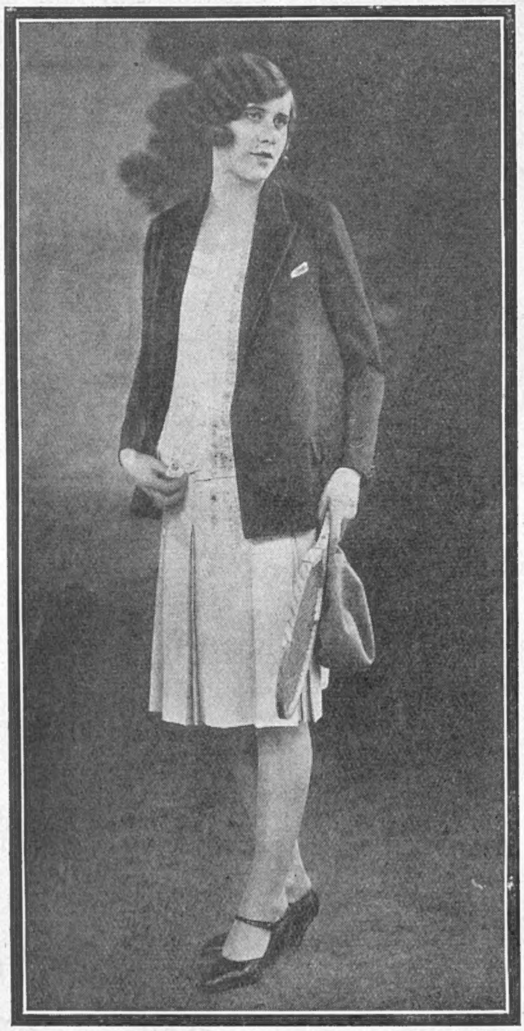


A feather-weight hat of linen, stitched in contrasting colours. In many shades. **2 gns.**

FOR TENNIS



A frock of superfine washing crêpe de chine **6 gns.**
The new blazer in "Hunting Pink" cloth, lined with crêpe de chine. And in other shades. **5 gns.**

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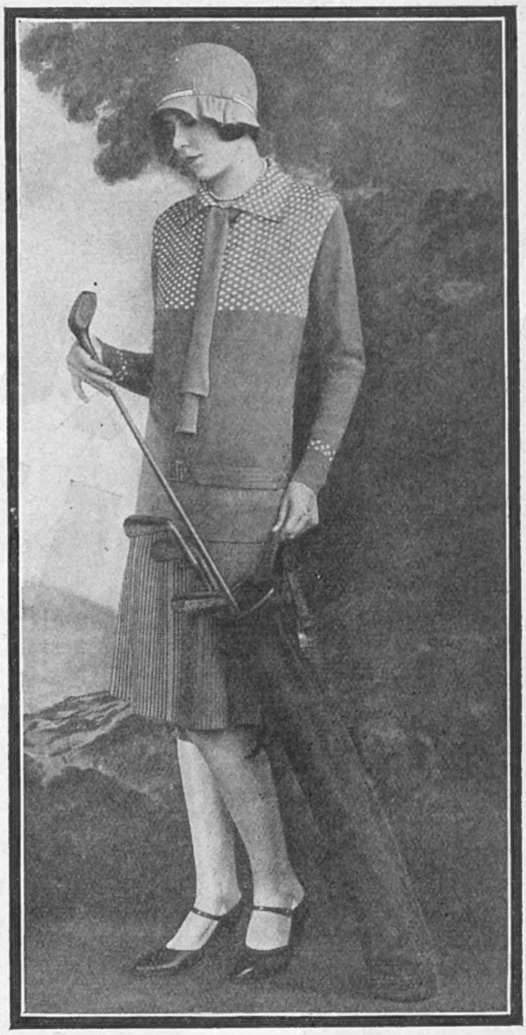

The latest Jersey Suit with spotted jumper in two shades and pleated skirt **7 gns.**

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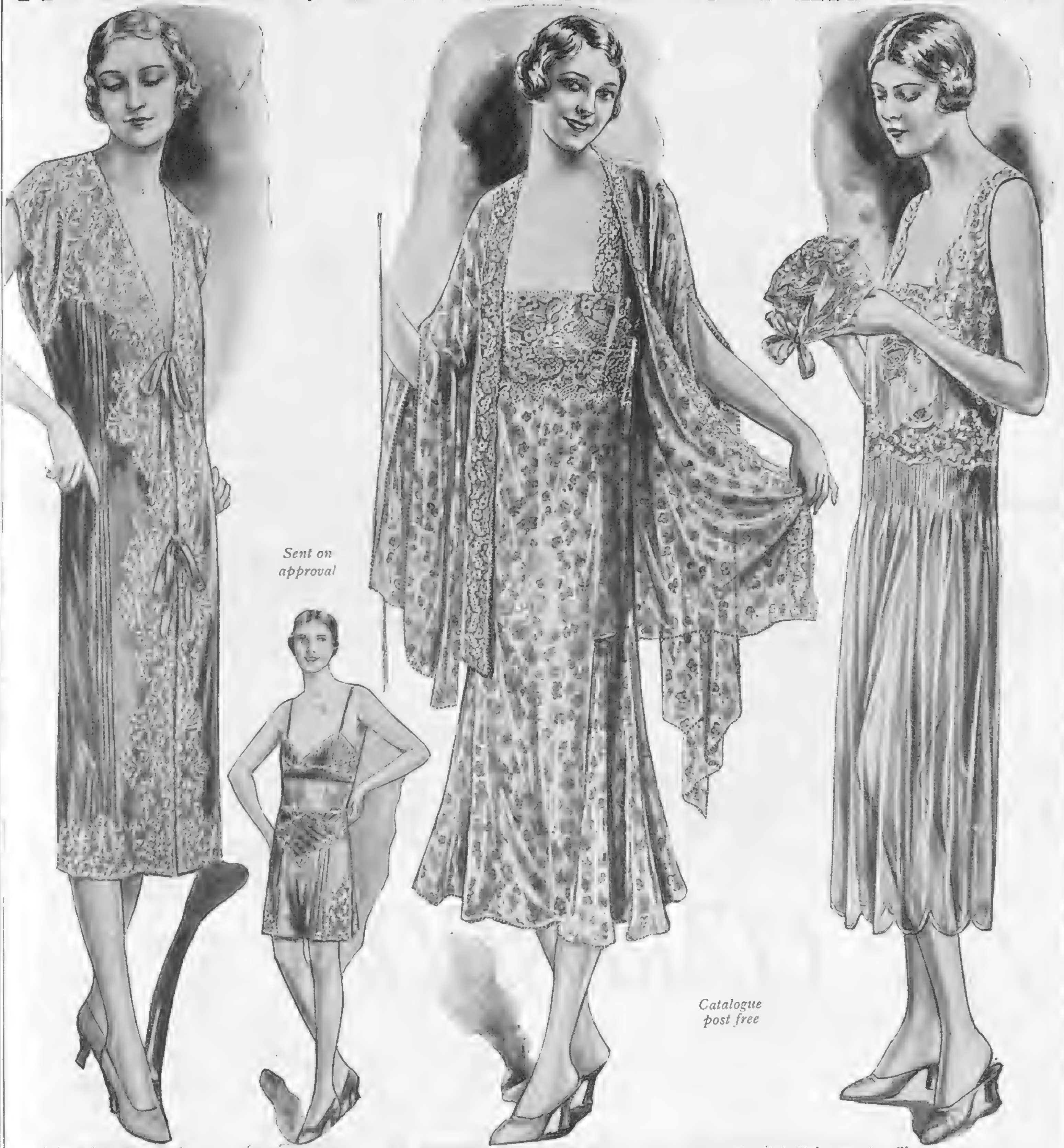

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Also in pure silk triple ninon in the same colourings **69/6**

Lace and Ribbon Boudoir Cap **25/9**

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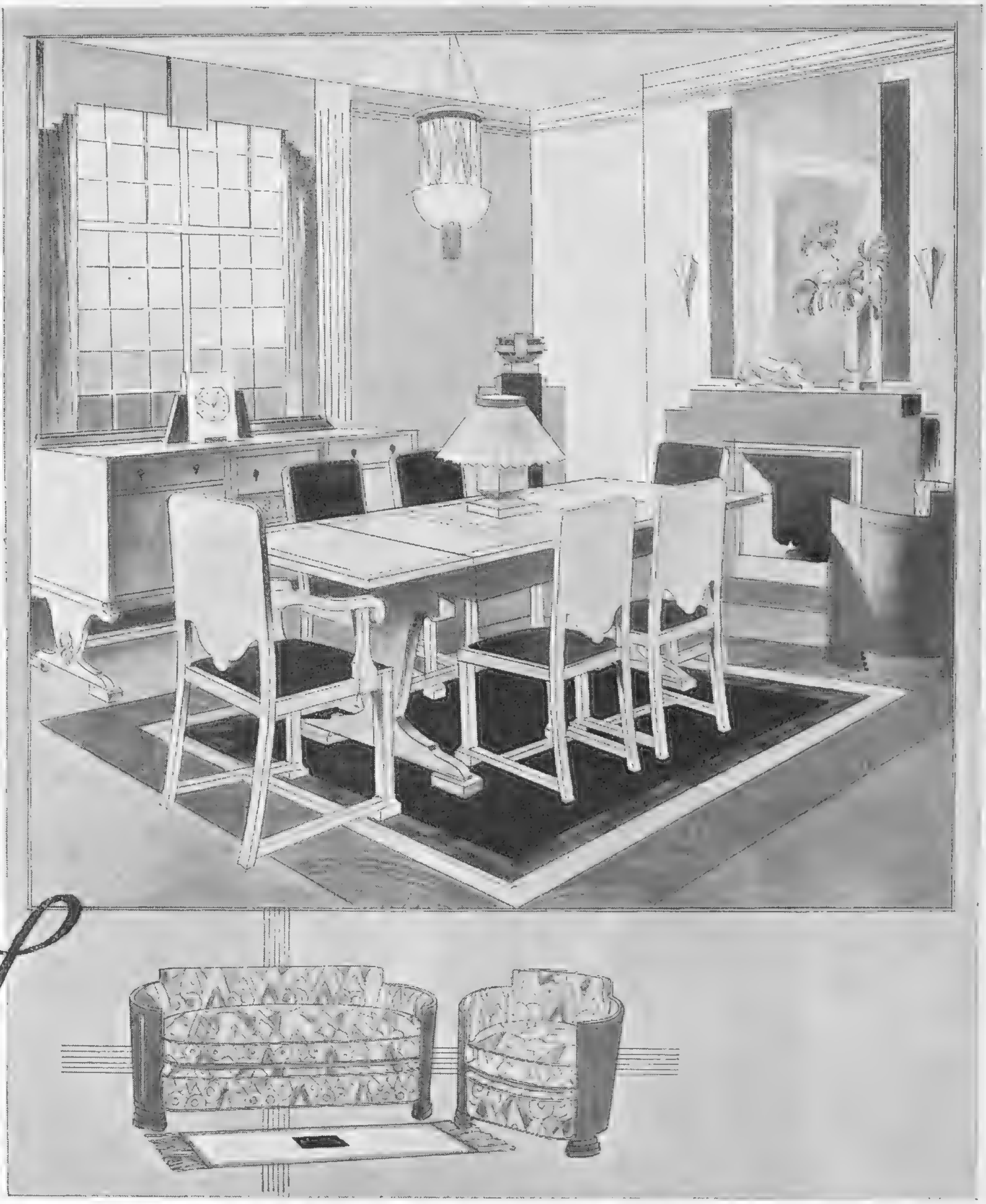

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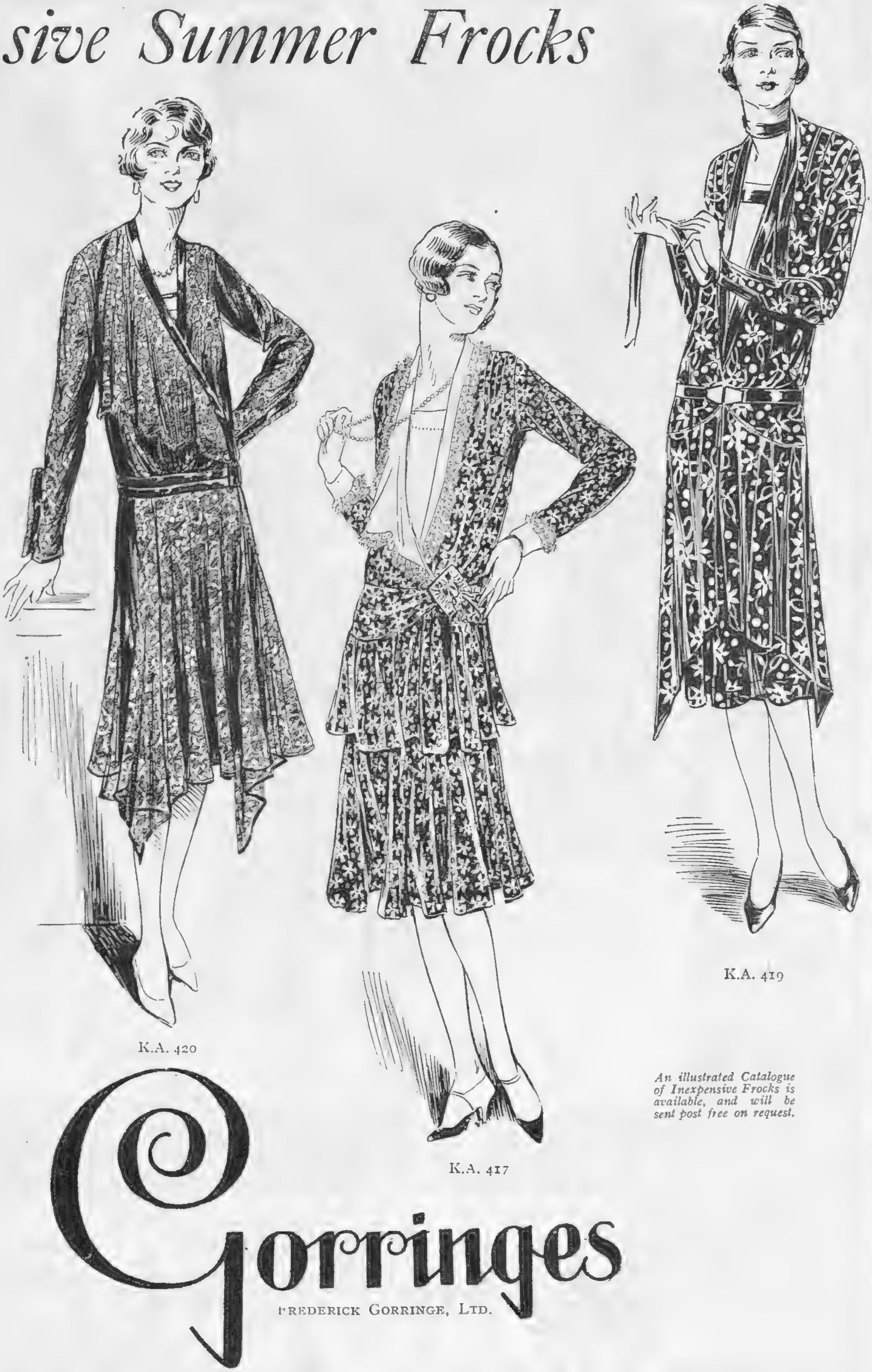

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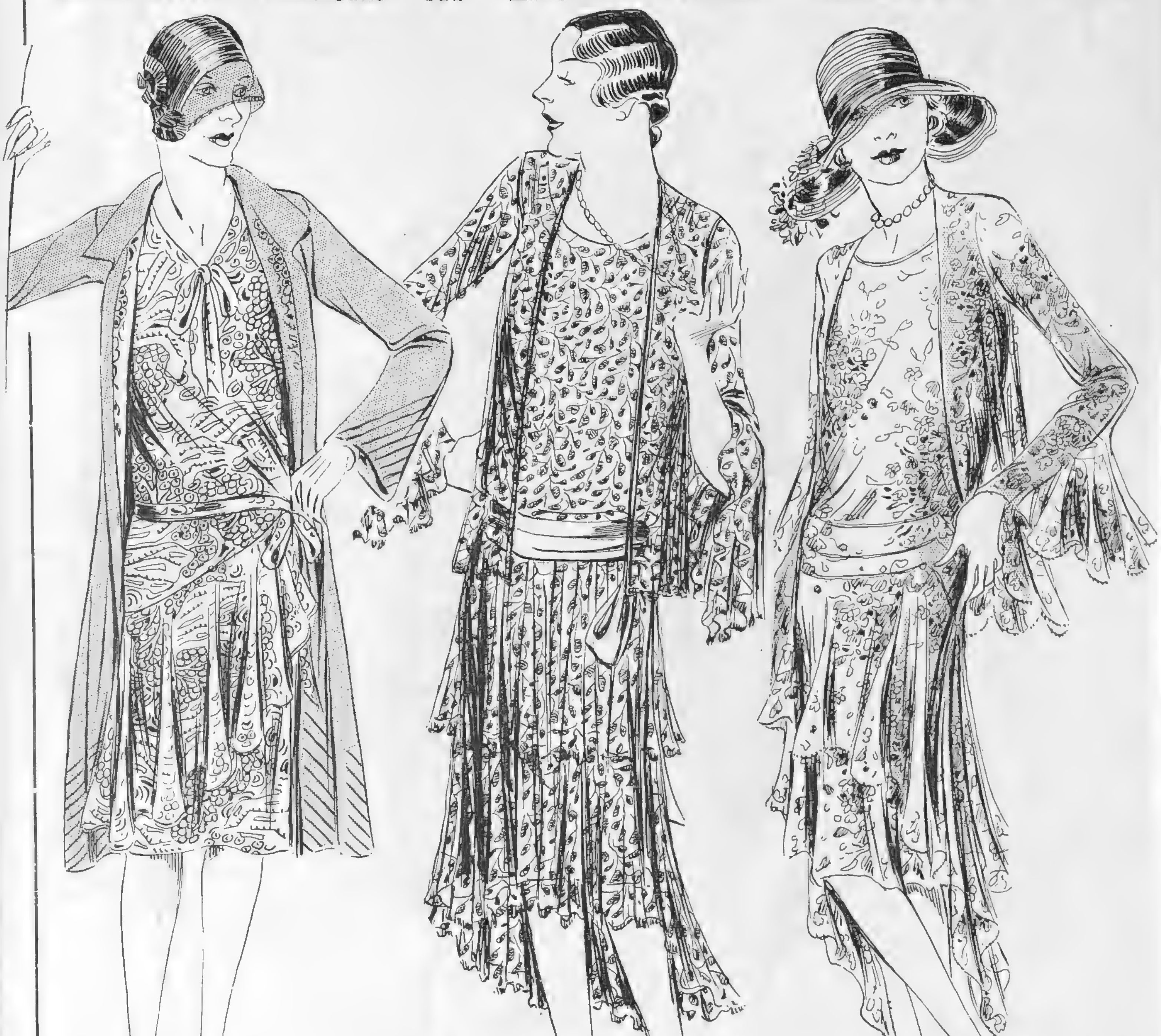

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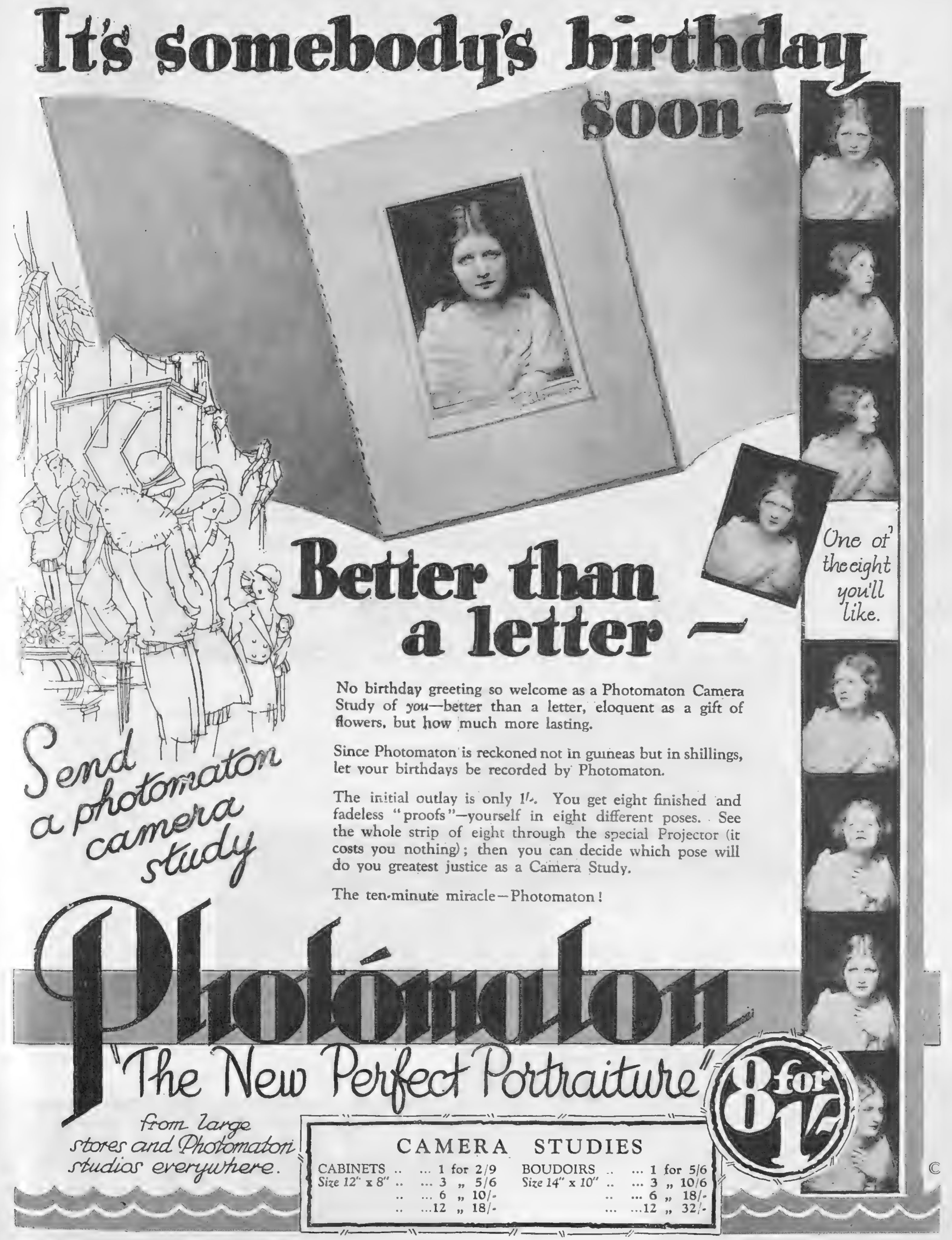

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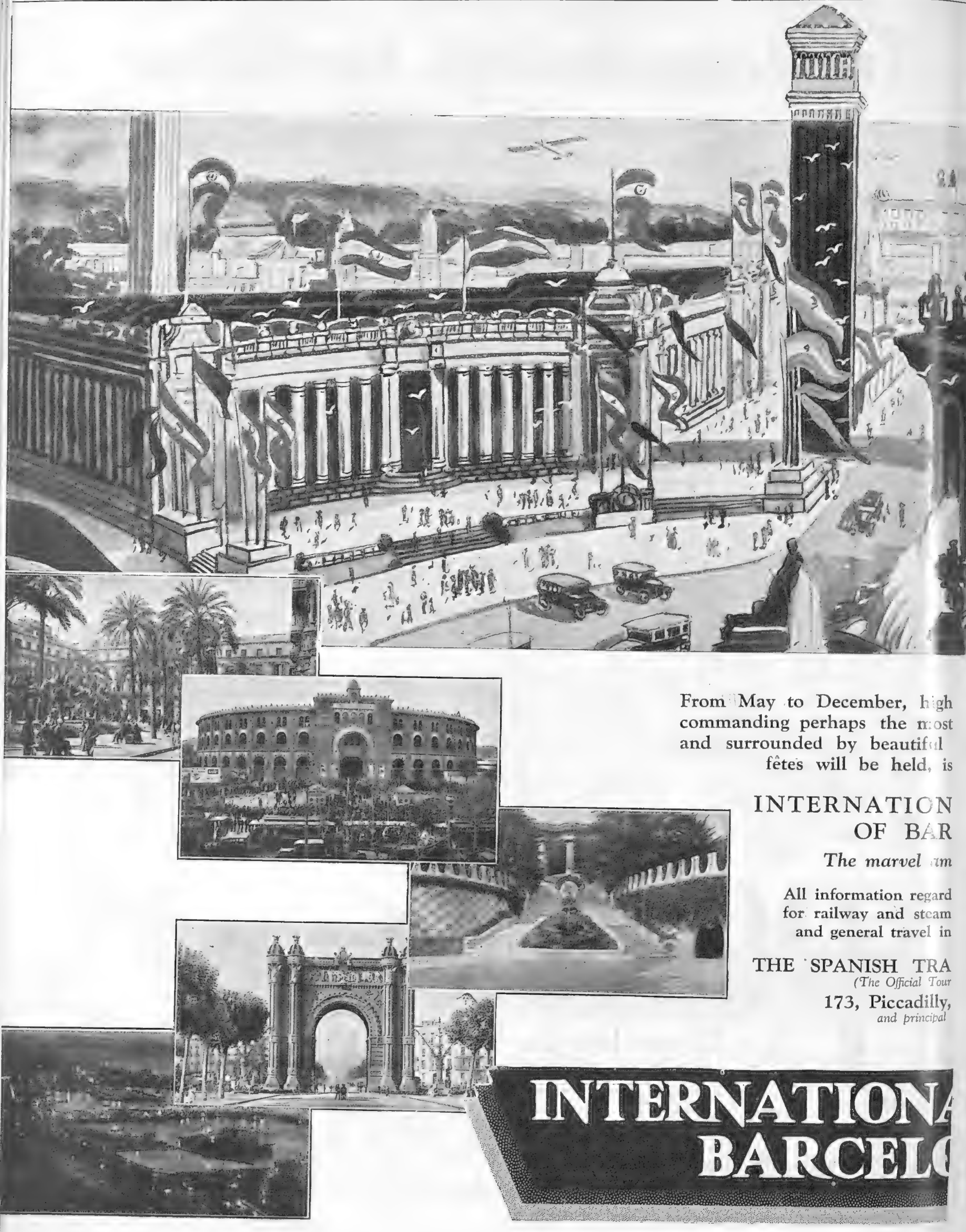

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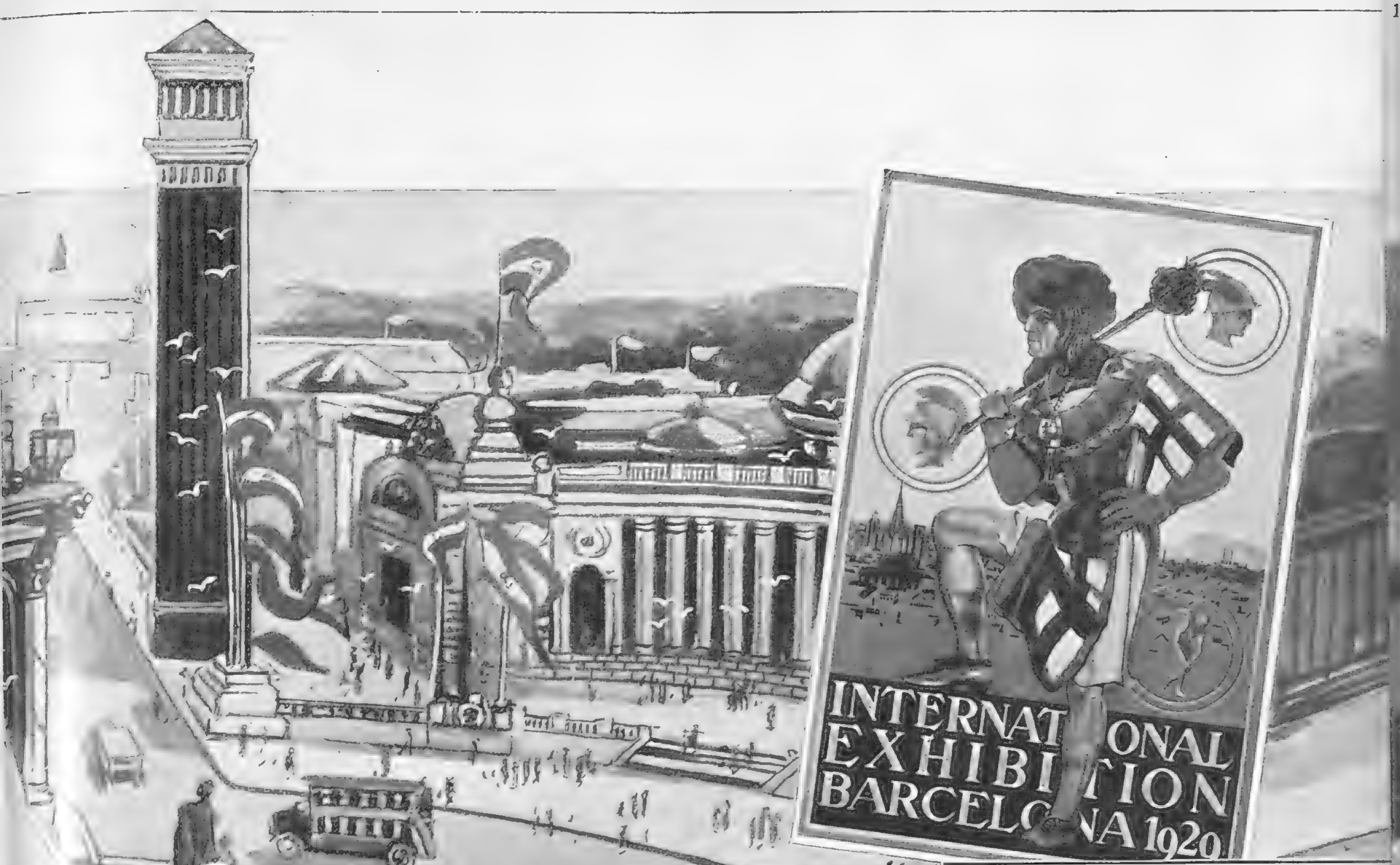
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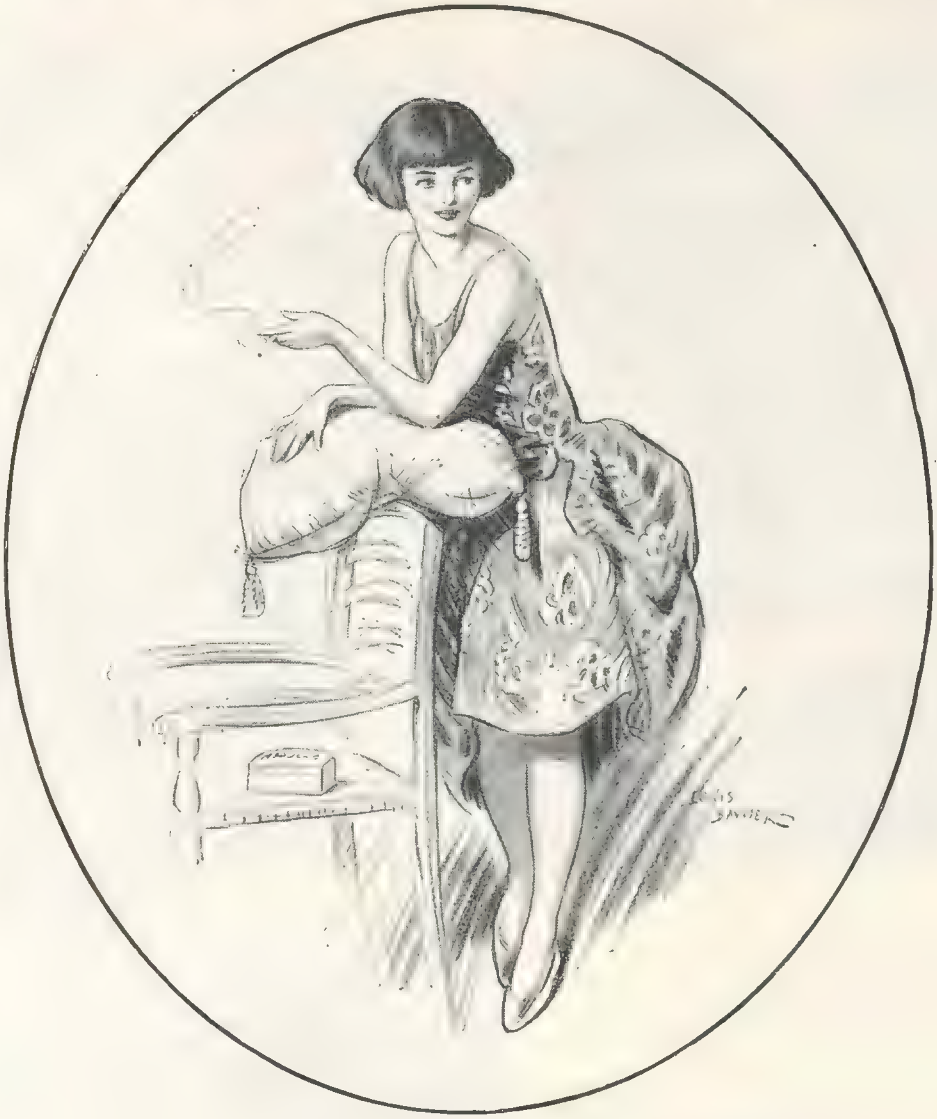

MISS INFATUATION

‘It would kill poor Papa if the Country went Red,
‘Yet I mean to vote Communist,’ Imogen said;
‘My home and allowance are nothing to me
‘Since I sat next Bert Hunks at a Bolshevik Tea!

‘His face is unshaven, but earnest and thin,
‘If he seizes the Banks a New World will begin;
‘Though Papa may be penniless—think what a joke
‘When Abdulla’s Delight is the Communal Smoke.’

F. R. HOLMES.

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VIRGINIA **TURKISH** **EGYPTIAN**

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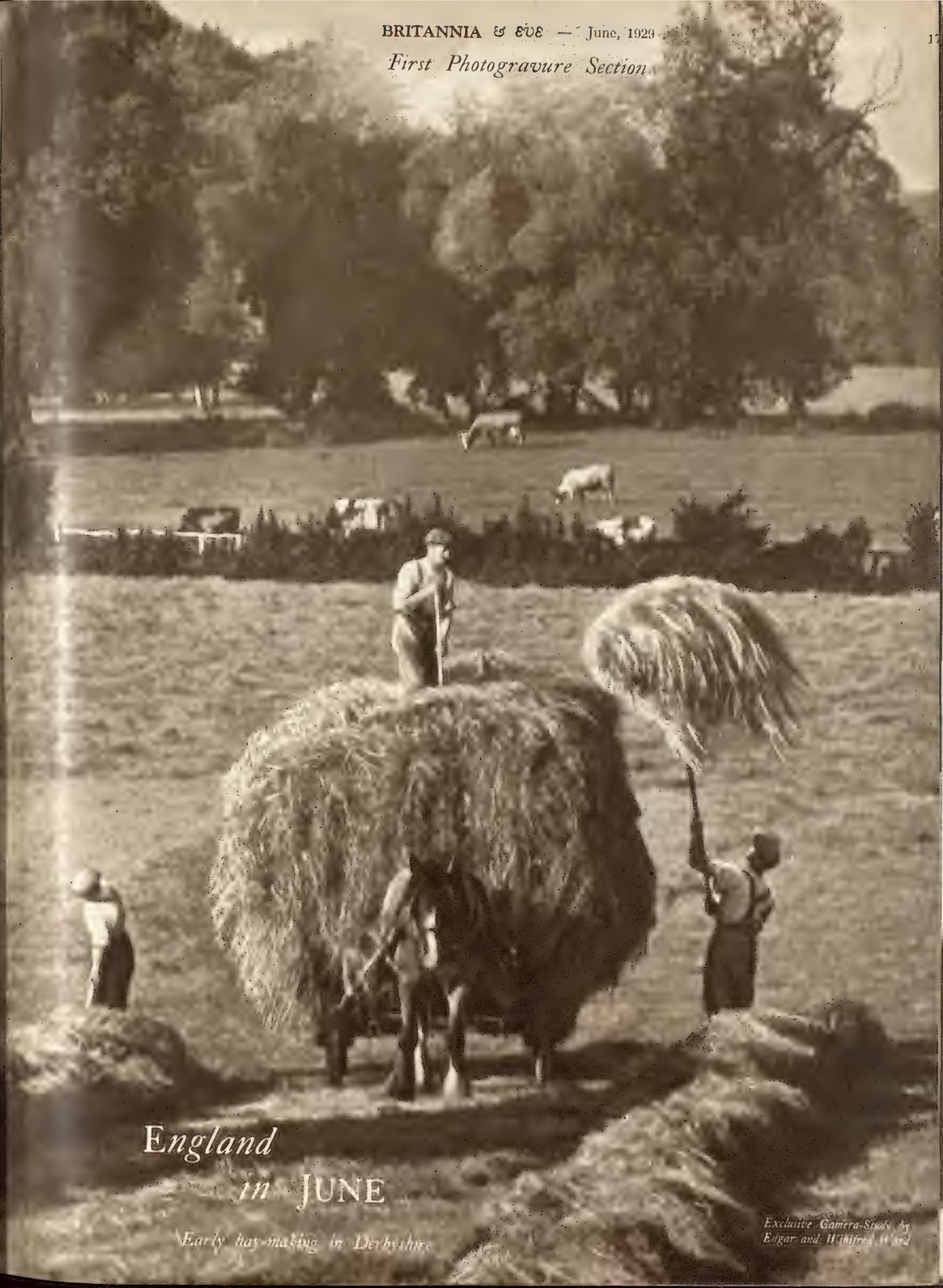
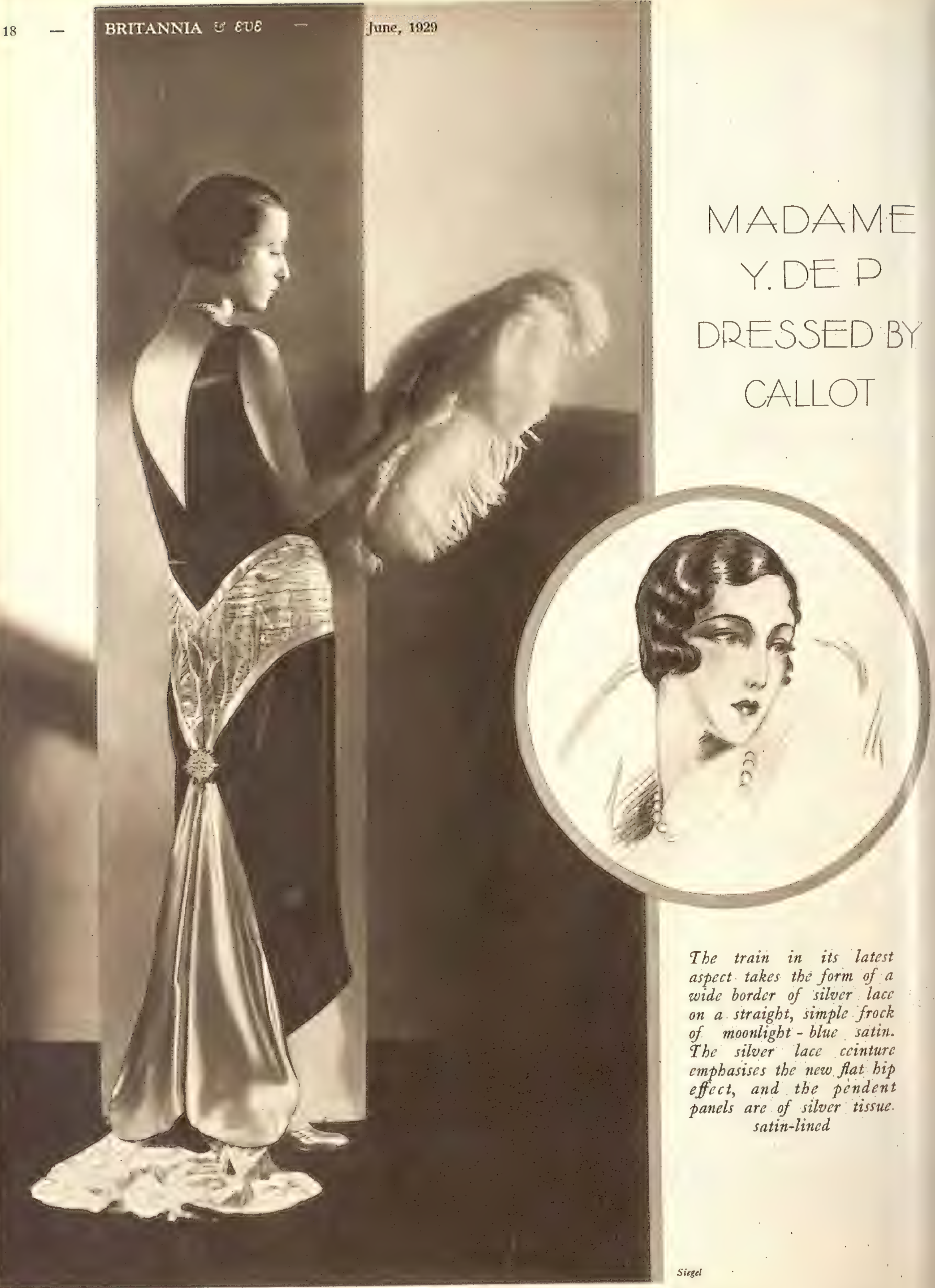


England in JUNE

Early hay-making in Derbyshire

Exclusive Camera-Study by Edgar and Winifred Ward

MADAME Y. DE P DRESSED BY CALLOT



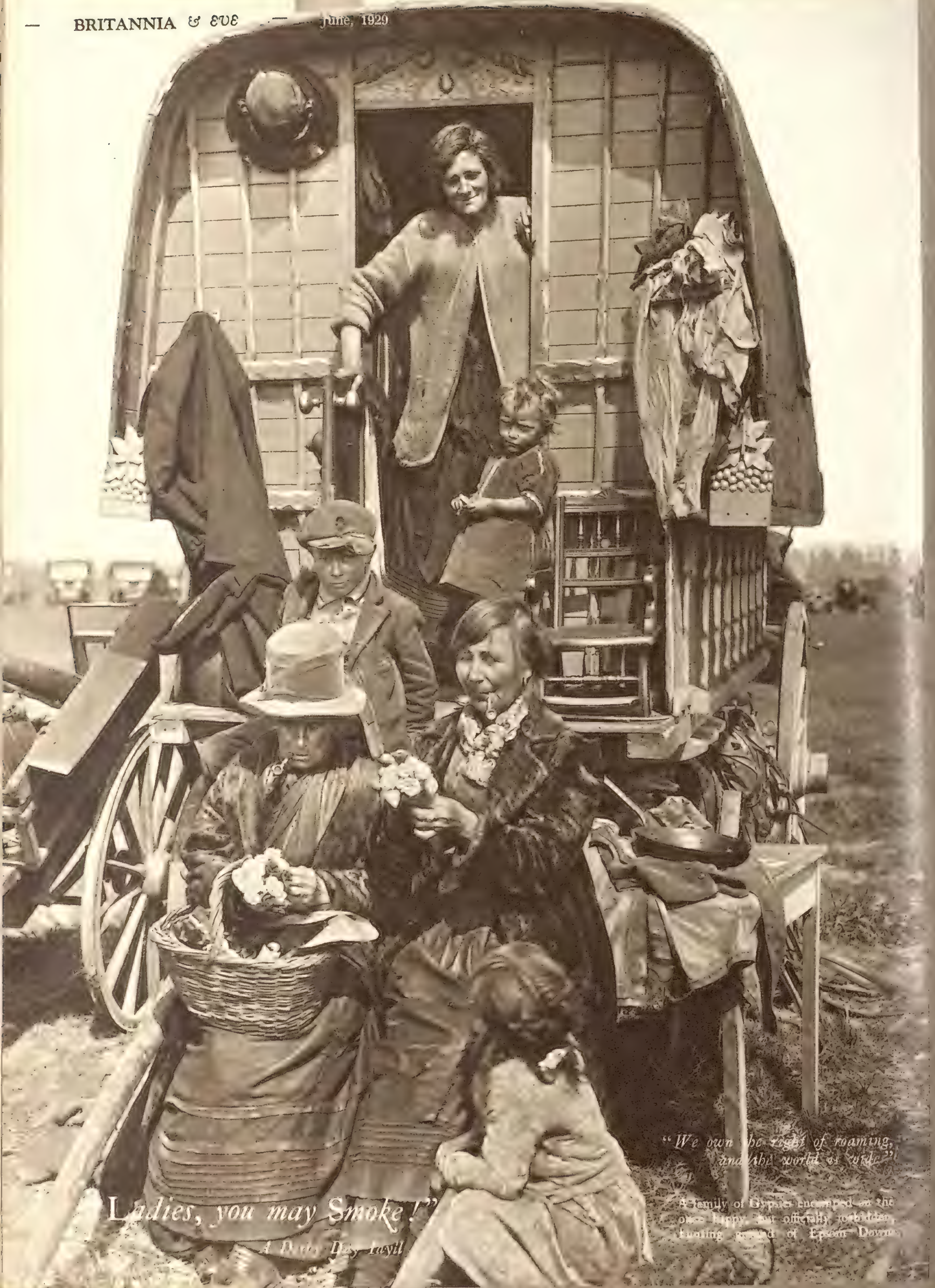
The train in its latest aspect takes the form of a wide border of silver lace on a straight, simple frock of moonlight - blue satin. The silver lace ceinture emphasises the new flat hip effect, and the pendent panels are of silver tissue satin-lined

Siegel

Jessie
Matthews

ready to
"Wake up
and Dream"

Photo: Sasha



"We own the right of roaming,
and the world is wide."

A family of Gypsies encamped on the once happy, but officially forbidden, hunting ground of Epsom Downs

Ladies, you may Smoke!"

A Derby Day Idyll

The AGE of Innocence

: Bassano

Wayland Hilton Young: Lady Hilton Young's son

Photo: Marcus Adams

Growing up: a charming picture of Sir Berkeley and Lady Pigott's little boy

Little Julia Keigwin is the grand-daughter of Sir Charles Shannon, R.A.

Photo: Janet Jevons

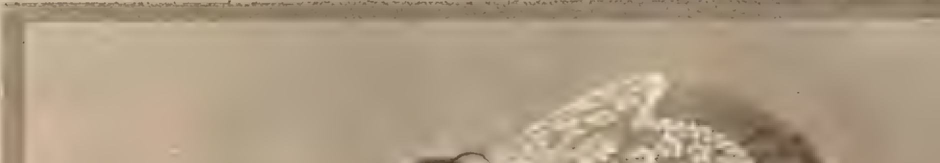


Photo: Bee Belton

"The Crystal Gazer"

Pets at Play

An amusing series of Animal Pictures
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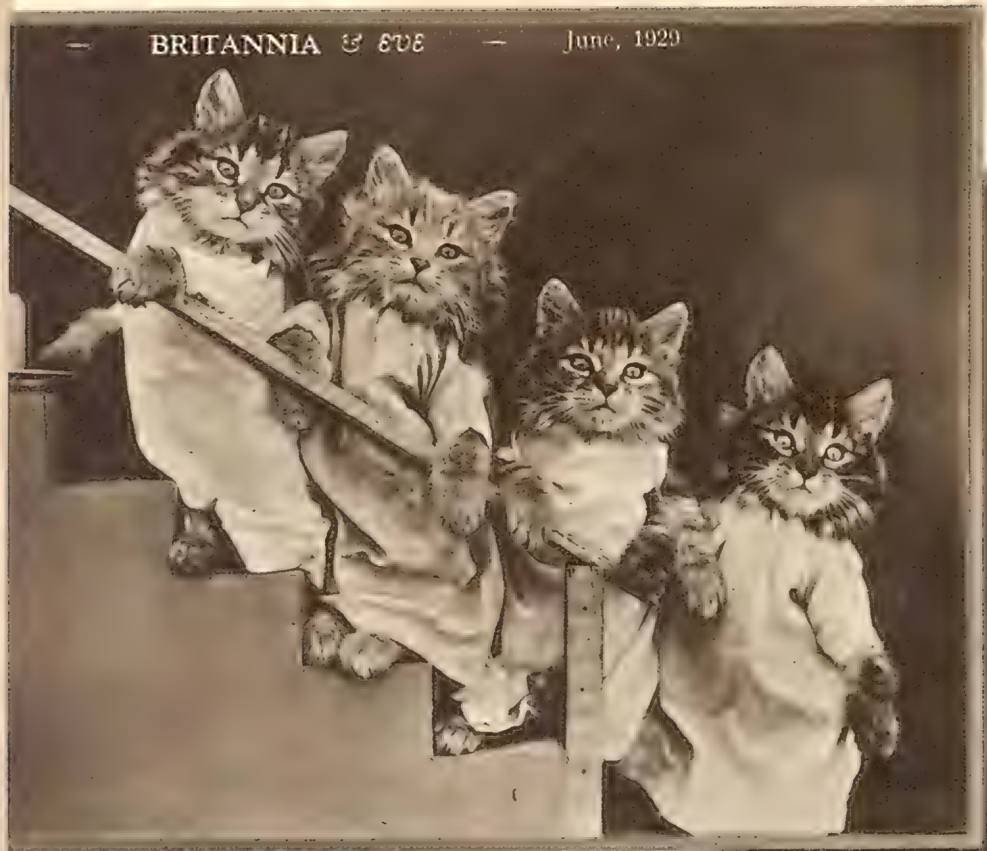
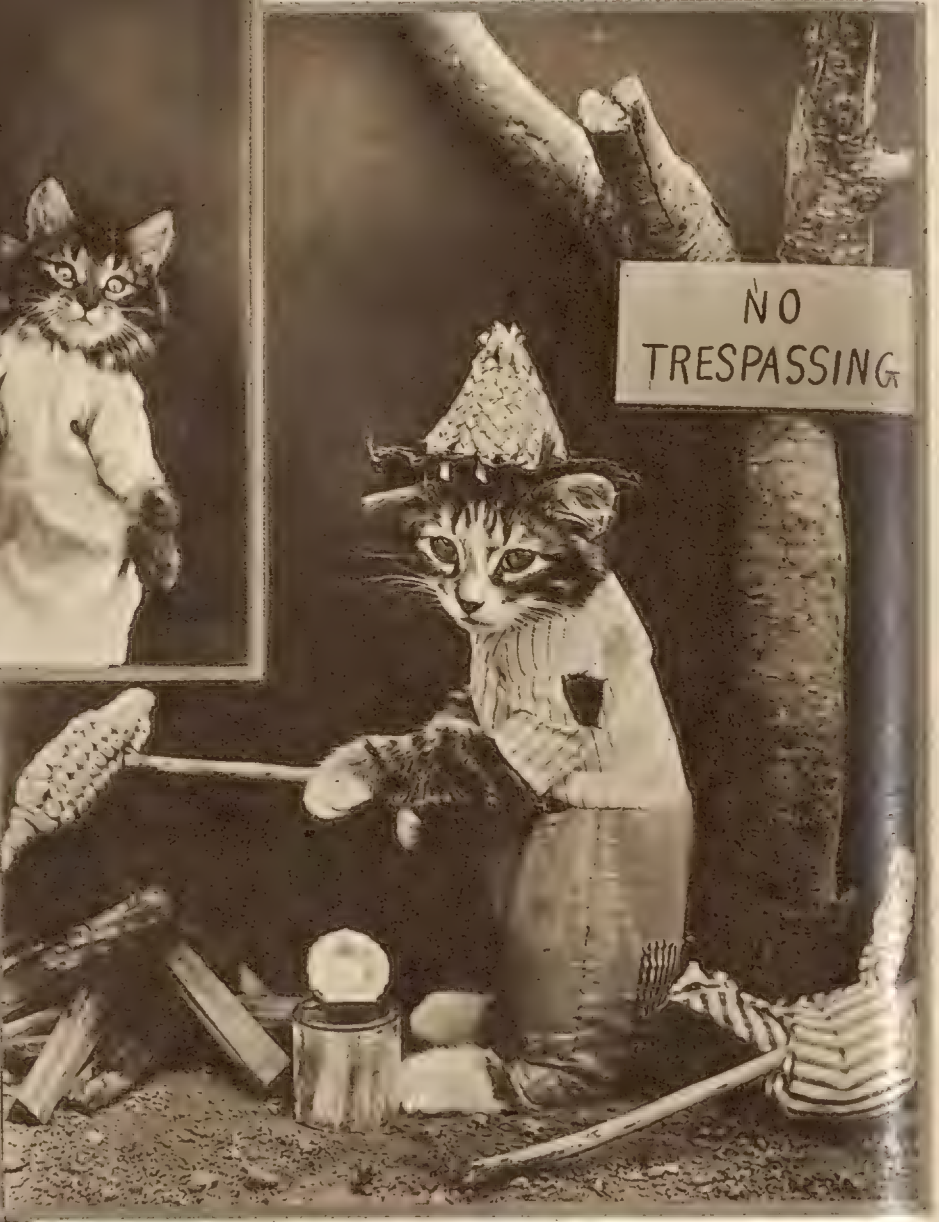
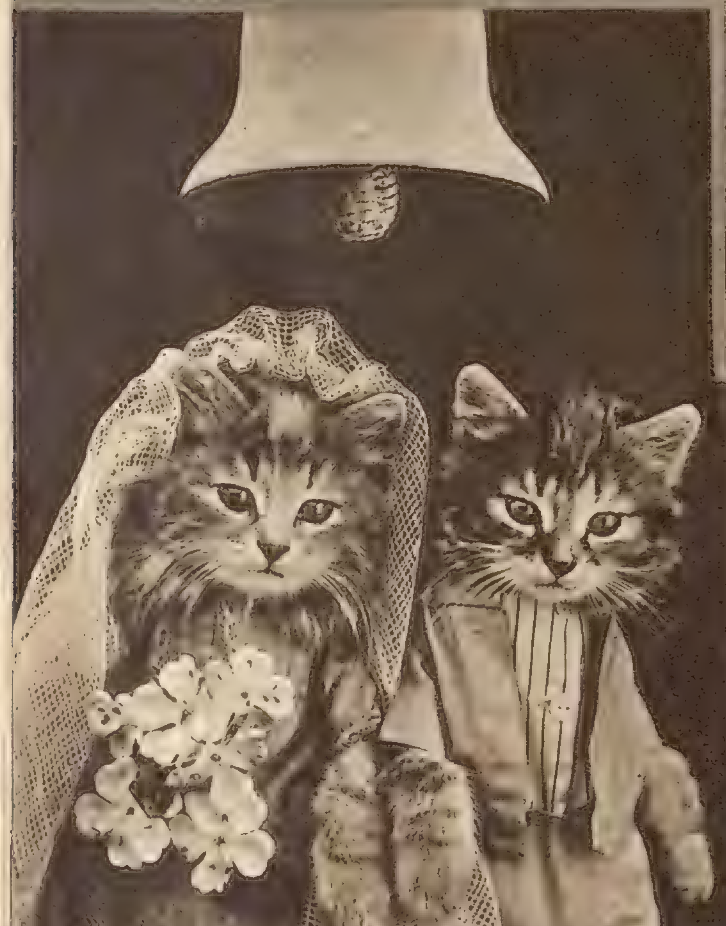


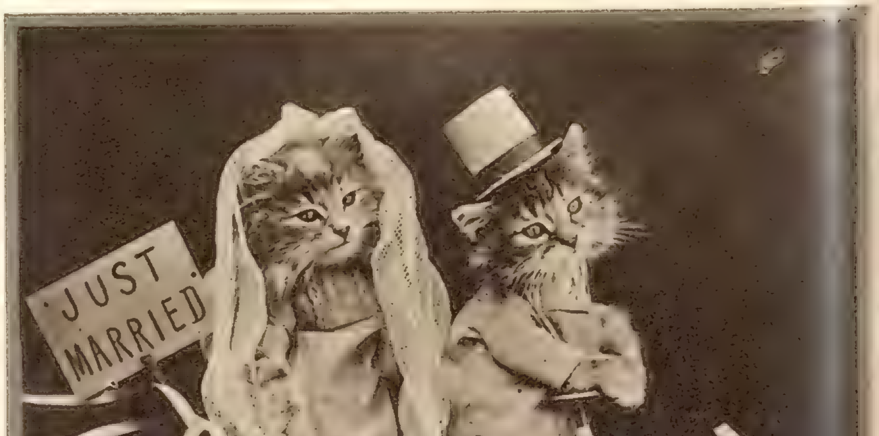
ood Night": Mr. H. Whittier Frees has specialized in tographing ordinary pets like cats, dogs, and rabbits, r since 1906. It is all done by patience and kindness.


NO TRESPASSING

A Knight of the Road



"Here comes the Bride"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Going away: No rice, by request

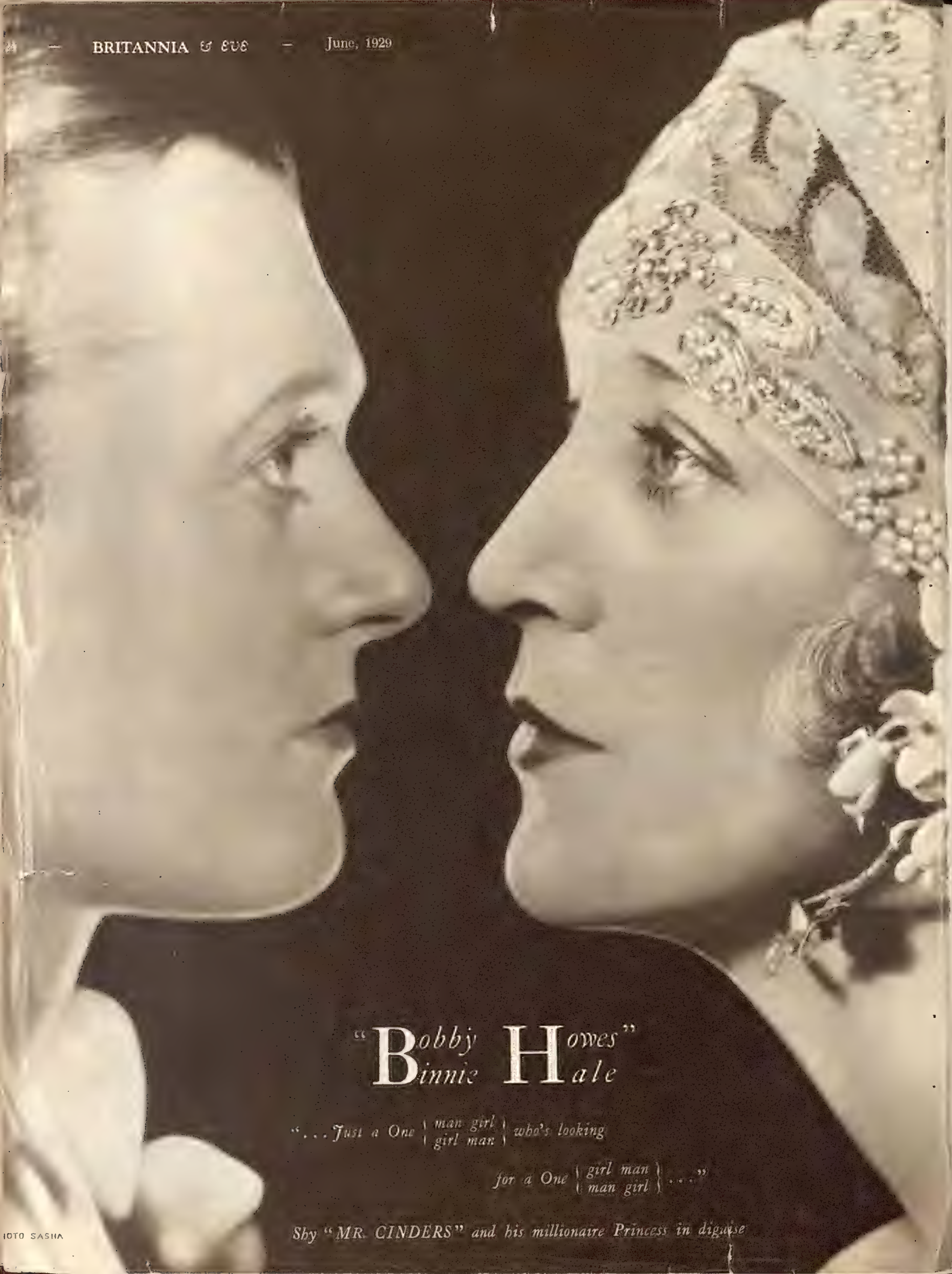
"Now will you be good?"

The Catch of the Season

Washing Day

Pigs, says Mr. Frees, are difficult to photograph. So are rabbits—they will wiggle their ears! Cats and dogs are easier, but only after months of making friends. Some of his pets actually sit up and beg to be photographed!

The Babes in the Wood



“Bobby Howes”
Binnie Hale

“. . . Just a One { man girl / girl man } who's looking

for a One { girl man / man girl } . . .”

Shy “MR. CINDERS” and his millionaire Princess in disguise

IOTO SASHA

The Business Woman

ALL'S fair in Love—and High Finance: the Gink, a Gamble and a Girl—the Story of a flutter in Steel—and Hearts

By Edgar Wallace

CERTAIN features of the transaction were quite normal—even commonplace. For example, that a young man should fall desperately in love with a girl he met at a tennis dance, that she should be in consequence the fount of wisdom and the perfection of beauty, that he should be prepared to sacrifice the world to please her—all these things were perfectly proper and understandable.

She was adorable. He was at her feet from the moment they met. As for Derek Buller, who condescended to play at Phyllis Court, though he had three hard courts of his own at Hammerton Grange. . . .

Mr. Buller was plump and loud and immensely rich. He controlled five financial groups and seldom talked of anything but money.

He knew Mona, reminded her once in Geoffrey's hearing that he had known her when she was so high. He took her arm familiarly and as one with rights. Geoffrey used to sit up at nights, reading the lives of illustrious poisoners and trying to discover a method which evaded detection.

He had driven her home once or twice, had enjoyed the divine honours of a *tête-à-tête* lunch, had listened tongue-tied whilst she criticised his service, and once had touched her hand accidentally in the car. It took him the greater part of a week to make up his mind and to rehearse his speech. . . .

MONA DAWSON received his declaration in the pretty little drawing-room of her house in Orme Square. Her fine eyes were fixed on his; she reproduced none of the emotional reactions which he had expected. His heart sank and his enthusiasm suddenly went cold in him.

"It is the wrong moment, isn't it . . . don't you feel that?"

"I suppose it is."

His voice was very husky, not at all like the voice that he was accustomed to hearing when he ordered his lunch.

"It *is* the wrong moment." She was firm. "I know, because I'm terribly fond of you, and I ought to whoop or droop or do something silly—your tie isn't straight."

He fumbled at his collar, feeling extraordinarily inadequate. He cursed his tie . . . perhaps that was the cause. And yet, what was left to him of reason told him that women do not reject the stammerings of love from sheer loathing of a disarranged cravat.

He was good-looking, athletic, a comfortable business man, not without prospects of acquiring the interest held by a vulgar partner who lived in a garden city and probably wore sandals in his spare time.

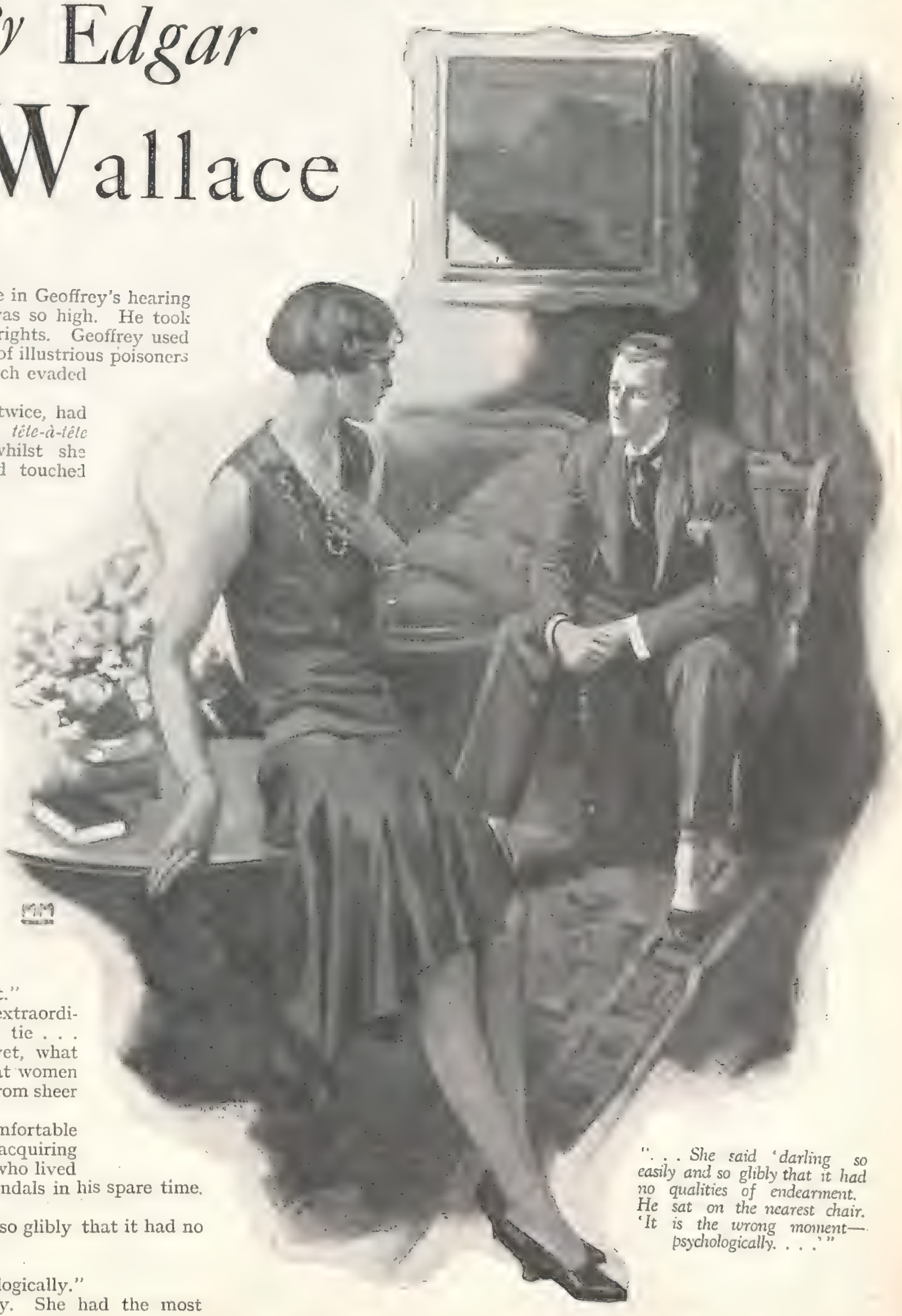
"Sit down, darling."

She said "darling" so easily and so glibly that it had no qualities of endearment.

He sat on the nearest chair.

"It is the wrong moment—psychologically."

She nodded her pretty head wisely. She had the most marvellous red lips and a round chin and a throat like milk



". . . She said 'darling' so easily and so glibly that it had no qualities of endearment. He sat on the nearest chair. 'It is the wrong moment—psychologically. . . .'"

"You don't know very much about me except that I play tennis rather well. I'm American—you didn't even know that."

HE was baffled. Was there any vital reason why her nationality should be an obstacle to marriage? Was England at war with the United States? He read the newspapers fairly regularly and did not remember reading anything about such a catastrophe. Or was she a descendant of one of those Bunkers Hill fellows?

"You didn't know that?"

She paced up and down the room, her hands behind her; he watched her dumbly.

"I'm a business woman—that is why you've come at the wrong moment. I'm terribly, *terribly* worried . . . not exactly worried."

She paused for a word.

"Scared?" he suggested hoarsely.

She looked at him coldly.

"I am never scared," she said; and then, most abruptly: "How much money have you got?"

"Twenty thousand pounds," he said promptly.

He hadn't twenty thousand pounds or anything like it. But Geoffrey had a sanguine temperament. When he wasn't in debt he was worth twenty thousand pounds. Anyway, he could always sell out his share of the firm for ten thousand—if there was anybody who wanted a half share of a provision business.

She stopped in her stride and looked at him searchingly.

"Send me a cheque for ten thousand," she said. "I am operating with Stedman's Steel Preferred."

He swayed slightly; the restful room swung giddily before his eyes.

"Oh . . . Stedman's Steel Preferred. . . . Stock Exchange and all that," he said.

He had never heard of Stedman or his steel.

If she saw the mute agony in his eyes she did not relent. Ten thousand pounds! There was a big balance in the firm's account. Hulfer was away on his holidays. . . .

"How long do you want the money for?"

GEOFFREY steadied his voice. He could be businesslike too. Hulfer said that he wouldn't trust him to buy a pat of butter, but Hulfer must be taught a lesson. And the profits of the deal would go into the firm's account.

If Mona Dawson had said: "Open the window and jump out," he would have done it. He was of that age. And it would be a simple matter to draw a cheque.

"For a week or two," she said.

He thought he saw hope shining in her eyes—the dearest eyes in the world—and a great resolution was formed.

"Yes. . . . I'll send you the cheque to-night," he said, and when she sighed his worst fears were confirmed.

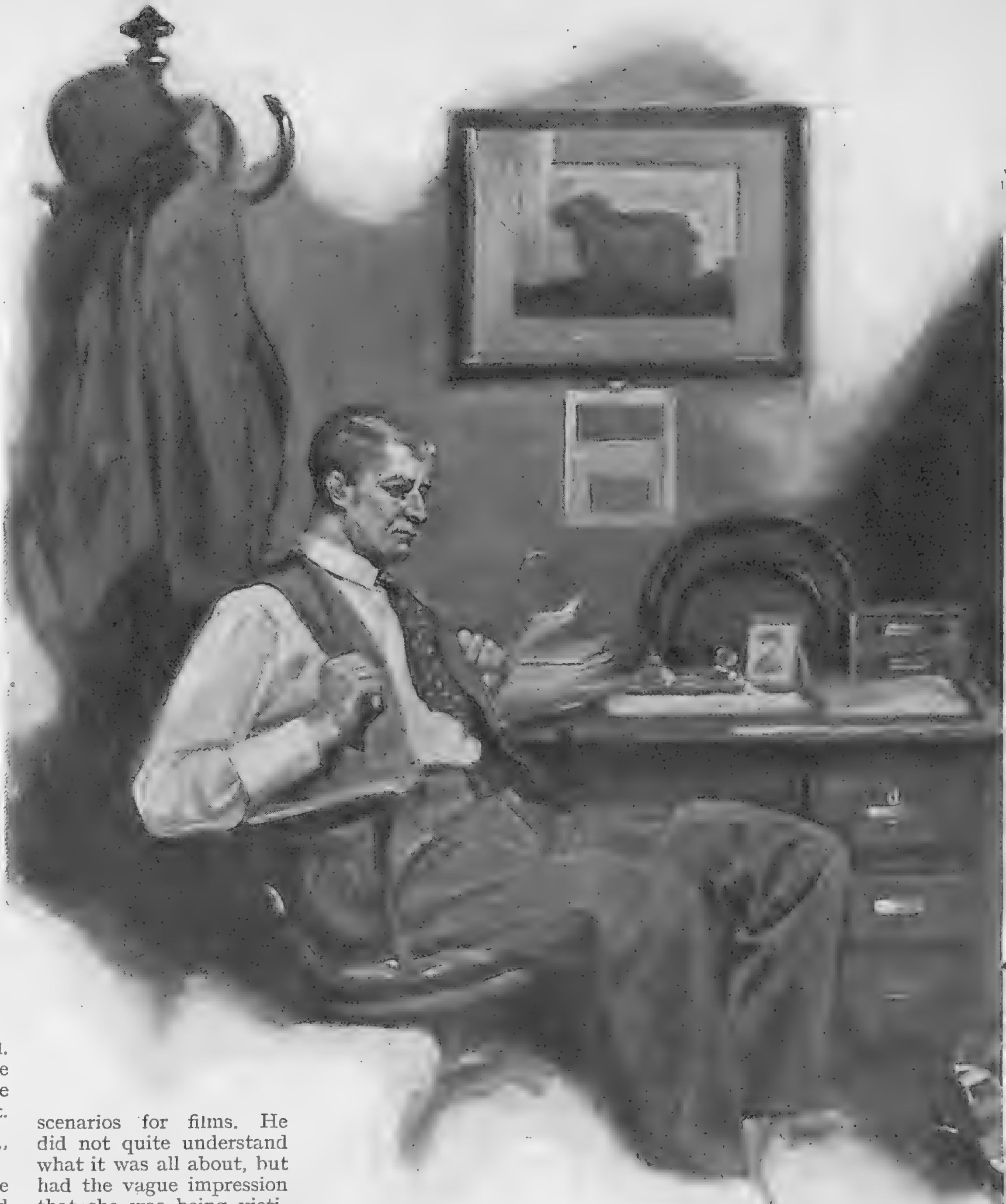
"You think I'm odd and unwomanly and . . . and everything? But you don't know what happiness I shall get out of this—having you with me." She spoke breathlessly. "I never intended asking you to come in, but I've a large interest in these shares, and Buller—John B. Buller—you've heard of him?"

"Not Derek?"

She shook her head.

"No—his father. Ever since dear daddy died he's been trying to get control of Stedman's."

He listened like one in a dream to a story of high finance. Until that moment he had believed that such stories were hatched in the brains of young ladies who write scenarios for films. He did not quite understand what it was all about, but had the vague impression that she was being victimised, that a rough-necked old man, sitting in his gilded New York office, was bent upon her ruin; and with that realisation the urge to save her, to fling into the scales his own fortune and the fortune which wasn't his own, grew to an overwhelming volume.



HE went home with his head in a whirl and wrote the cheque. The next morning he had a wire from Hulfer, saying that he was returning a fortnight earlier than he had expected.

For the first time in his life Geoffrey Hanibar became a regular subscriber to the financial press. He had had a brief note from Mona, telling him that she had cabled cover (whatever that meant). Stedman's Preferred stood at 7. At lunch that day he met a man wise in the ways of stock markets.

"Stedman's Steel?"

At the frown which came to his face Geoffrey's heart nearly stopped beating.

"It's queer stock. I hope you're not speculating? If you are you'll get your fingers burnt. There's a terrific fight going on between the Buller and the Dawson crowd. There's some family reason behind it—leave that stock alone."

"They're at seven," said Geoffrey faintly.

Again that devastating frown.

"That's about as high as they ought to go. I've heard a whisper that there's going to be a bear raid."

"Splendid," said Geoffrey, without enthusiasm.

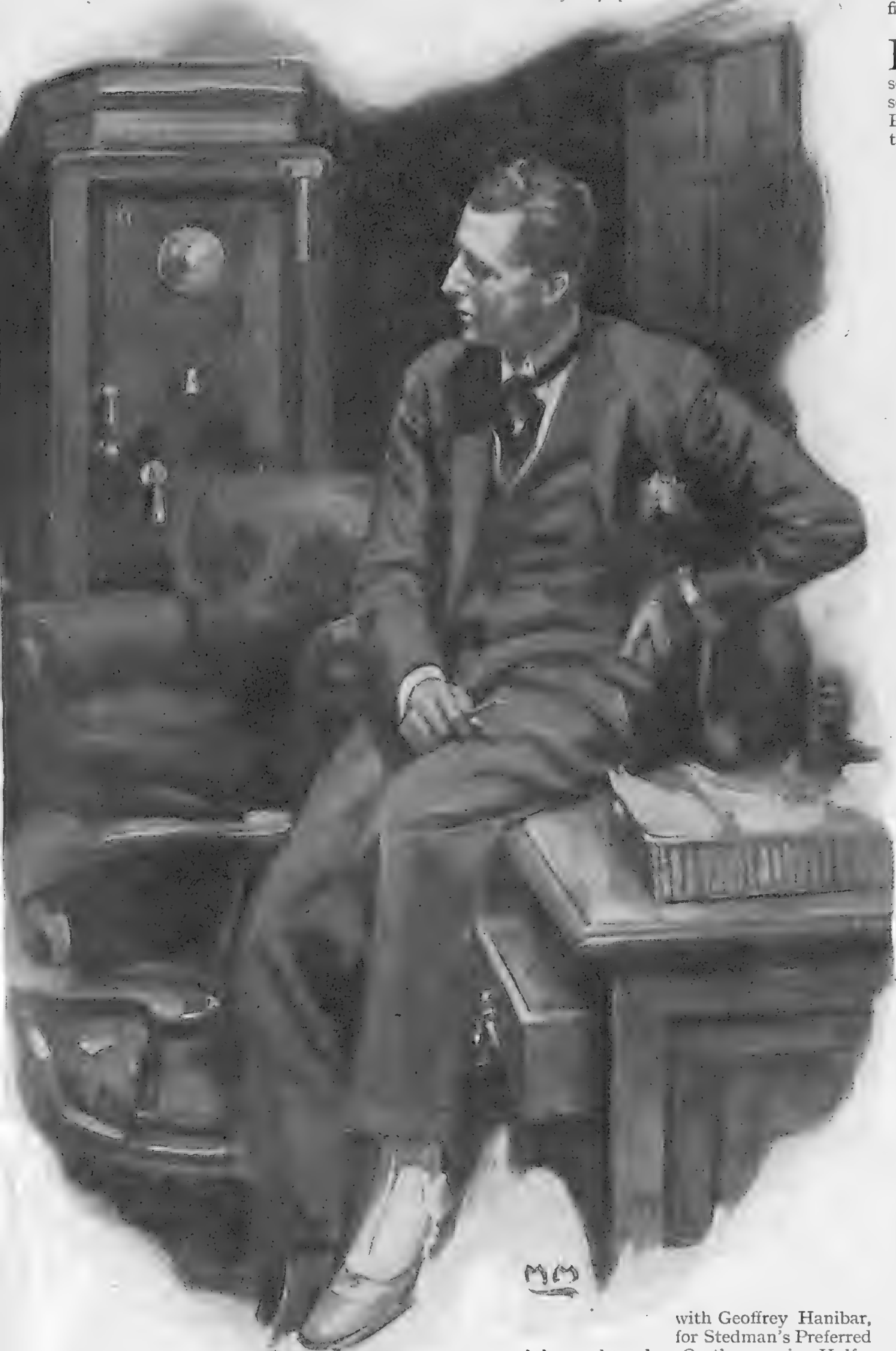
It was only now that he realised that Mona was something more than a fragrant lady with a disconcerting habit of hitting a tennis ball just out of his reach. She was a force—a business woman. He glowed at the thought of the trouble which was awaiting Mr. Derek Buller.

BUYING an evening paper on his way home, he turned to the financial columns. Stedman's Preferred stood at six—obviously a printer's error. Anyway, it wasn't his favourite newspaper. He sent out for another which more nearly reflected his political opinions; but there was a printer's error here too, for the figure was six. Stedman's Preferred had dropped a whole point.

"How very odd!" said Geoffrey, and laughed hollowly.

The maid, who was serving his soup, was so startled that she nearly dropped the plate.

He had a wild idea of getting Mona on the 'phone the next morning, but that would be hardly fair. She was a business woman, and she might think—anyway, she knew all about Stedman's Preferred—or was it Deferred? He wished he could help her in her battle, but unfortunately, though he had shrewd ideas as to the price at which one could buy Danish butter forward, he knew nothing about steel.



"... He hated his thin, sandy hair and his wispy yellow moustache: he hated his habit of working in his shirt-sleeves, winter and summer, and his imitation-jade links. . . ."

By six o'clock that night anything that looked like steel was extremely unpopula- with Geoffrey Hanibar, for Stedman's Preferred had dropped to 5¼. On the morning Hulfer came grumbling back to the office it stood at 2½.

Geoffrey wrote a very carefully phrased letter to his partner.

As to the question of Mona Dawson's future . . . well, that could wait. He would never desert her—if she would wait for him.

He decided this much in the cab between Waterloo and Ave Maria Lane. Decided the matter with such instant resolve that Mona Dawson for the moment became a tractable and a docile quantity.

Certainly Mona could wait until everything of importance was settled, and all the jumble and litter of life were sorted and filed away into their proper compartments.

If he had a million. . . . Now suppose some prosperous old gentleman were to see in him a resemblance to a long gone son . . . or a couple of thousand even. People have left wallets in cabs containing tens of thousands. There was no wallet on the floor or even under the cushion, or tucked away behind the fold-up seat. Or anywhere.

It is as easy to think in millions. Now suppose he met a bank robber, recognised him, and the bank robber said: "For God's sake let me go—here's a million!" Or two millions. . . .

The cab crawled along New Bridge Street, and panted up Ludgate Hill.

He would say to Hulfer:

"Sorry about that business, old boy—I realise that I should not have taken partnership money to speculate with—here's a hundred thousand."

Or fifty thousand. As a matter of fact Hulfer woud be jolly glad to get his share of the ten thousand back. Mona Dawson had lost more.

Where had that money gone? Who was the wise bird who had sold him Steel Preferred at 7? And who was the hopeless imbecile who would have to sell out at 2½? Geoffrey Hanibar wiped his face with a large white silk handkerchief.

He paid the cab and glanced up at the first floor, where "Hulfer and Hanibar, Produce Merchants," was repeated three times on three separate windows.

Mona Dawson could wait, and Mr. Hulfer was waiting. Geoffrey braced his shoulders and walked stiffly up the stairs. He turned the handle of the door and stalked in.

The staff looked up from a ledger and smiled wanly. She was an uncomely girl with protruding teeth and offensively fair hair.

"'Morning," said Mr. Hanibar, stood for a moment at the door marked private, and, drawing a deep breath, went in.

Hulfer was writing a letter. He glanced up for the fraction of a second, his lips moved, but there was no sound.

The junior partner hung up his hat and umbrella on a shabby-looking stand and sat down at his own desk. There were no letters. Even his waste paper basket had been removed.

He hated Hulfer. He hated his thin, sandy hair and his wispy yellow moustache; he hated his habit of working in his shirt-sleeves winter and summer, and his imitation jade links. And Hulfer wore paper protectors on his cuffs, a vulgar and abominable habit.

Now he carefully wiped the nib of his pen and laid it down, ran his ugly fingers through his hair and leaned back.

"I gotcher letter," he said, in his thin, querulous voice. "I don't know what we're goin' to do about it, 'm sure. You're not a child, you're old enough to know right from wrong. I don't know what's to be done, 'm sure."

He shook his head and stared out of the rain-drenched window.

"If I had my own interest to think about—well, I don't know what I'd do, 'm sure.

But I've got a wife 'n' three children and *her* mother—'n' there's bills to meet—Clewford & Hale were here this morning, 'n' the bank 'n' everything. I'm at my wits' end. Can you get the money ? "

"No," said Geoffrey firmly, "I can't. I'm afraid you'll have to prosecute me."

That would settle the matter of Mona Dawson ; in that one thunderous cataclysm her wail would be lost.

MR. HULFER looked at his partner.

"You'd get nine months," he said, and was almost bright.

Geoffrey shrugged his shoulders.

"It can be nine years as far as I am concerned," he said.

His partner stared at the window and seemed to be calculating something.

"Say seven" he said. "That would bring you out in 1935. My eldest would be eighteen. Lord, how time flies ! "

"It's my time you're talking about," said Geoffrey gently. "Probably it will not fly for me."

Mr. Hulfer sat back in his chair, and thrust his hands deep in the armholes of his waistcoat.

"I shall have to give evidence, I suppose," he complained. "I don't know where I'm going to find the time, 'm sure. Whatcher do with the money ? "

He was beginning to show a faint interest.

"I speculated—for the firm," said Geoffrey with great resolution. "If there had been any profits we would have shared them."

Mr. Hulfer's eyebrows went up, and he closed his eyes.

"Don't be silly, there'll be no profits. What did you buy—cheese ? I was wondering if you'd gone into the cheese market. I read in the papers there's been a big rise——" He shook his head. "No, it can't be cheese."

"Steel," said Geoffrey in a steely voice.

Mr. Hulfer nearly jumped out of his chair.

"Steel ? Good God ! What do we want with steel ? " he asked, horror-stricken.

"You can't have cheese knives without steel." Geoffrey was almost offensive. "They're complements."

"Steel ! " wailed Mr. Hulfer. "Suffering snakes ! Whatcher want with steel ? "

THERE was a long and excitin silence.

"Have you informed the police ? "

"No." Hulfer looked out of the window vaguely. "No, I haven't done anything. Knocked me off my feet, your letter. And as for being for the firm, that's all bunkum. I wouldn't have taken a penny—you know me, Hanibar . . . not a cent. If it'd been cheese—or even eggs ! But steel—you must have been mad ! "

Here Geoffrey found an explanation for his act which was quite agreeable.

"I *was* mad—I was not responsible for my actions."

Here, Mr. Hulfer, himself a business man, demolished the possible defence.

"There's no sense in pleading insanity, Hanibar, not for fraud. For murder, yes."

Then he turned with surprising rapidity in his swing chair.

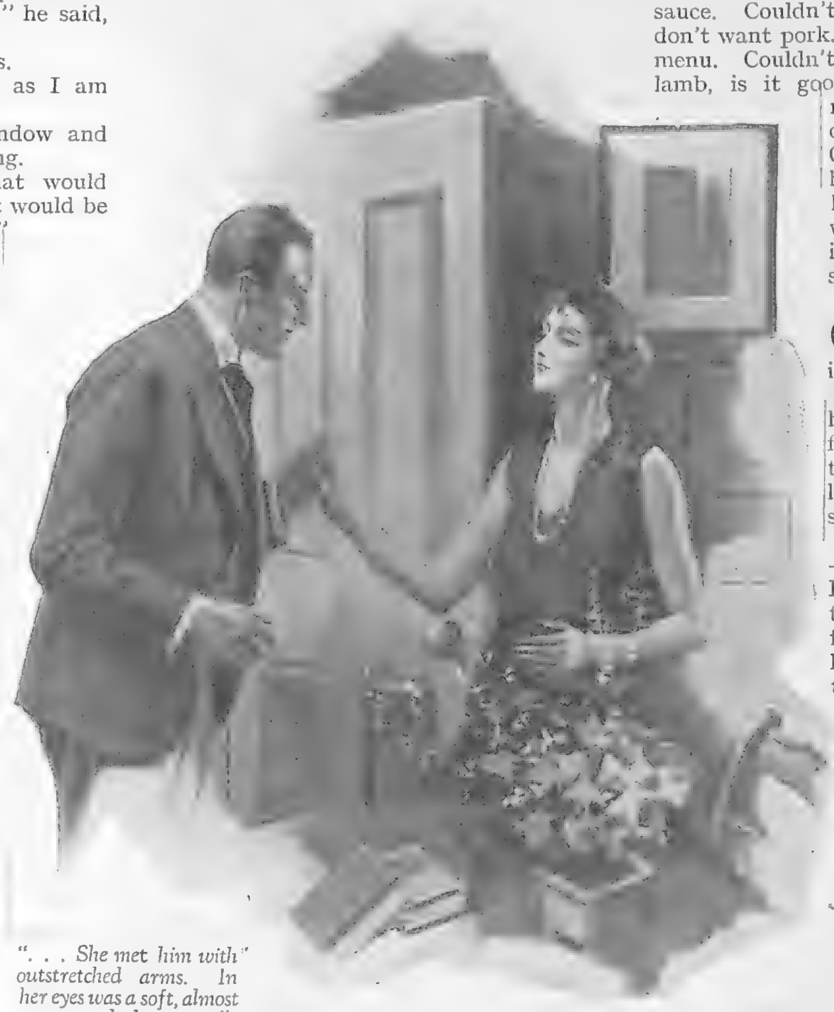
"Haven't you any friends you could borrow the money from ? I hear you're in with that Buller crowd ? A man I met on the boat said they've money to burn—he's Steel ! "

"He's wood," said Geoffrey.

Another pause, less exciting, more awkward.

"Well, I suppose you'll be getting along now," said Mr. Hulfer, and swung back to his task. "They'll know where to find you. I'll have to see the lawyers this afternoon."

As Geoffrey reached the door the voice of his partner arrested him.



". . . *She met him with outstretched arms. In her eyes was a soft, almost maternal glow. . . .*"

"Three years, that's about all you'll get. That's what they gave to the head clerk of Turnbull & Smith, and he took fourteen thousand."

GEOFFREY slammed the door.

He decided to lunch at the club. It would be the last time he would enter the stately portals of that establishment. He wanted to write to Mona, and tell her that the money he had lost had nothing to do with his defalcation. He might ask her to wait for him, though he was less inclined to make this demand upon her loyalty than he had been.

He walked up the steps into the big marble hall, and there stood Mr. Derek Buller, plump, offensively prosperous.

"Hullo ! " Mr. Buller greeted him with a scowl. "How's the butter and egg business ? "

Geoffrey did not reply.

"Come and lunch," said the plump man "I want to talk to you."

Geoffrey's first inclination was to seize this loathsome figure, hurl it to the ground and trample upon it. His second inclination was to pass on without a word. Mr. Buller assisted his decision by taking him by the arm and leading him to the members' dining-room.

"Seen Mona lately ? What a girl, eh ? Quite mad . . unreasonable ? No women are reasonable, and Mona——"—he clicked his lips—"the limit, eh ? Women in business—good God ! "

THEY sat down at a little table, Geoffrey still in some doubt as to the attitude he should adopt.

"You're a friend of hers," Derek went on. "Couldn't you have a talk with her ? Sole Mornay, and don't forget the butter sauce. Couldn't you say to her—no, I don't want pork. Let's have a look at the menu. Couldn't you say to her—roast lamb, is it good ? Redcurrant jelly and new potatoes . . . Well, you ought to have new potatoes. Couldn't you just drop a hint—no, the last spinach I had here was gritty. I'll write to the committee if it occurs again. I can't stand gritty spinach.

GEOFFREY unfolded his napkin and spread it on his knees.

"What's this all about ? " he asked wearily. "In the first place, let me assure you that my word would carry little weight with Miss Dawson ; and as for money——"

"I asked her to marry me—that's between ourselves," Derek got very confidential. "But she's got another fellow in her eye." He looked despairingly around the room.

"She's in with one of these big market men, crazy about him. Personally, I think he's been advising her. I went to her yesterday and I said : 'Mona, what's the idea ? You'll never ruin us : we have had our lesson and we're not likely to forget it."

GEOFFREY was bewildered.

"I don't quite understand——" he began.

"She sold her own stock down to two and a half. Is that decent ? And we simply had to let go. I'd have given you a tip, but it's too late. Stedman's Preferred went up to ten this morning. She's simply broken my father's heart. Why did she do it ? "

Geoffrey gripped the edge of the table.

"She told me this morning," said Derek, who never stopped talking, "'Derek,' she said, 'I've let a friend of mine into this deal, and he's going to make a hundred thousand pounds or nothing.'"

"And has he ? "

Derek nodded vigorously.

"More than that."

Again the four white sausages descended on Geoffrey's arm.

"Couldn't you go to her and say this ."

Geoffrey never knew what he had to say. He could recover from his memory references to steel and love and the world and flowers and bygones, but he had failed to piece them together intelligently when he was shown into Mona Dawson's drawing-room.

She met him with outstretched arms. In her eyes was a soft, almost maternal, glow.

"I've killed Poppa Buller," she said. "Isn't it wonderful ? My New York agent has cabled me that he took to his bed yesterday morning and refuses to eat. How long can people live without eating, darling ? "

I DON'T believe in Spirits!

"THE TOTTER CIRCLE": a band of London Spiritualists waiting to hold communication with "the Spirit World." In front of the medium is the curtain which conceals some of his activities

Sasha

IS Spiritualism a Science or a Faith? Do we believe the evidence we want to believe and reject any other? Where does scepticism begin and end? As a science Mr. Milne labels Spiritualism "unscientific": as a faith it does not offer him the evidence of things hoped for . . . "All I ask is that some day, if only in one blinding moment, I may understand: all I can hope is that when I die I may leave behind me something which will not wholly be forgotten . . ."

By A. A. MILNE

Like most men of science, Mr. Milne, novelist, playwright, and lover of children, is intensely interested in Spiritualism. The article published here embodies his views of this greatly involved problem

Howard Coster

IT seems to be impossible nowadays to write about spiritualism without bringing in the names of its two principal champions: Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It is appropriate that this should be so, for these two names can be taken as representative of Science and Faith, in between which Spiritualism stands uncertainly, waiting to declare itself. If it is a Science, does not the name of Sir Oliver Lodge carry weight? It does. If it is a Faith, does not the self-sacrifice of Sir Arthur compel belief? It does. But, on the other hand, if it is a Faith, then Sir Oliver Lodge's adherence to it means no more than that of any other man, and infinitely less than that of some poor outcast in the slums; and if it is a Science, then the fanatic faith of Sir Arthur is entirely out of place. Who, then, is to be our antagonist? What are we discussing? A Science or a Faith? That is our first difficulty.

Christianity is a Faith; we believe in it, or not. Vaccination is a Science; we believe in it, or not. But the two beliefs are different. In the one case we believe, or doubt, with our hearts; in the other case with our minds. The proofs of Christianity are subjective and spiritual, the proofs of vaccination are objective and material. An anti-vaccinationist, who has not made a faith of his belief, could be converted by overwhelming proof, if such were available, but the anti-Christian can only convert himself.

NOW, is Spiritualism offered to us as an extension of the physical laws of the universe, of which we seem to know some, yet of others remain in deepest ignorance; or is it offered to us as a religion, giving us in the greatest degree that hope and that comfort without which the universe itself becomes unthinkable? Faith, says Saint Paul, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. If Spiritualism is a faith, no words could more truly describe that faith. "The substance of things hoped for." It is enough for the believer to proclaim that this is what he hopes for;

it is enough for the unbeliever to reply that he hopes for something other. Neither is required to justify himself. No argument is possible between them. But if Spiritualism is a manifestation of certain laws of nature for which authority is now claimed, then the unbeliever may sit in judgment on that claim. He may demand, and consider, the evidence.

Let us first regard Spiritualism as a Science, and consider the evidence for it.

Now, the value of evidence depends upon the credibility of the witness. Spiritualists make the mistake of thinking that it depends upon the honesty of the witness. Over and over again we are told that this and that distinguished man and woman attended a *séance* and witnessed remarkable things. How can we possibly doubt their word as to what took place? Well, the honesty of the Pope may be considered above suspicion. We could not doubt his word. But if the Pope told us that he had seen a woman having an epileptic fit on the steps of St. Paul's at eleven o'clock in the morning, we should not consider the fact therefore established. We should ask ourselves the following questions:

(1) How does he know that it was not a man dressed up as a woman?

(2) Does he know the difference between epilepsy and other kinds of fits?

(3) Is he acquainted with St. Paul's, or has he perhaps confused it with Westminster Abbey?

(4) Did he guess the time, or consult a watch or clock?

(5) Is that watch or clock accurate?

WE see, in short, that whether we accept or reject the evidence does not depend in the least on the honesty of the witness. We may trust a man's honour but remain doubtful of his medical skill, his knowledge of London and the works of his watch.

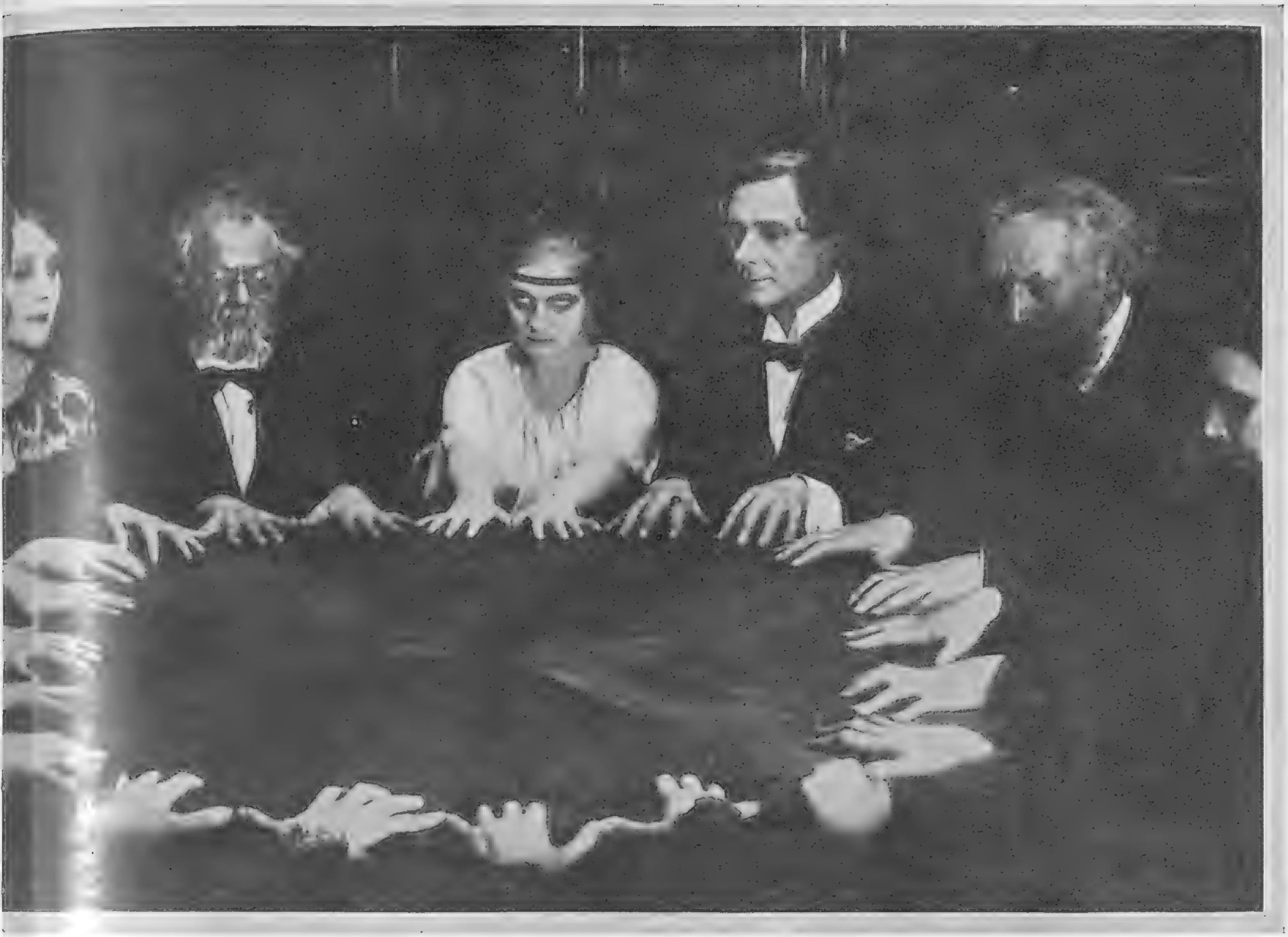
But should we, in fact, so dispute the Pope's story? No. We should not dispute it, for the reason that the story is in itself credible, and not worth disputing. If the most irresponsible man of my acquaintance tells me that he has just seen Hobbs make a century at the Oval in two and a half hours, I am ready to believe him; but if my most accurate friend tells me that he has just seen G. K. Chesterton make a century at Lord's in ten minutes, I shall assume that he is under an hallucination. The first statement is natural and credible; the second unnatural and incredible.

So it comes to this. We believe the evidence we are ready to believe, and reject the evidence we are not ready to believe. But if this is true of us who receive the evidence of Spiritualism at second-hand, it is equally true of those Spiritualists who have received it at first hand. The man who urgently wants to receive a message from his dead son will believe that he is receiving a message from his dead son; it is so easy for him.

The Spiritualist has been known to deny this; to say that he had no prepossessions either way when he began investigating. Often he claims that he was actually a sceptic—until he was convinced. It is worth while to consider just what a Spiritualist means in this case by scepticism.

I GO out to dinner and am entertained afterwards by a conjuror. He performs

Since the birth of the twen
Spiritualism has become far
the "New Thought" was
Spriritualism has even reach
film) quite definitely shows.
and every member of the
On the left is shown a series
series of sittings by continen



tieth c[illegible]ry, thought and discussion concerning franker[illegible] in good Queen Victoria's reign, when misrep[illegible]d and distorted at every turn. To-day ed the [illegible], as this picture (taken from a recent Ufa The "[illegible]m" is the lady with the velvet bandeau; "circle"[illegible] with finger-tips touching his neighbour's. of "[illegible]asmic manifestations" culled during a tal spir[illegible]lists. These it is claimed were photographed [illegible]ing actual séances.

a remarkable trick. He gives me two cards out of an authenticated pack, and lets me hide them. Then he shuffles the cards and invites me to turn up the top two. They are the two which I have just hidden. Marvellous! I go home and tell Smith about it. Smith is a complete sceptic. He does not doubt my honesty, but says that I have been deceived in some way; it was a trick pack; or the conjuror had extra cards up his sleeve; or he got to my hiding place when my back was turned. Something. The more I assure him that none of these things happened, the more sceptical he remains. He is certain that the conjuror could not bring the trick off in his presence. So I arrange that he shall try. The trick begins, with Smith taking every precaution which suggests itself to him. The two cards, let us say, are the eight of hearts and the nine of diamonds. When all the preliminaries are over, the conjuror with a confident smile invites Smith to turn up the top two cards. . . .

And what does this confirmed sceptic suppose he is going to see when he turns up the cards? The four of clubs and the King of spades? A couple of Queens? Of course not. Yet if he is a confirmed sceptic, this is what he should expect. But he doesn't expect it, because at the moment of turning he is no longer sceptical. He is at that moment *absolutely certain* that in some miraculous way the hidden cards will be there; the eight of hearts and the nine of diamonds. "And, by Heaven," he cries, "so they are."

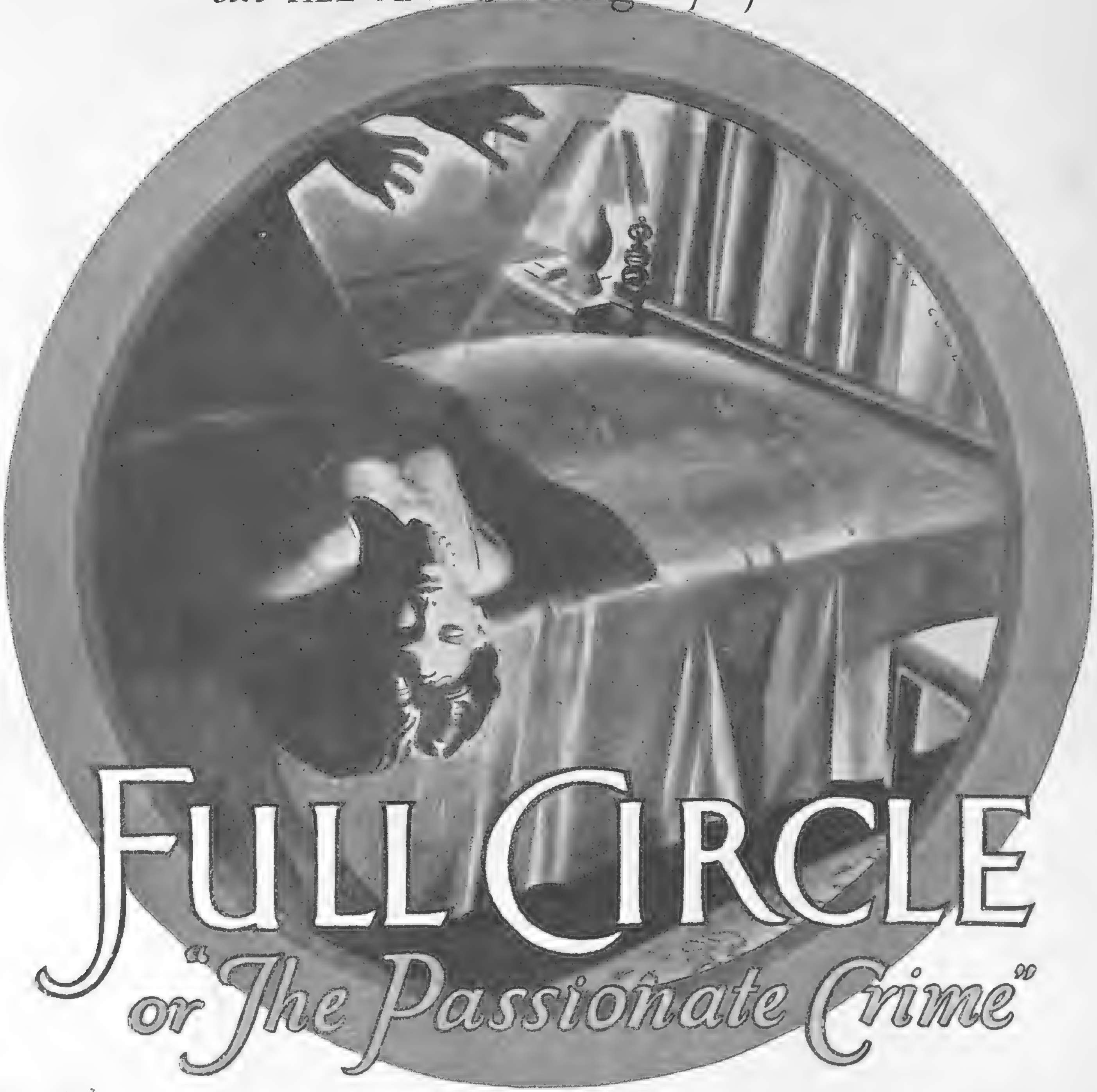
BUT they are not. That, in fact, is the trick. The cards now turned up are the nine of hearts and the eight of diamonds; but so habitually inaccurate are we all, and so easily blinded by a preconceived belief, that in every case the eight of diamonds and the nine of hearts will be mistaken for the nine of diamonds and the eight of hearts. To the good conjuror there is no such thing as a sceptic. Scepticism always gives way at the critical moment.

Or rather, it appears to give way then, but it has really given way before. When a famous airman's widow tells us, as she has been telling us lately, that she was always a confirmed sceptic about Spiritualism, until she actually heard her dead husband speak to her, well then I become sceptical. According to her story, a medium wrote to her from Lancashire or somewhere, saying that her husband had a message for her, whereupon she wrote to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to ask if the medium was trustworthy. To Sir Arthur! But, indeed, why bother to write to anybody, if she was a sceptic? Eventually, at some trouble to herself, a *séance* was arranged. Again, why bother, if she was a sceptic? And when the *séance* was in progress and the voice came through, what was she then? Try to imagine for yourself the dialogue between an anguished and adoring mother and the alleged spirit of her dead son, a dialogue in which the mother remains coldly on the defensive, answering "Sir" to the voice's "Mummy darling," until it has identified the hiding-place of the dead rabbit, or told her to look in the left-hand cupboard in the box-room for his old tennis-shoes; whereupon she apologises and calls him "Dearest." It is inconceivable

EVIDENCE, then, of manifestations which in themselves seem barely credible, and which come to us through witnesses themselves not entirely credible, is not evidence which carries conviction. Is there no evidence which would be more likely to convince us? For myself, I should prefer spiritual evidence; evidence, that is, of the spiritual presence of the dead, rather than material evidence (table-rappings and what not) of the material presence of the dead. I asked for this a little while ago in an article written for another paper, and was promptly provided with it. It was a poem by Dryden which had just come through from the next world; a poem by one who was a great poet in his lifetime, and who now had two hundred years' knowledge of unearthly beauty to add to his earthly knowledge. All he could do with this equipment was a verse such as one might find in a schoolgirls' magazine, in which "earth" was rhymed to "turf." When I commented on this, I was

(Continued on page 174)

Here is the FIRST of our three FILM SCENARIOS—Select your CAST, on the lines given on the facing page, for an ALL-AMERICAN group of Artists



FULL CIRCLE

or "The Passionate Crime"

Story and Synopsis Scenario

By L'Estrange Fawcett

DRAMATIS PERSONAE	
Vivienne Lady Stratford	*Coroner*
Raphael Mobray	*Foreman of Jury*
"Drunk" Higgs	*Mrs. Higgs*
Lady Lettice Spencer	*Sylvia Vincent*
George Marx	*Guy Mobray*
Maid at Mobray's house	

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

This story was suggested by a section of the Russian monk's story in "The Brothers Karamazoff." It lays no claim to the breadth of feeling and nobility of conception of Dostoievsky's nameless character, who, influenced by the strong-willed Zossima, sets free his soul by confessing in public a capital crime fourteen years old. This film-story is frank melodrama. In detail, it has also been adapted; the locale has been shifted to England and additional characters have been added.

The following is an outline only of one of many possible talking-film scenarios of the story, for limitations of space preclude a full treatment, which would normally permit the nearer views to be split up into medium shots and close ups. The omission, however, is not vital, as many directors now prefer to do this work themselves on the floor.

"BRITANNIA & EVE'S"

£1,000 FILM COMPETITION

What you have to do:

AS announced last month we are publishing here the first of a series of three Scenarios, which we invite our readers to cast. The prizes will be as follows :—

1st Prize ..	£750
2nd Prize ..	£100
3rd Prize ..	£50

and twenty prizes of £5 each.

For the twelve characters included in the Dramatis Personæ at the foot of the opposite page, make up a list of the twelve artists whom you would consider ideal for the various parts they have to portray. All the artists must be ladies and gentlemen at present working in America, but irrespective of their nationalities. That means to say that not only American-born artists, but also English or German or Scandinavian actors and actresses (or any other nationality), may be included so long as they are resident and working in America at the moment.

A sealed list is now in the possession of the Editor, and those entries which approximate nearest to this list will be awarded the prizes already announced. **The Editor's decision in any detail connected with this competition is absolutely final.**

On page 204 of this issue will be found a Coupon which must be enclosed with every entry sent in. Readers are limited to three entries only. Those availing themselves of this last-mentioned concession must send in a separate Coupon with each separate entry.

Entries should consist of a single sheet of paper bearing the name and address of the sender in the top right-hand corner, and the Coupon pinned to the left-hand corner. In the July and August issues of BRITANNIA AND EVE *two further Scenarios will be published. It is hoped to announce the final result in the October issue.*

"FULL CIRCLE,

or, The Passionate Crime"

SEQUENCE 1

FADE IN.

Narrative : Twenty-four years have elapsed since the murder of the beautiful Society widow, Vivienne Lady Stratford—a mystery never satisfactorily explained.

Here, for the first time, are the true facts.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

Long Shot.—Horses and riders galloping along typical rolling grassy downs—a jolly crowd of young people against white clouds, blue skies, and wind-swept turf—galloping horses, flying hoofs.

Little girl of two on tiny Shetland pony is led across line of vision by nurse.

Ancient shepherd sitting on stone watching.

Two or three lambs kick up heels in emulation of the horses, and sheep-dog looks at them reprovingly.

Gyro Shot.—Camera swings round and in middle distance near shepherd is a grassy hollow through which a man and girl, well mounted, ride slowly.

MIX TO.

Closer view of riders halting in hollow; beautiful woman (27) and ardent boy (19) (a touch of the Latin in him), both astride in breeches (though period is 1906). They dismount, but she will not let boy fix her saddle. He holds her horse and looks at her passionately. She laughs at him. He holds her stirrup, putting his fingers on the tread, so that she will step on them when mounting. (He wants her to hurt him !)

Dialogue .

SHE : "Sometimes, Raphael, you aren't right in your head" (teasing him with her crop).

RAPHAEL : "I'm not . . . when I'm near you."

He seizes her from behind and kisses her passionately. She breaks away and strikes him with crop. He begs her to strike again ; he behaves extravagantly, being scarcely responsible or coherent. Instead she leaps into saddle ; he follows, but she makes him go to heel like a groom—he is, temporarily, annihilated.

Gyro Shot.—To follow them past shepherd, who has been watching them ; they ascend out of hollow.

Closer shot, old shepherd grinning to his dog.

Dialogue :

SHEPHERD : "She leads all the men a fair dance : widow-women are the devil."

The dog yawns : far beyond them in distance are the two riders galloping. Old shepherd grins.

MIX TO.

Old woman lodge-keeper (period 1906) grinning as she holds massive crested gates for the woman rider to enter ; she knows also how her mistress bewitches the young men.

The boy, pleading for forgiveness, trying to get her attention. He starts to go—disappointed.

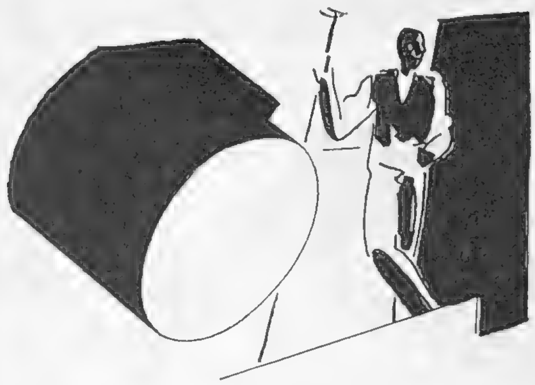
The lodge-keeper rests herself against gate, she's used to waiting.

Dialogue :

SHE (on the horse turning) : "Still, you'll come to dinner to-night, Raphael, as arranged . . . I'll have something to tell you."

RAPHAEL (wheeling round transformed) : "May I, Vivienne (seeing the grinning, knowing lodge-keeper)—I mean, Lady Stratford . . . how ripping of you !"

Raphael digs his spurs in his horse. The horse rears up and tears down grassy border of road. She laughs at his impetuosity and goes through gates.



Little girl on Shetland comes across grass to park-road and calls out, waving. Vivienne reins up, stoops down, grabs child and lifts her on to her saddle. Nurse takes pony and Vivienne trots away.

Another part of the park-drive: disreputable drunken tramp lurching along: sees something and jumps behind shrub or tree. Vivienne on horse comes into view. Tramp springs out, seizes bridle, pulls off his cap, Vivienne orders him away.

Dialogue :

THE TRAMP : “ You got to take me back, yer ladyship . . . yer late 'usband wouldn't have sacked me.”

VIVIENNE : “ Nor would I, Higgs, if you'd kept sober . . . you're drunk now.”

HIGGS : “ I aren't, and you'd best do as I say (with rising voice), I won't stand for it.” (The child starts screaming violently.)

At the lodge, the woman lodge-keeper, nurse with the Shetland, and game-keeper run out.

Higgs is trying to make Vivienne dismount. She spurs horse, Higgs holds on. Horse rears up. Groom and gamekeeper run into picture and grab Higgs.

Dialogue :

VIVIENNE : “ Carefully, Stewart, but don't permit him to enter the park.”

HIGGS (yelling) : “ I'll rip her up, the Jezebel ! ”

Higgs is frog-marched down road, yelling and snarling, as soon as Vivienne moves off.

FADE OUT (*picture and sound*).

FADE IN

A white bathroom—a ridiculous scene—someone's feet splashing water all over room. Raphael sits up in bath, whistling excitedly, “ Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.” Valet holds towel to him and he begins drying. He kicks his sponge out of bath all over valet.

Shelf full of bottles, which Raphael counts : “ She loves me, she loves me not.” The last one is an odd number—talc-powder—he shakes it over himself, whole top of tin comes away—he is enveloped in cloud of powder.

MIX TO

Wardrobe—open—edge of shelf—score or so of evening ties (period 1906) : “ She loves me, she loves me not.” A “ she loves me ” tie—he picks it out, dancing and whistling, and throws it round his neck.

MIX TO

Raphael in car, excited and restless.
Wheels—Engine—Cylinders.

Superimpose, alternately,

(*a*) “ She loves me,”
(*b*) “ She loves me not.”

MIX TO

A plate : over which a white-cuffed hand rolling up little pellets of bread, counting them, “ she loves me,” etc. There are four !

MIX TO

Raphael at dinner table : on his right a pretty girl : on his left a dowager. Girl is making conversation, but Raphael looks black and his gaze is further away up towards the right. Girl (who is noticeable for thick coils of plaited yellow hair over her ears) considers him whimsically and then looks in same direction as he does.

Overhead Trolley Shot—Swiftly, in direction taken by Raphael's eyes, to hostess's seat, where sits Vivienne, superb in black velvet and diamonds. She is in animated conversation with her neighbours—one of them a heavy, handsome stockbroker (on her right).

Reverse Camera and show in long shot Raphael's anxious face leaning forward and looking towards Vivienne.

Vivienne and her right hand neighbour exchange significant glances. She rises. Buzz of conversation stops.

Dialogue :

VIVIENNE : “ I have asked you here to-night to announce my engagement to my dear friend, George Marx.”

She lays hand on his shoulder, and he bows confusedly.

Long Shot—All guests leap up to congratulate her, except Raphael.

In midst of the congratulations Vivienne spies and calls.

Long Shot—Raphael, motionless in his seat with yellow-haired girl standing helpless beside him.

Girl comforts him.

Dialogue :

GIRL : “ Raphael, it'll all come right in the end.”

Just as Vivienne reaches them Raphael throws off girl's hand and bolts across room.

He goes out like a flash through French windows into dark.

Vivienne shakes girl rather indignantly.

Dialogue :

VIVIENNE : “ What's up with Raphael, Lettice, he'll go and do something foolish to-night.”

Lettice is helpless and cries.

The crowd bear Vivienne off, leaving Lettice miserable.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

“ The Stratford Arms ” public-house—frowsty, smokey, beery—darts—quoits—barrels—churchwarden pipes—the landlord's stomach resting on counter—noise of sodden yokels—and, in the middle, “ Drunken Higgs ” holding forth.

Dialogue :

HIGGS : “ She set 'er men and dogs on me when I asked a civil question . . . she 'ad me 'alf killed.”

SHEPHERD (from first scene) : “ Ay, she knows how to handle a fellow. . . . I saw her carryin' on with Mr. Raphael Mobray to-day.”

Higgs lurches up to counter and knocks over a pyramid of bottles, glasses and soda-water. It falls over intact—a cardboard dummy. Landlord comes round and orders him off.

Dialogue :

INNKEEPER : “ Out you go, Drunken Higgs ” (pushing him).

Higgs falls against picture on wall near door—a photo from magazine of Vivienne hunting.

Dialogue .

HIGGS : “ 'Ere she is . . . the she-dog . . . watch me rip 'er up.”

Stabs the glass with clasp knife and cuts his hand. Some yokels push him out of doors.

Track Shot—They run him across road and chuck him into horse-pond. He emerges wet and horrible and lurches along road singing : “ Goodbye, Dolly Gray.”

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

By bedroom door. Vivienne, hand to head, saying good-night to George Marx, who is allowed to give her a peck before being dismissed.

She closes door, walks across room and through broad window on to balcony, five or six feet above ground level, and looks on park—silent in the starlight.

She is silhouetted transparently against lights in bedroom—stretching arms above head.

Twig snaps in undergrowth outside.

Vivienne shivers ; goes in ; pretty maid begins undressing her.

In shrubbery Raphael watches her undressing. He is tense, excited, and muddy.

Vivienne, in night attire, climbs into bed. Maid puts out lights, except one over the bed (dark shade), and shuts windows. Vivienne orders them to be reopened.

Maid leaves room by door.

Raphael looks in and starts climbing up.

Vivienne's book drops from her fingers—she is asleep.

Raphael enters room and locks door.

Vivienne wakes—Raphael by bed, silences her.

Dialogue :

VIVIENNE : “ What do you want, Raphael ? ”

RAPHAEL : “ I want *you*, and Marx shan't have you.”

She tries to treat it as a joke until :

He puts his hand over her mouth and kisses her shoulder madly ; she pushes him away—her shoulder bleeds.

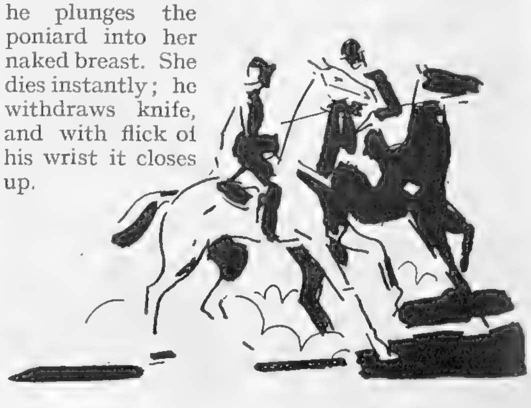
He seizes her throat and kisses her lips ; she wrenches free, and Raphael's hand tears on brooch at her breast—her flimsy night attire is ripped open. He is maddened by the sight of his blood.

Dialogue ;

RAPHAEL : “ If I can't have you no one else shall.”

He goes completely off his head, deftly pulls a knife from his pocket, flicks it, and blade of a poniard appears.

Vivienne is petrified, and struggles, but his hand is at her throat. With the other he plunges the poniard into her naked breast. She dies instantly ; he withdraws knife, and with flick of his wrist it closes up.



In shrubbery a twig snaps loudly.

Raphael, regarding his crime, shivers horribly.

Peering through balcony railings is Drunken Higgs, sobered. It is raining, and he is soaked.

Raphael, appalled, thinks a second, then picks up a watch, a pearl necklace, a bracelet and a pair of large gold antique heart-shaped ear-rings from table near the bed. Now the motive will seem to be robbery . . . .

He crosses room and leaves by balcony.

In plantation Higgs hurries, tumbling away, and then halts and looks round, leering.

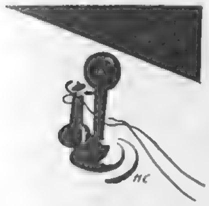
Raphael hurries through the plantation. Higgs springs out on him.

Dialogue :

HIGGS : "I saw yer in 'er Ladyship's boodoir, yer dirty dog—now come across."

Higgs rubs forefinger and thumb—Raphael gives him sharp uppercut. Higgs falls, but, grabbing for support, knocks some of jewellery out of Raphael's hand. Raphael looks for it a moment and then dashes away.

FADE OUT.



Narrative :

After a night of horror . . .

FADE IN

Raphael's bedroom—electric light and fire on. Raphael (dressing gown) feverishly scraping mud from clothes, disarranges the unslept-in bed—draws curtains and lets in daylight—watches telephone nervously — starting and jumping — face haggard—dashing to table and examining

The stolen jewellery—an ear-ring and a bracelet are missing—he winds the watch.

MIX IN AND OUT

The missing bracelet and ear-ring.

Raphael is terrified ; he sweeps trinkets into a drawer, locks it, unlocks it, takes them out and puts them in his pocket, pushing a sock in on top of them. Sinks down in chair ; telephone rings ; he leaps up in a fever.

At other end George Marx, excited and incomprehensible.

Dialogue :

MARX : Mobray, old man, Marx speaking. I stayed at Vivienne's place over night—you must come quickly—Vivienne's dead . . ."

RAPHAEL : "What ? . . . No . . . no ! "

MARX : "She's murdered—dead seven hours . . . You were Vivienne's near neighbour . . . do come and help . . . Scotland Yard are here already."

RAPHAEL : (Echoing) "Already ? " (He trembles.) "No . . . no . . . I can't come—no . . . wait. (Gasp for breath.) . . . All right . . . I'll come . . . of course."

Raphael stands hesitant—hand in pocket. He slowly withdraws necklace, watch and ear-ring, and looks at them. Hurls them on bed—gold on an oasis of white linen.

MIX TO

Bracelet, lost ear-ring and Higgs' knife trodden in mud between Higgs' hob-nailed feet. Higgs lies in ditch. Footman comes into picture—stops, blows whistle—stoops and picks up bracelet and ear-ring—feels Higgs' body.

Scotland Yard men, Raphael (hand tight in pocket throughout) and Marx run up. Footman hands over bracelet, etc., and is cursed for handling them. Detective takes them in a handkerchief. Footman is annoyed.

Dialogue ;

FOOTMAN : "Anyway, it was raining all last night, so there couldn't be no finger-prints."

GLOSSARY

of technical terms used.

FADE IN (OUT)—Gradual transition from total darkness to fully-lighted scene, and vice-versa.

MIX—Scene composed by superimposing the first few feet of one shot on the last few feet of another : indicates transition (of time or place) usually by a creation of contrasts.

SUPERIMPOSE—Two subjects photographed on the same negative to amplify one another.

LONG SHOT—Scene taken at any distance other than one suitable for reproducing intimate detail.

GYRO SHOT—Scene taken by camera mounted on a tripod in the head of which is a gyroscope, the object being to secure smooth movement when camera is traversed or tilted to an angle : for example, when the subject photographed moves from one plane to another.

OVERHEAD TROLLEY (or CRANE) SHOT—Scene taken by camera attached to mobile crane or trolley on rails suspended from studio roof : used for photographing in different planes without altering camera mounting ; camera flies, as it were, through the air.

TRACK SHOT—Scene taken by camera mounted on a mobile trolley running on lines on the studio floor, used for following a character on the level.

Higgs has been stood up unsteadily, but being left to stand alone immediately collapses—ill, in the ditch. He is a repulsive sight. Men bring hurdle and lay Higgs on it.

Track Shot backwards preceding the procession.

Gyro Shot as procession passes reveals a fine country mansion. In the drive is a pram with nurse. The little girl runs towards Marx, who beckons angrily to the nursemaid to take the child away. The maid retrieves the child, puts it in the pram, raises hood and retires out of picture.

Optional Shot—Child in pram weeping and crying for its mother—FADE OUT, or

The procession passes on—Raphael at rear with hand still thrust in pocket.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

Corner hospital ward—Higgs in bed, dying of pneumonia and alcoholism. Cluster of police with typewriters and notebooks waiting. Doctors and nurses handy—Higgs stirs uneasily. Police move to foot of bed anxiously—they mask Higgs from camera.

There is a movement in the bed.

Doctor rises up from bending over Higgs.

Dialogue :

"DOCTOR : "Afraid he's cheated you, Inspector ; no evidence from this quarter."

Policeman writing a report in a large official book, which the doctor signs.

MIX TO

Form convening adjourned inquest on Vivienne (Lady Stratford), containing footnote that no evidence from Higgs (deceased) forthcoming.

MIX TO

Long Shot—Coroner's Court. Jury returning to court after deliberations.

Gyro Shot picking out the people present, guests of the fatal evening, Marx, gamekeeper, lodge-keeper, and Raphael, hunched up, ill, broken.

Lettice, his yellow-haired dinner-table neighbour, by his side, looks at him to encourage him ; but he is sunk in gloom.

Coroner asks jury for verdict. Foreman (rather a heavy farmer type) answers :

Dialogue :

FOREMAN : "Murder against some person unknown (adding hurriedly and unprofessionally) . . . only some on us thinks Drunk Higgs done it."

Yokels in court laugh and are sternly repressed.

Dialogue :

CORONER : "Is that a verdict against the deceased man, Higgs, or not ? "

FOREMAN : "Yes, sir, we reckon it is."

Coroner accepts verdict.

Raphael, tense and drawn, fidgetting with his coat, his moustache, other hand in coat pocket.

Raphael's pocket and trick shot show faintly his hand clasping Vivienne's jewellery and the poniard. His hand pushes them away (in the pocket).

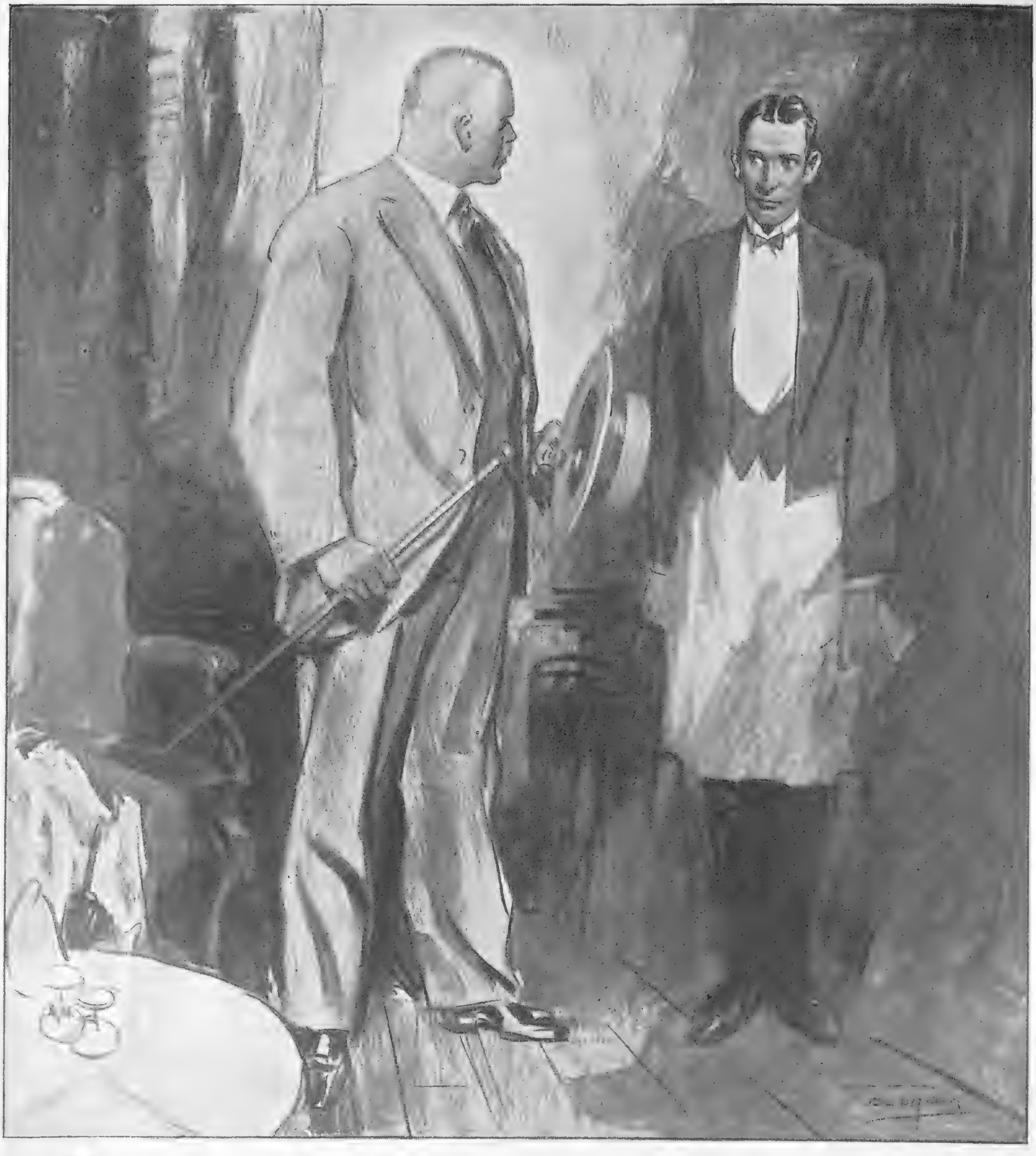
Long Shot—Court breaking up. Lettice takes Raphael by the arm and they pass down the room.

Gyro Shot—Outside the Court-house. Raphael and Lettice come out hurriedly and pass to their right. As the camera is gyroed it reveals pathetic group near door — fat countrywoman and three wide-eyed, shining faced children—all four tricked out in deep and very new, poor quality mourning rig. Woman weeps into a black-edged handkerchief. Raphael stops just past them, gives something to Lettice, shudders, and strides hurriedly on. Lettice runs back.

Gives Mrs. Higgs handful of banknotes and runs after Raphael.

Lettice rejoins Raphael, looks up at him affectionately and maternally :

(*Continued on page 176*).



"Where do you join?" he snapped "In France, Herr Kommandant," I said, for I thought the farce had gone far enough. . . . "At Nancy, the French capital of French Lorraine." And I pulled myself up straight and looked him square in the eyes . . .

FOR years before the war Marius had been head waiter at the little café near the Bourse. Germans used to frequent it in those days, for it provided—and strangely enough still provides—the best brown beer in Paris. At that time I thought Marius was a German himself, for he always talked to the Germans in their own language. I think they thought so too, for they all called him Fritz.

But I was wrong, for after the war Marius came back to the little café again, and in his buttonhole were the ribbons of the French Military Medal and the war cross with three stars—which are not given to Germans. Also he had a wooden leg, for he had left his own on the Massif of Moronvilliers in Champagne. He walked a bit stiffly, but he was very proud of the fact that it had automatic joints and came all the way from America.

I knew now that Marius was a pure-bred Frenchman from Marseilles, whose early life was spent travelling across the world with a big circus. He spoke the principal languages of the globe with a fluency and slang that were cosmopolitan. On quiet afternoons—and afternoons were generally

Illustrations by Frank Oldham

The GOLD LOUIS

A vivid vignette of Verdun, "where men fought anyhow . . . in a tangle of broken wire"

By Walter Duranty

They met, the head waiter at the little French café and the big German, in 1914. That parting tip—a gold louis—stood between them, balancing the scales of Life and Death, in the moonlit shell-hole at Verdun

quiet in the little café—I used to sit with Marius at the table in the corner, and he told me in his racy Anglo-American dialect little stories of his adventures in the Great War.

I ASKED him one day if he had ever met any of his former German clients on the front. I thought he might not like the question, but Marius was not a man who cared for petty considerations.

"Ah, ça, for example, it's queer," he said, "I was thinking of that this morning. Yes, I met one of them; met him face to face and recognised him, but only one. Maybe I have skewered some of the others, perhaps even the short, fat one, you remember, who was so generous with his tips. Or more likely dropped a grenade on some of them and put their light out. But in battle one hasn't time for faces. You'd skewer your own brother and never know it, if he was wearing a German uniform.

"But this case was different. I think you knew him, sir; the big fellow with a scarred face, who used to sit at the oblong table over there and play cards every day after lunch.

"The first day I saw him come in I said to myself, 'Hullo! Here's a swell and no mistake.' You could almost hear the clank of the sword and the rattle of his spurs as he swung along. I'd seen those big guard officers too often in Berlin in the old days not to know the type.

"But I found out that he was only second clerk in the Kandler fur store at the other side of the Bourse. A cheap store at that, and his the cheapest job in it. His name was just Densburg, for all he looked as if he ought to wear a 'von' in front of it, and for a while I thought I'd guessed all wrong for once.

"Then I noticed the men he played cards with, and the way they used to treat him. That opened my eyes, you bet. There was old Jackenheim, the banker, and von Seidlitz from the Embassy, and a little man whose name I never knew, whom they called sometimes Colonel and sometimes Herr Graf. Not the sort of people to play cards with a third-rate clerk, by a long chalk.

BUT that was about three years before the war and I didn't think much about it. I just allowed that this Densburg had probably been someone smart who'd had to leave the army on account of a scandal or something. It often used to happen, though they didn't generally take jobs in fur stores.

"Well, then came July, 1914, and the panic on the Bourse, which was the first time we got round here to the fact that war was likely. After the twenty-third or so I began to notice that our German clients were getting fewer; just fading away, so to speak, without making any song about it.

"But Densburg wasn't that sort. One day after lunch,—it was the twenty-sixth, if I remember rightly—he turned to me as I gave him his straw hat and said, straight out, 'Here, Fritz, take this, I may not see you again, as I'm leaving to-night,' and slipped a twenty-franc piece, a gold louis, into my hand.

The Psychology of the "WAR STORY"

A FEW years ago the war story was out of favour. It was only natural—that reluctance to open old wounds and stir the slumbering ashes of unforgotten fires.

But Time, the healer, has brought, even to those who lost and suffered most, a calmer sense of detachment.

The world-wide success of the great war play, "Journey's End," suggests that men and women who could only whisper to themselves "Lest we forget" can now say openly "Let us remember . . ."

"It was late, and there was no one in the café, so I thought I would try a little stunt to satisfy my curiosity. I saluted in the stiff German way, and said 'Auf wiedersehen, Herr Kommandant!'

"He stiffened like a hunting dog when it scents a bird, then flung at me quick and sharp, 'You are going too? You have got your papers?'

"'Yes, Herr Kommandant,' I said, 'I am going soon.' It was true, for by that time I was sure there would be war.

"'Where do you join?' he snapped, in the same sharp way.

"'In France, Herr Kommandant,' I said, for I thought the farce had gone far enough.

"To my surprise he didn't get me. He just answered impatiently, 'Yes, yes, I know. But where? It must be at Rheims if they've left you as long as this.'

"Then I saw light. I saluted once more, *in the French style* this time, and you bet your life he knew the difference. And I said in French, 'At Nancy, mon commandant. In my regiment of the French army. At Nancy the French capital of French Lorraine.' And I pulled myself up straight and looked him square in the eyes.

"For a moment he glared at me. Then suddenly he laughed, and replied in French as good as mine,

"'In that case, au revoir, Monsieur le Français. We shall meet sooner than I expected, for unless you are dead or a prisoner you will be bringing my beer again before the end of August. Mark well my words.' And with that he swung out of the café before I could find a reply.

'WELL, sir, you remember what happened. At first we went right ahead, we of the armies of Lorraine, the 'Iron Division.' Then we ran into it good and proper at Morhange, the battle of Metz some call it, and began to find out what we were up against. My battalion caught it hot in that action, but they shifted back what was left of us, and reformed us in time for the Marne, which was a different story. We saw the Boches run that time, and we were very glad; I promise you; for they had come very near, very near indeed to Paris."

"You don't need to tell me that," I broke in. "I was here myself then, and heard the guns muttering all one night, that Tuesday before the Marne. The people thought it was thunder. But we newspaper men had spent an hour that evening at the War Office—and no very cheerful hour either. And we knew better. I thought Paris was lost."

In last month's issue of BRITANNIA AND EVE, *we published a picture described as "Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley." This was an error on our part. Although Mr. Philip Kindersley is engaged to Miss Oonagh Guinness the marriage has not yet taken place. We tender our apologies for any annoyance our misstatement may have caused.*

"So did I," said Marius. "I don't mind telling you I thought of Densburg more than once in those days. I began to ask myself whether he might not be right, that I would soon be serving him beer again in this café in Paris.

"We were depressed then, for a retreat is hard upon the spirit of us Frenchmen. But afterwards, when we had beaten them, I thought of him no more, save to wonder if he had died there in the mud of the Saint Gond marshes, when we flung them back from Paris and the Marne.

"AND so the war went on; the Yser, Artois and Champagne, until one icy February day my battalion came to Verdun. Verdun! Ah, that was a battle, a battle of giants! There were no lines or trenches in the frozen slush of those hill tops by the Meuse, and men fought anyhow; hand against hand and teeth against teeth, in tangle of broken wire, amid the shell-holes.

"The first fortnight it was madness. Then we were relieved, and for days we wandered round, hardly speaking to each other, or sane or human any more. At the end of a week they put us back again, with a draft of six hundred men to bring the battalion up to strength, for the enemy's pressure was tremendous, and France needed every man in the firing line.

"They died like flies, those Germans. Our quickfirers cut down their ranks as a man cuts wheat with a scythe, and our 75's tore holes in them. But still they came on singing, as if nothing could stop them; in numbers without ceasing, as if they were glad to die.

"They are brave men, those German soldiers. Take it from me, who have fought against them. But even their numbers and their discipline could not withstand the losses we inflicted, and after a time there came a breathing space. Then we began to make little advances on our part; just small patrols raiding out in front of our line, to see what the enemy was up to.

"ONE night I was out on such a party, creeping from shell-hole to shell-hole, four of us altogether. I remember we had just crouched flat on account of a German star-flare, when suddenly there came a shrieking sound in the air, and a shell burst right on top of us. I was a little to the right of the others, and so I was not killed when they were blown to pieces. But the force of the explosion stunned me and for a long time I lay unconscious. When I came to myself I was aching in every bone, and bitterly cold. Will you believe it, sir, that shell had stripped my coat and shirt clean off me, without even scratching my skin. Only my trousers and undershirt were left. But there wasn't a wound on my body."

"More likely that one of your friends thought you were dead, and took your tunic," I said. "I've heard lots of strange things about shells, but that they undress a man is new to me.'

Marius remained quite serious. "No," he said, "You're wrong. It does happen. I saw a man myself, up in Flanders, stripped plumb naked by a shell. But he was dead."

"Sorry I interrupted," I said, "But I'd never have believed it. What did you do?"

"My head hurt horribly. It was hard to breathe, and I was so dazed that I did not know where I was. I moved my hand feebly, and touched something cold. It was my bayonet, but my rifle was nowhere near. The moon was shining brightly, and I found that I was lying half-propped against the side of a shell-hole. There I had been sheltered from the wind, and that, probably, had saved me from being frozen.

"I RUBBED warmth into my arms and body, and the power of movement gradually came back. I was lifting myself painfully, to take my bearings with the idea of trying to crawl back to the French line, when I heard a tiny click, followed by a gurgle, right close to my head.

"For a moment I paused on my knees. Then, very cautiously, I peered over to the right, in the direction from which the sound came.

"Not a yard away, with his back against the side of a shell-hole next to mine, was a man in the great-coat of a German officer. He was raising a silver flask to his lips, and the moonlight shone bright upon his upturned face. As I hung over him, with my bayonet ready to drive down, I recognised him beyond question. It was Densburg, my client in this very café!

"The surprise of it stopped my hand. Our eyes met, and I said, 'We meet again. But this is not Paris, Herr Densburg!'

"In spite of the suddenness of it, the German never batted an eye. Looking straight up at me, he took two or three more swallows of brandy, then answered calmly, 'Colonel von Densburg, if you please. I prefer to die under my own name.'

"We waited there a long instant, face to face. Try hard as I could, I couldn't bring myself to drive down my hand. He must have read my feelings in my eyes, for suddenly he said, almost with a flicker of a smile, 'Here, take this. You must be cold. After all, the positions are reversed, for it is I who am giving you to drink.' He held out the brandy flask with the air of one taking it for granted that I would accept.

"He was right. You cannot kill a man in cold blood, like that, unless you do it without a second's delay. Once you have hesitated, he is safe."

"YES," I said, "but why did you hesitate?"

Marius scratched his head.

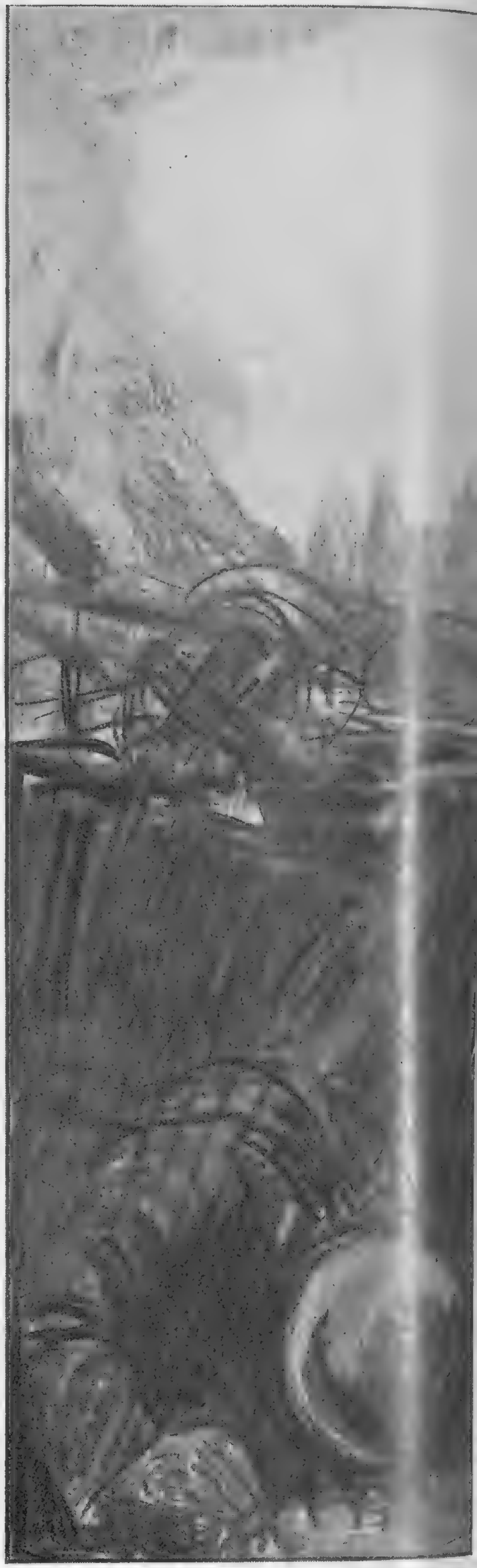
"Perhaps," I suggested, "because you recognised him."

"No, I don't think it was that, though you may be right. But my idea is that it was all on account of that louis he gave me."

"What louis?" I asked.

"You know," replied Marius impatiently, "I told you he gave me a louis when he went away that last time, just before I played the trick about pretending to be a German reservist."

"Oh, yes," I said. "But what had that to do with it?"



". . . He was raising a
shone bright upon his up
bayonet ready to drive down,

Marius looked puzzled, and did not answer.

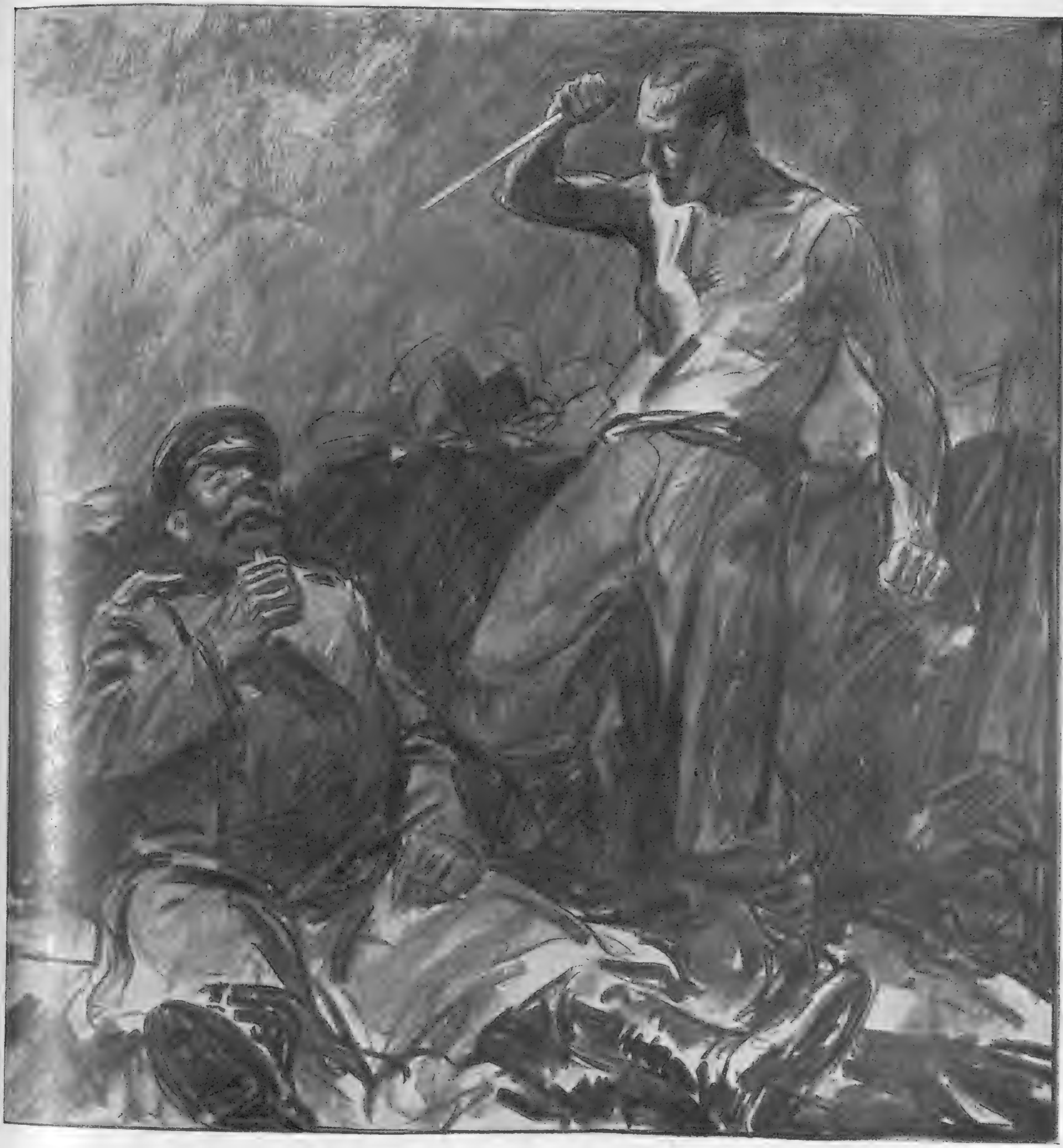
"Well, what happened?" I insisted. "Did you take him prisoner?"

He shook his head. "No," he said simply. "You see, he had a revolver, and once I lowered my bayonet, the advantage was his. Besides, I was dazed, sort of; and half frozen. So I helped him bind up a wound in his leg, and he gave me the flask

Walter
Duranty

The Author of "The Gold Louis"

MR. Walter Duranty, the author of "The Gold Louis," is the special correspondent of the "New York Times" in Paris, Berlin and Moscow. In his spare time he writes short stories about the Great War. One of them, "The Parrot," a vivid picture of Russia in the grip of the Revolution, was awarded the O. Henry memorial prize last year. That signal honour alone makes "The Gold Louis" of interest to our readers.



silver flask to his lips, and the moonlight
turned face. As I hung over him, with my
I recognised him beyond question . . ."

and his heavy fur vest, and we shook hands and each crawled away towards his own lines. Of course he had his revolver . . . but I ought to have killed him, just the same. . . . Right at the first, without waiting."

Again he paused, frowning, and I felt there was still something unexplained.

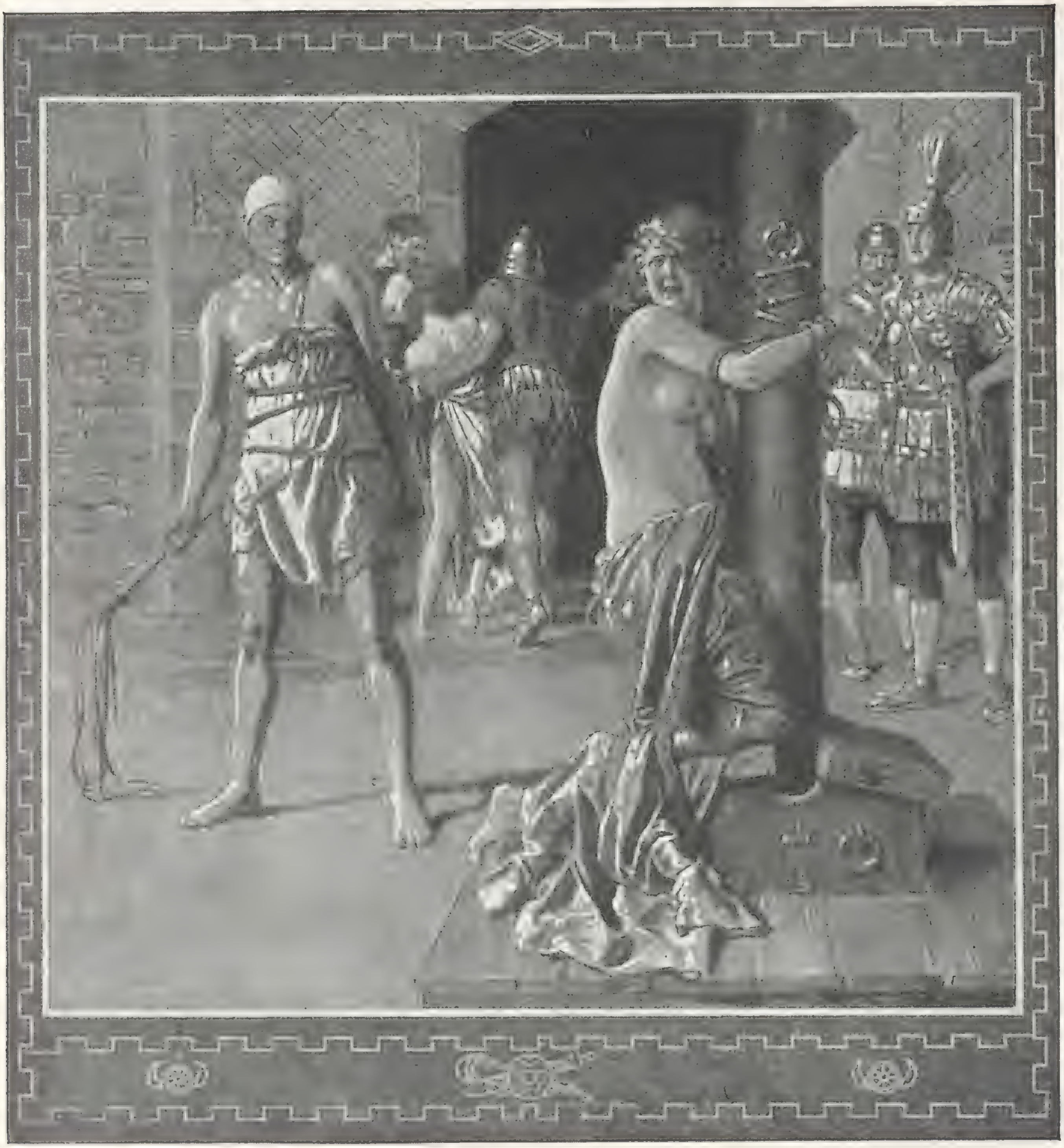
" Well, why didn't you ? " I asked.

Marius sat up straight. " I will tell you," he said, " what I believe was the real reason. That louis, you know, that he gave me in the café when he said good-bye. I accepted it quite naturally and gladly, as any waiter would. Just a helluva fine tip. But then, later on, when I kidded him about my being in the German army, and he took me seriously, I suddenly knew it wasn't a question of waiter and patron any more, but just man to man, Frenchman to German ; and then I ought to have given him back his louis, or thrown it on the floor. But, damn it, I needed that twenty francs. So I just kept it and did nothing.

" Yes, I think, down in my heart, it must have been the money. . . . If I had thrown it back, I could have killed him. But as it was, I was in his debt. I mean— you see . . . well, I was in his debt. So I had to repay him.

" I think he understood. For it was he, the German officer, who offered me his hand when we parted."

Famous WOMEN of HISTORY



"... the brutes who scourged Boadicea and defiled her children were already unfit to rule the civilized world. The hands of no ruling race in history have been altogether clean ..."

THE fourteenth book of the *Annals of Tacitus* opens with the story of how the Emperor Nero, aided by the ingenuity and persistence of a certain freedman Anicetus, arranged with elaborate precautions for the murder of his mother Agrippina. His principal motive was her objection to the divorce of Octavia his wife as a preliminary to his marriage with the charming, witty and much married Poppaea, who was tired of being merely his mistress. The book ends with the murder of Octavia in her twentieth year. She was "bound with cords, the veins of every limb were opened, but as her blood was congealed by terror and flowed too slowly, she was killed outright by the steam of an intensely hot bath." Her head was then cut off and sent to Rome for Poppaea's inspection.

Point is given to these domestic details by the famous episode which is described in the middle of the same book—the episode of the British revolt. While, at the centre of the Empire, Nero's violation of all the decencies, of every law human and divine, merely encouraged his subjects to further displays of servility and adulation, on the frontier an outraged Queen, driven to frenzy

No. 2 BOADICEA

QUEEN of the ICENI

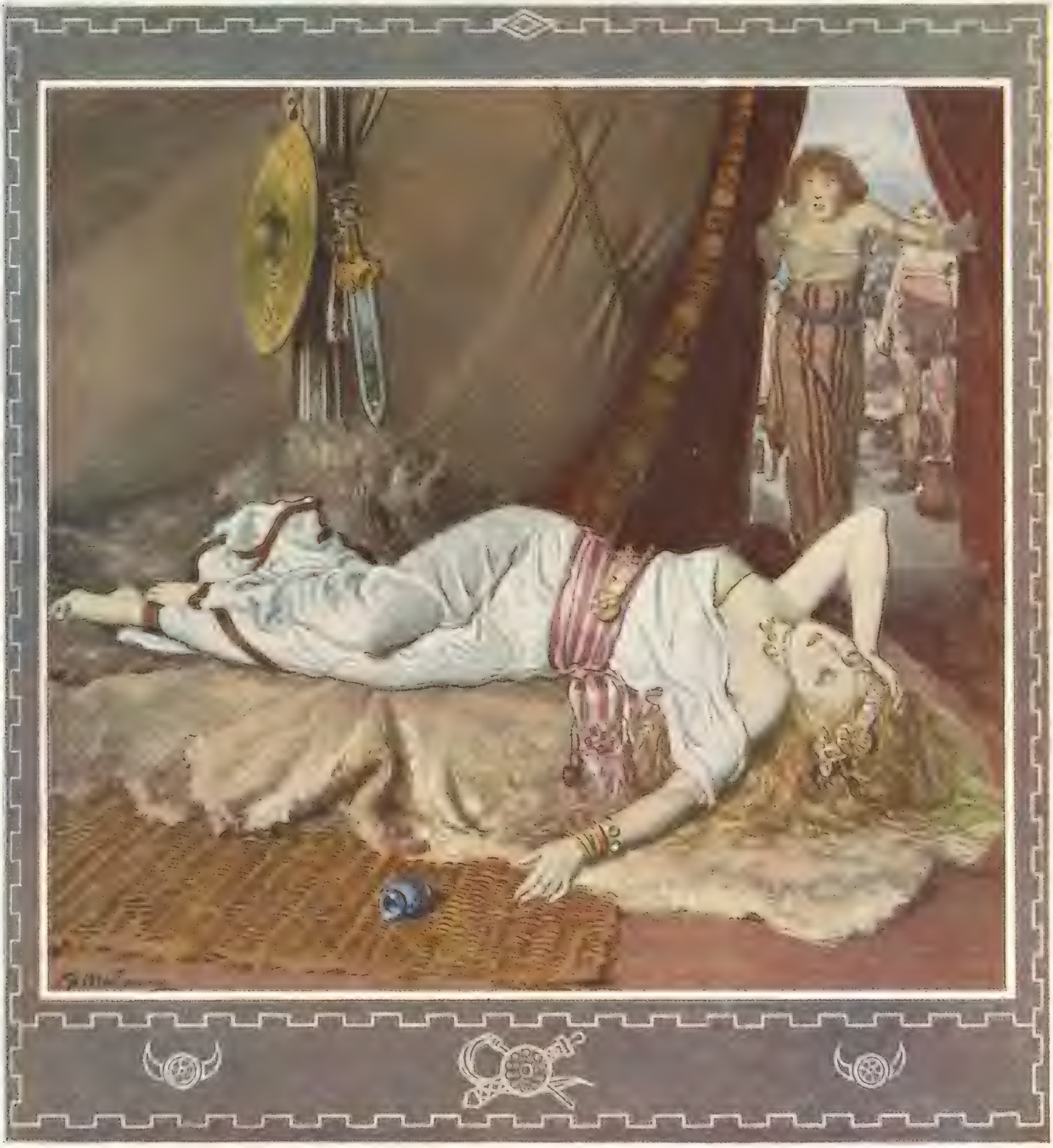
Describea by KENNETH BELL

Painted by F. MATANIA, R.I.

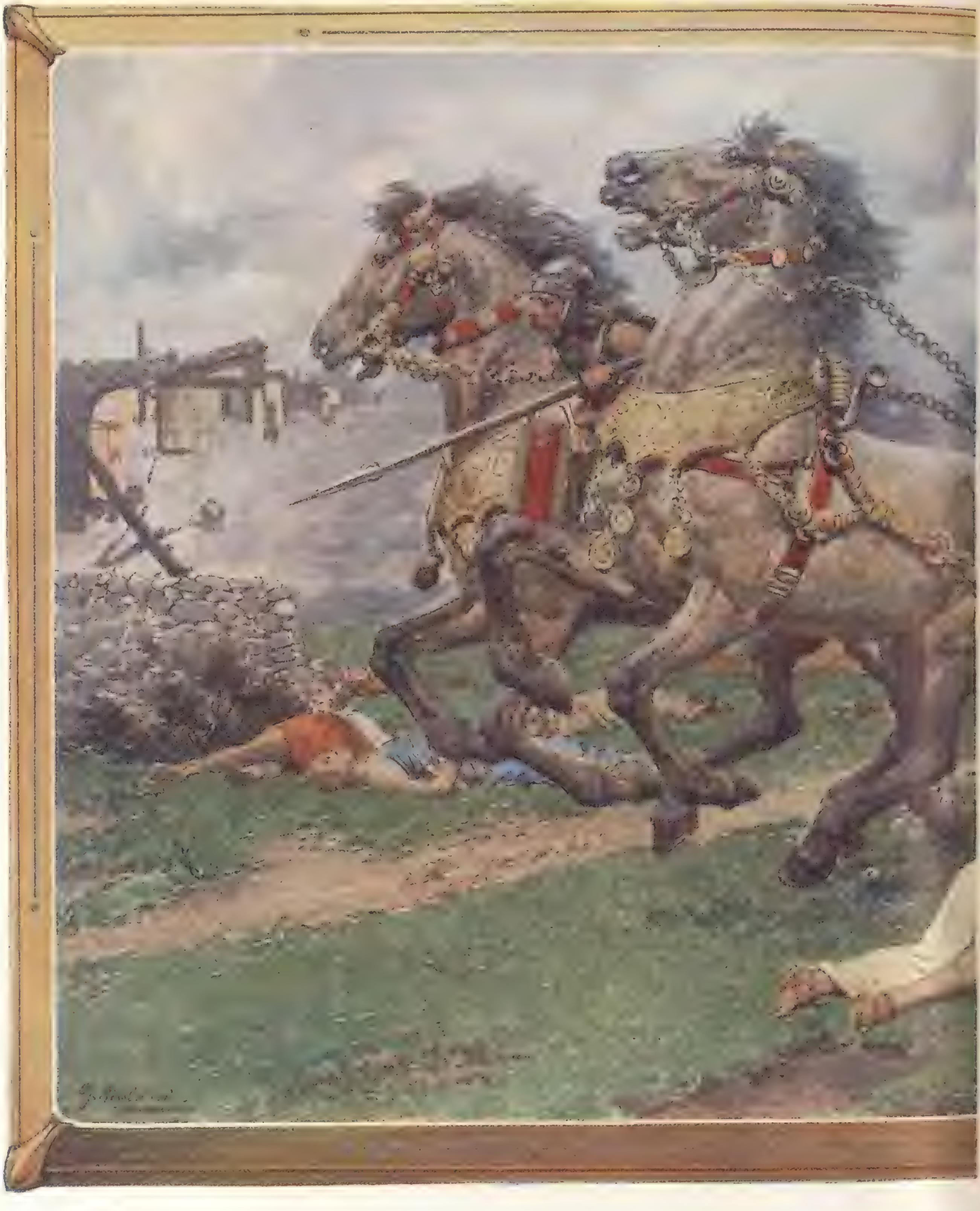
by foul wrong done to her innocent daughters, threatened the very existence of the newest of the Roman conquests.

NO doubt Tacitus makes the most of his material. He was a great literary artist—how great can be seen by comparing him with the terrific bombast of Carlyle. His concentrated phrases bite with an acid all the more corrosive because of his pose of detachment, of mere matter of fact narration. He was born to the salutary task of pointing out to his countrymen in what respects they fell short of the standard set by their own predecessors and by their alien contemporaries. His description of the manners and customs of the barbarous Germans, preserved from contamination in their remote forests, was enough to bring a blush to the cheek of the most hardened inhabitant of Italy; it made so profound an impression on historians that several generations of British savants claimed for their own ancestors the whole set of characteristics and institutions with which he had endowed the manly Teuton. To this day quotations from Tacitus's *Germania* relieve the tedium of Anglo-Saxon, Dog Latin and Norman-French in Stubbs's *Documents of English Constitutional History.*

Tacitus's points in the fourteenth book



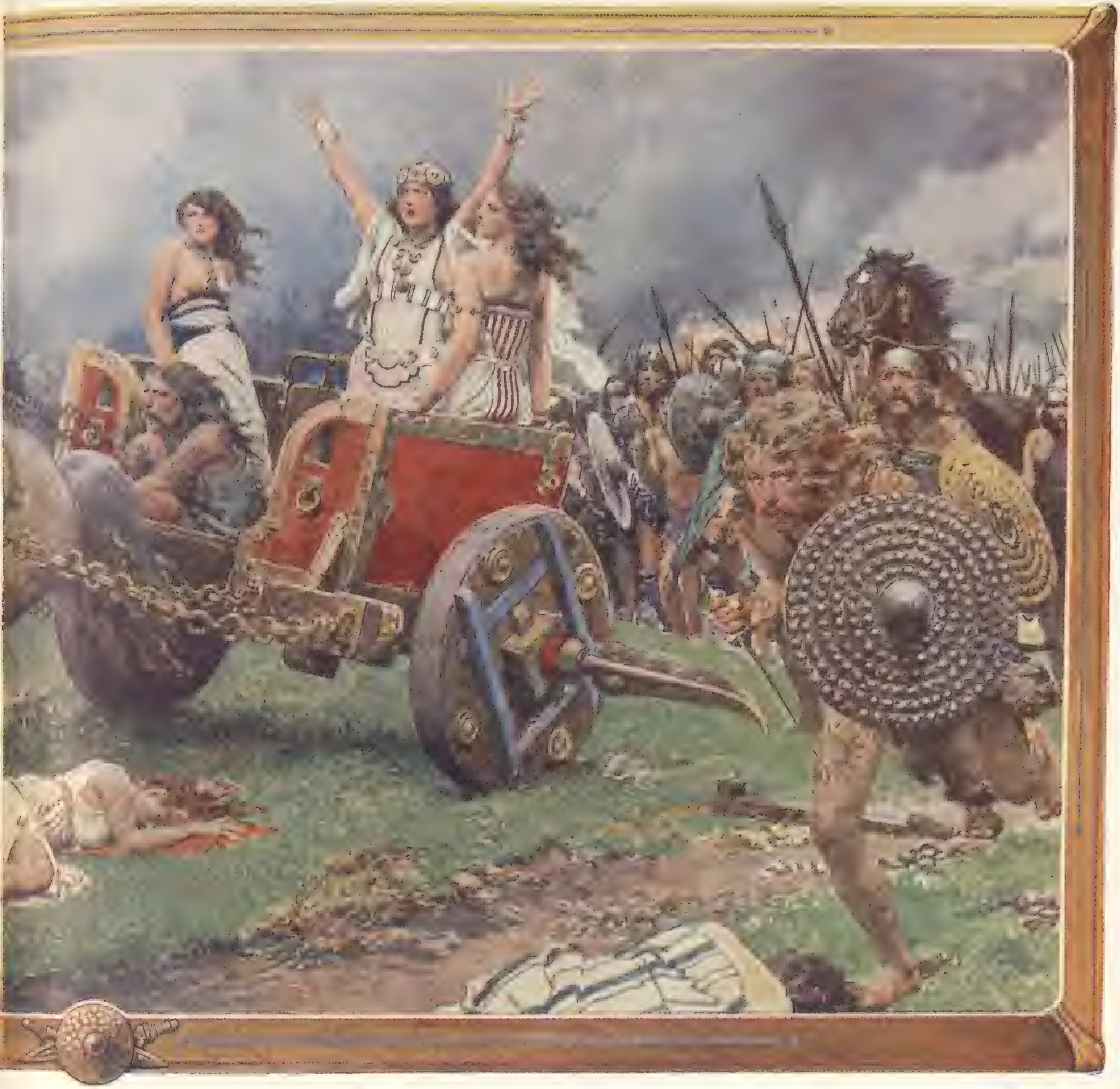
"... The Romans were bound to win ... Boadicea, though Dion Cassius lamely avers that she died of disease, according to Tacitus, took poison on the stricken field ... her people were bent only on 'slaughter, the gibbet, the fire and the cross, like men soon about to pay the penalty ...'"



"... Then, suddenly, the storm burst. From the Thames to the Wash, the British rose ... a vast horde, afoot and ahorse, swept down on Colchester, and with Boadicea to urge them on, sacked the rich, snug home of the veterans and put its Roman inhabitants to the sword ..."

are, of course, first, that there were no Neros in republican Rome, and that if there had been nobody would have cringed to them. Secondly, that if barbarians were lacking in *humanitas*, in the refinements of civilisation, they had contrived to keep their self-respect. Mothers still objected to the defiling of their daughters, and subjects to the flogging of widowed queens. Boadicea, like Tiberius and Nero, owes, we may be sure, a good deal of the lurid distinctness with which she stands out in history to the man of genius who found her ready to his hand, to point his moral and adorn his tale.

TACITUS was only seven years old when Boadicea died, and Dion Cassius, the painstaking Greek rhetorician, who is the other surviving authority for her story, ends his work on the History of Rome with his own consulship in A.D. 229, one hundred and sixty-nine years later. So we cannot be sure that the more vivid touches of either, and more particularly of the latter, are strictly accurate. Let us hope, anyhow, that Dion was relying on authentic tradition when he tells us how the queen would address her countrymen, lance in hand, from a rostrum built of peat-turves, invoking as she did so the Celtic goddess Andraste; that her voice was harsh, her eye fierce, her visage hard, that she was tall in stature and had masses of loose golden hair falling to her girdle, and that her dress included a great collar of gold, a many-coloured tunic drawn close round her bosom, and over it a thick mantle fastened by a clasp. If details always carried conviction, there would not be much doubt about Boadicea's appearance. At all events, her story rings true. It has happened so often before and since. You cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, and an imperial race, if it keeps its conscience, will suffer many twinges of that valuable organ. Primitive peoples have a way of rousing the worst passions of their more cultivated exploiters, as the history of the African Slave Trade, to choose an example at random, sufficiently illustrates. The really remarkable thing about Boadicea is that her oppressors were civilised enough to produce a writer with so morbidly sensitive a spirit that he thought it worth while telling her story. It says a great deal for the Romans that what we know of Boadicea is derived from one of them.



WHAT we know is that she was the wife of a British king with the impressive, if Latinised, name of Prasutagus. This King ruled over Iceni, a Celtic tribe settled in what is now Norfolk. When he died in the middle of the first century A.D. he had fallen into a position resembling more or less that of the ruler of a large Indian native state in the days before the Mutiny. He was a subject ally of the foreign power which had already established itself firmly on his frontier, and whose influence, economic, social and political, was rapidly permeating the whole country. He might be excused for thinking that it would be his turn next to fall into their net. His southern neighbours, the Trinobantes of Suffolk and Essex, had put up a good fight for their independence; their leader Caractacus, chased out of his capital, had taken refuge on the Welsh border and been a great nuisance there till his final defeat near Caer Caradoc. He had then graced a triumph at Rome, expressed himself somewhat freely to the Emperor, but been duly pardoned, and was now either dead or living in exile in Italy. His former capital, which was probably on the site of the present city of Colchester, had meanwhile been privileged to receive the Emperor Claudius himself. In the manner afterwards favoured by Louis XIV, on receipt of news that the situation was well in hand he had set out for the front, all the way from Rome, accompanied by reinforcements, and strange visitors to the swamps of Essex a troop of elephants, had crossed the Thames with the invaders, and actually spent some of his six weeks' visit in the [illegible] he had witnessed.

NOW Lincoln and Chester were both in Roman hands, and the legate in command of the three British legions was busy in the Snowdon area with the reduction of the great Druid sanctuary of Anglesey. Prasutagus saw that the Romans had come to stay, so before he died in [illegible] he left his kingdom jointly to them and to his two sons, hoping by this device to secure their peaceful succession under Roman tutelage.

But the Romans, for they were only human, were demoralised by their success. They had made themselves thoroughly comfortable among the vanquished Trinobantes. At Colchester had been founded a military colony where veterans, soldiers and officials had settled down in retirement on farms cultivated by slave labour. So comfortable were they and their fellow townsmen, who, no doubt, included prosperous traders as well as soldiers on the active list, that they had not bothered to fortify the town. All they did was to erect a fine temple to the divine memory of the Emperor Claudius, and to compel the unfortunate natives to serve it as priests, and to finance the appropriate ceremonies out of their own pockets. Colchester had become a kind of antique replica of modern Cheltenham, a paradise of retired colonels and administrators, and a prosperous health resort. There were these important differences, however, between Colchester then and Cheltenham now. Colchester was not "at home," it was on the frontier; to make the parallel at all complete it would have to be shifted from snug Gloucestershire to somewhere say north east of Peshawur, and it was inhabited not by Englishmen of the twentieth century but by Romans of the first.

"Regions Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway."

The Boadicea Statue on the Embankment

FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY

Last month Mr. MATANIA'S graphic brush portrayed Helen of Troy, whose beauty swayed Empires in the dim and all-but-forgotten past

Here the artist continues his task, by painting Boadicea, the heroic and ill-fated Queen of the Iceni, whose bravery is still commemorated in the noble group facing the Houses of Parliament at Westminster.

Next month, in this series, we hope to present the story of JUDITH the Slayer of Holofernes

PRASUTAGUS no doubt ought to have waited to die till Suetonius had finished with Anglesea. With the commander-in-chief on the spot, the situation, one hopes, would have been handled properly. As it was, a deplorable and sinister series of events followed. The troops and veterans with their centre at Colchester seem to have decided to make hay while the sun shone. They walked into the Iceni country as if they had just conquered it in battle, and proceeded to treat it according to the current rules of war. Slaves were allowed to plunder Prasutagus's palace, the native landowners were driven out or reduced to slavery, and their estates seized, and, presumably because she protested, the King's widow was actually scourged and her daughters violated. No wonder that this reckless and brutal treatment of an allied neighbour was accompanied by alarming portents. The statue of Victory at Colchester suddenly fell on its face, with its back towards the country of the Iceni, as if it fled from them in terror. Strange and melancholy echoes were heard in the Senate House, and excited women prophesied disaster. In the sky, it would seem, appeared a vision of a city in ruins, the Thames estuary ran with blood, and, as the tide ebbed, the shore was strewn with what looked like the bodies of dead men. So in all ages men have read in the colours that light up and the shadows cast by a stormy sunset the warning messages of the jealous gods.

BUT the Romans in Colchester did nothing to insure themselves against the consequences of their aggression, except to ask help of the procurator, Catus Decianus. It was just a quarter of a century since another procurator, Pontius of Judaea, had been confronted by a not altogether dissimilar problem. Catus, if he did not merely wash his hands, sent only a couple of hundred ill-equipped soldiers to reinforce the garrison, and left it at that. Though there was still time to throw up some earthworks round the doomed city, nothing was done; British sympathisers there may have worked to maintain a sense of security, and there was always the temple of the Emperor which was surely a sufficient insurance against fate.

Then, suddenly, the storm burst. From the Thames to the Wash, the British rose, as Hindus and Mohammedans were to rise in Northern India nineteen centuries later, a vast horde, afoot and a-horse, swept down on Colchester, and, with Boadicea to urge them on, sacked the rich, snug home of the veterans and put its Roman inhabitants to the sword. After a two-days' siege the temple itself, within which the garrison had taken refuge, was stormed and destroyed. Worse was to follow. The Ninth Legion hurried to the rescue under Petilius Cerialis, and was utterly routed; only a handful of cavalry, with Petilius among them, escaped alive to their fortified camp. Catus the procurator, signalised the occasion by a headlong flight across the Channel. Cruelty, incompetence, rashness, improvidence and cowardice had brought their reward.

These were the tidings which reached Suetonius on the morrow of his brilliant success in Anglesea. He had rallied his legionaries, cowed for the moment by the savage aspect of the Druid priestesses howling like Furies among the faithful across the Menai Straits, with the words, "We must not let ourselves be frightened by a parcel of women and priests."

NOW in his rear another Amazon had roused an even fiercer host, and he alone could cope with her deadly thrust at the fabric of Roman Britain.

If Boadicea is the story's heroine, Suetonius is its hero. Leaving the Second Legion behind him, with orders to follow as soon as practicable, he marched with the Twentieth through hostile country with all speed; leaving the road to Colchester on his left, he made for the settlement on the Thames, which Tacitus (it is its first mention in history) describes as a place which, though undistinguished with the name of a colony, was much frequented by merchants and trading vessels. Its Latin name was Londinium. The inhabitants implored his protection. But Suetonius was a born soldier. With his little force he could not afford to saddle himself with the defence of an unfortified settlement; with Roman ruthlessness he abandoned the aged, the infirm, the optimistic, and the women and children to their fate, and marched away north with as many of the able-bodied as he could induce to take service with him. He was only just in time. Down swept Boadicea and her horde, and the fate of Colchester became that of London.

Suetonius meanwhile must have been collecting stragglers and picking up the garrisons of fortified places, which the Britons, bent on vengeance and plunder, had not bothered to attack. This meant that St. Albans (Verulamium), a much more important place than London, had to be abandoned too. Boadicea's army moved north in Suetonius' wake and when she had finished with St. Albans, it was reckoned that her victims numbered 70,000.

MEANWHILE Suetonius had collected a force of 10,000 or so. There was no sign of the Second Legion, the garrison of Lincoln was impossibly remote; he determined on a trial of strength with the enemy, though they outnumbered him by ten to one. Tacitus is exasperatingly vague on military matters; there is no means of learning where the battle was fought, all we are told is that Suetonius chose a position approached by a narrow defile, closed in at the rear by a forest, which he had made certain was clear of the enemy, and fronted by an open plain which made hostile ambushes impossible. In the defile he massed his heavy infantry, light armed troops protected its flanks, and beyond them on either wing were posted detachments of cavalry. There they stood facing the British host, "a vaster one than ever had assembled," and so confident of victory that they arranged a kind of grandstand of wagons in their rear, from which their womenfolk could be sure of getting a good view of the Romans' defeat.

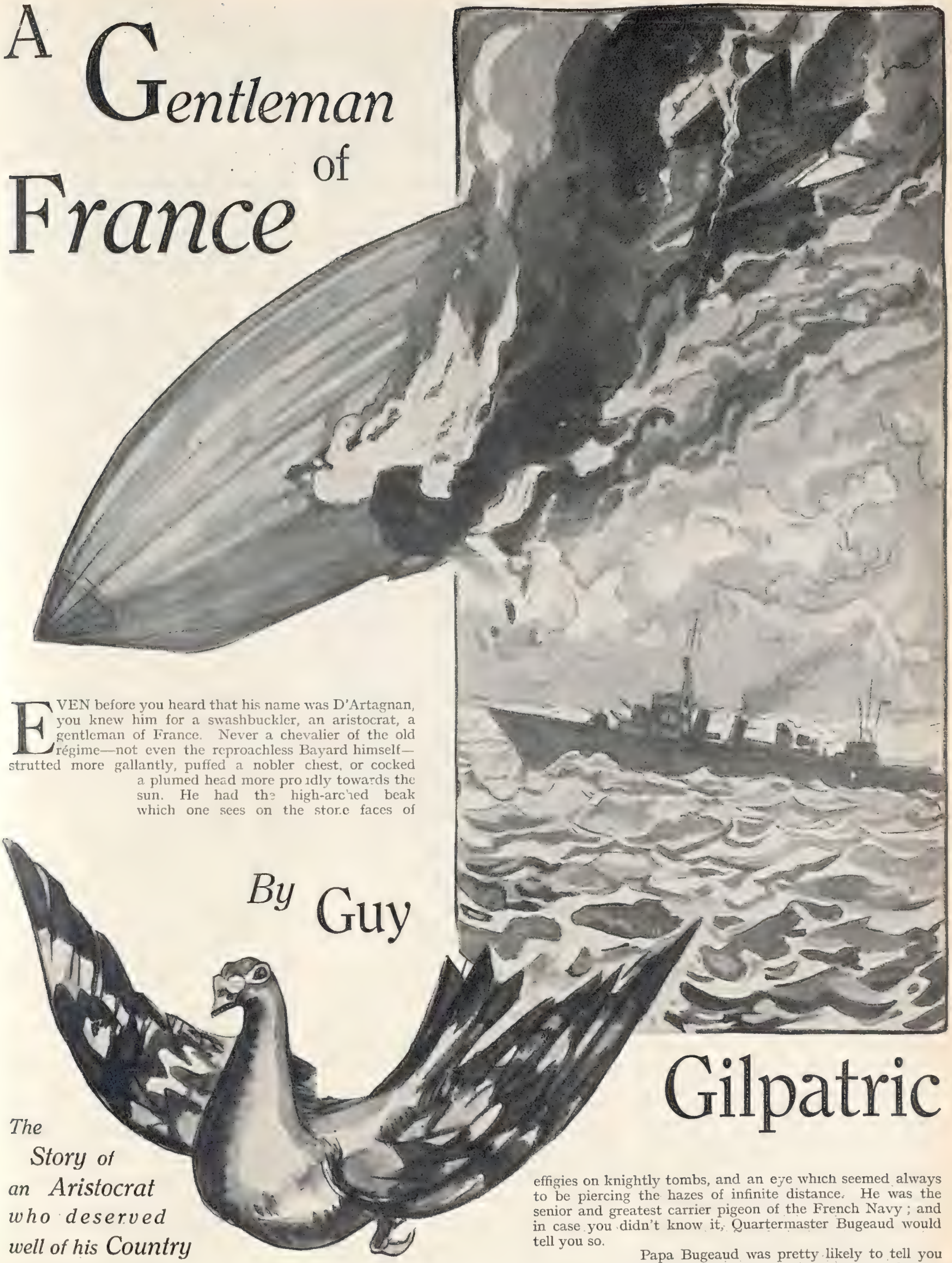
Then, of course, the historian goes on to give at length the harangues made to their troops by the opposing commanders, both of whom were apparently masters of Tacitean prose. Boadicea, with her daughters before her in a chariot, rode about among the British tribes, "protesting that it was indeed usual for Britons to fight under the leadership of a woman." "But now," she is represented as saying, "it is not as a woman descended from noble ancestry but as one of the people that I am avenging lost freedom, my scourged body, the outraged chastity of my daughters. Roman lust has gone so far that not our very persons, not even age nor virginity, are left unpolluted. But heaven is on the side of righteous vengeance. The Romans will not sustain even the clamour and the war cries of our thousands, much less our charges and our blows. In this battle you must conquer or die. This is a woman's resolve; as for men, they may live and be slaves."

SUETONIUS'S counterblast to this spirited outburst of feminist propaganda was, if ungallant, at any rate brief and to the point. "There you see more women than warriors. Close up your ranks, hurl your javelins, then with shields and swords continue the work of slaughter and destruction without a thought of plunder. When once the victory has been won, everything will be in your power."

The Romans were bound to win. Their javelins may stand for artillery preparation, their light armed cohorts for machine gunners; when these had done their work it was time for the heavy infantry and cavalry to advance, like a fleet of tanks, on the already demoralised Britons. The flight of the latter was only checked by the grandstand of wagons, the draught animals and female occupants of which helped to swell with

(*Continued on page* 150.)

A Gentleman of France



By Guy Gilpatric

The Story of an Aristocrat who deserved well of his Country

Illustrations by STEVEN SPURRIER

EVEN before you heard that his name was D'Artagnan, you knew him for a swashbuckler, an aristocrat, a gentleman of France. Never a chevalier of the old régime—not even the reproachless Bayard himself—strutted more gallantly, puffed a nobler chest, or cocked a plumed head more proudly towards the sun. He had the high-arched beak which one sees on the stone faces of effigies on knightly tombs, and an eye which seemed always to be piercing the hazes of infinite distance. He was the senior and greatest carrier pigeon of the French Navy; and in case you didn't know it, Quartermaster Bugeaud would tell you so.

Papa Bugeaud was pretty likely to tell you anyway, because he wasn't as young as he had been, and pigeon trainers are a strange, garrulous lot.

But why, Papa Bugeaud would ask you, were he and his pigeons ashore here in Marseilles, attached to an airship station ? Why weren't they out there on the Mediterranean, with the fleet, where decent sailormen belonged ? Why, Monsieur, why ? And as he asked the question, D'Artagnan on the roof of the motor truck above his private nesting compartment, would flutter his wings and coo " Pourquoi ?"

The trucks of Mobile Pigeon Unit No. 3 were parked at the far side of a dusty field fringed with aeroplane hangars, barracks and machine shops. Behind them rose a grove of spidery wireless masts, while across the field, to the right, the great iron dirigible hangar loomed above everything like the cathedral of a medieval town. This hangar housed the *Dixmude*, formerly the German Zeppelin L 72, but now—result of certain heated conversations between frock-coated gentlemen in the mirrored halls of Versailles—the rechristened and cherished property of France.

D'Artagnan didn't think much of the *Dixmude*. Aeroplanes, he conceded, were well enough in their way, but dirigibles were simply big fat worms. Ever since the German crew had delivered her from Friedrickshafen the *Dixmude* had remained in her hangar, while the French sailors painted tricoloured cocades over the black German crosses, and battled with the intricacies of the Maybach motor.

D'Artagnan and his flying companions perched in line along the roof of their trucks would sneer for hours at the *Dixmude*, and berate the navy generally. And then the talk would swing to aeroplanes, and the younger pigeons would boast of their exploits while serving at sea with the aircraft carrier *Vengeur*. Once, one of them claimed to have set the pigeon speed record for all time.

This, of course, was too much for D'Artagnan. The young chaps must be shown their places. " Monsieur," he said, with quiet dignity, " You have not, of course, heard of the flight made from Toulouse to Brussels, in the Grand Concours of the Société Colombophile in 1921 ? "

" No, Monsieur D'Artagnan. Two years ago I was in Annam."

" Ah !—well, Monsieur, that flight—500 miles—was covered at the rate of 2,130 yards a minute."

" But—Monsieur D'Artagnan. That was phenomenal."

" On the contrary," and D'Artagnan bowed, " I am even faster to-day." With which assertion of his prowess, he carelessly flicked the shell from a grain of barley.

ON another occasion, after they had been circling the field in the noon-time sun, and were resting and gossiping on the trucks, they were visited by a local celebrity, none other than the great Vedrines. Vedrines was a tumbler pigeon who lived in a drain pipe under the cornice of the Marseilles Hotel de Ville, and his feats of airmanship were talked of wherever pigeons congregated. He heralded his approach by an almost vertical dive, with wings folded close to his body. At the last second, just as it seemed that he must plunge to death, he extended his wings, elevated his tail, and shot up into the air in a dizzy zoom. The pigeons were all attention, and observing that he had a gallery, Vedrines put on a show of stunting which drew applause from everyone but D'Artagnan. Finally, after some intricate manœuvres at full speed along the wireless aerials, he glided down to a perfect three-point landing, bowed, and awaited congratulations.

" Zut ! " said D'Artagnan, turning to his fellows. " It's all very pretty—but what good is stunt flying ? And what did this mountebank ever do for France ? "

" Sir," protested one of the youngsters, acidly, " we weren't considering patriotism, but flying."

" If you call that flying, watch me," D'Artagnan challenged.

Taking wing, he soared a thousand feet into the sky. Then hurtling downward, he turned wing over wing, like a corkscrew—ten, fifteen, twenty times. Snapping out of the dive, he zoomed up and—apparently—executed a perfect loop. As a matter of fact, it wasn't a loop, but what aviators call an *Immelman*. The astounded pigeons didn't know the difference, and D'Artagnan, landing, didn't enlighten them.

" What you saw," he said modestly, " were not mere stunts for the gallery, but tactics learned on active service in Morocco, where the Arabs used trained peregrine falcons against me. I am not a tumbler pigeon—not an aerial acrobat. I am, gentlemen . . . *a D'Artagnan*." As he glanced fiercely from one to another of them, he saw in their eyes a new respect. And he was not a little gratified to observe, over his shoulder, that the great Vedrines was departing for home in a sulk.

D'ARTAGNAN, it was well known, had never failed on a mission. If Papa Bugeaud had a single complaint, it was that his pet had never mated. " To think," he would sigh, " that such an illustrious line should perish." And then, hopefully, he would requisition a fresh batch of hens from Toulon—young ones, old ones, pretty ones, ugly ones—and bring them forth, one by one, for D'Artagnan's critical inspection. But always, somehow, D'Artagnan would emerge from the ordeal whole-hearted. He was polite—oh, very polite—but after the first sweeping bow, and the answering languishing look, he would turn the conversation to the weather, and murmur something about going up to investigate the clouds. Papa Bugeaud, baffled again, would stand there, following his flight, sympathising with the heart-broken hen, and polishing his Croix de Guerre with the cuff of his right sleeve.

When October came, Papa Bugeaud judged that the unit had been at Marseilles long enough to begin line flights—that is, the pigeons, now accustomed to the station, would be taken successively to points in various directions, and there released. This was to cultivate their homing instincts so nicely that they could find their way from any point of the compass. D'Artagnan, of course, required no such training ; he could have found his way from China at the first essay. But Papa Bugeaud, who had arranged several bets with the *Dixmude's* mechanics, took him along as so much easy money. " We are going to Villefranche," he whispered to D'Artagnan, " going to sea again on a destroyer. From Villefranche you will fly—and I have bet eight hundred francs with Machinist Verbois that you will get home first."

" Naturally ! " agreed D'Artagnan, as he fluttered into his sea-cage.

IT was good to be at sea again, and even better, two days later, to take the air at Villefranche. He was on a mission ! He circled over the harbour, over Cap Ferrat, and above the Grande Corniche. But he paid no attention to any of these—he half-closed his eyes and waited for the pull. *The pull*—the pull of his nature toward home ! It would come in a minute—it had always come—yes !—*to the left, to the West.* . . . Turning sharply over the roof of a blue villa, he followed his instinct as surely as a mariner follows his chart. There, below him, lay Nice. Far ahead, along the white line of breakers, he could see Antibes, then Cannes. He would cut a trifle inland, when he came to Frejus—this coast line navigation was really too easy . . . !

Thirty miles away Cap Camarat jutted into the blue, so D'Artagnan swung to the right.

The course lay over a vast forest through which a road stretched in a ribbon of white. Here and there in the clearings, families of wild boars strolled, basked in the autumn sun, or rooted for acorns and truffles. Pheasants in pairs strutted by the roadside, or sped on whirring wings through the underbrush. Once a fox came leisurely out on the highway, and sitting, began a half-hearted quest of fleas. When suddenly D'Artagnan's shadow whisked across him, he sprang, startled, into the bushes.

While observing all this, and enjoying it, D'Artagnan never ceased to scan the sky for hawks. But by the middle of the day, he felt hungry, and set to studying the country beneath him for wild grain or foliage to his taste. Frankly, he didn't care much for camping out, and though an old campaigner, he preferred the regular government rations. He was glad when he saw a house far in the distance. This house, as he came nearer, proved to be a wayside inn—a lovely, peaceful old place with a thatched roof, rambling out-buildings, and a barnyard full of chickens even then clucking and shouldering one another around their noonday meal. D'Artagnan judged by their greedy conversation that it was cracked corn, and he was interested ; but suddenly he spied a sight which interested him more.

ON the sill of the inn's back door, eating from the hand of a little boy, there stood a snow white dove. Even as D'Artagnan saw her, a strange something seemed to surge up through the air to his very heart ; and, in that instant, he knew that it was love. After all these years, he had found his mate. His first impulse was to plunge down in a breathless dive. But this, he realised, would be showing off—it might startle her. He descended, instead, in an easy glide which brought him gently to rest on the step beside her.

The little boy greeted him with cries of delight, and called " Grandpapa ! Grandpapa ! Snow White has a visitor ! " And he extended a fresh handful of corn between D'Artagnan and the dove, for them to share.

D'Artagnan, however, at first politely abstained. He bowed to Snow White in his best seigneurial manner, and introduced himself with due regard for all the knightly forms. She, in turn, dropped him a pretty curtsey, and invited him to join in her meal. This put him at liberty to eat—which he proceeded to do with great gusto, and some rather brilliant conversation.

An old gentleman came out and stood smiling.

" Look, Grandpapa," said the child, " This pigeon came from over the forest, and he has a ring on his leg."

" Why, so he has, so he has ! He must be a carrier pigeon. Look you, Pierre, the ring is red, white and blue—the tricolour ! He belongs to France—perhaps to the Army."

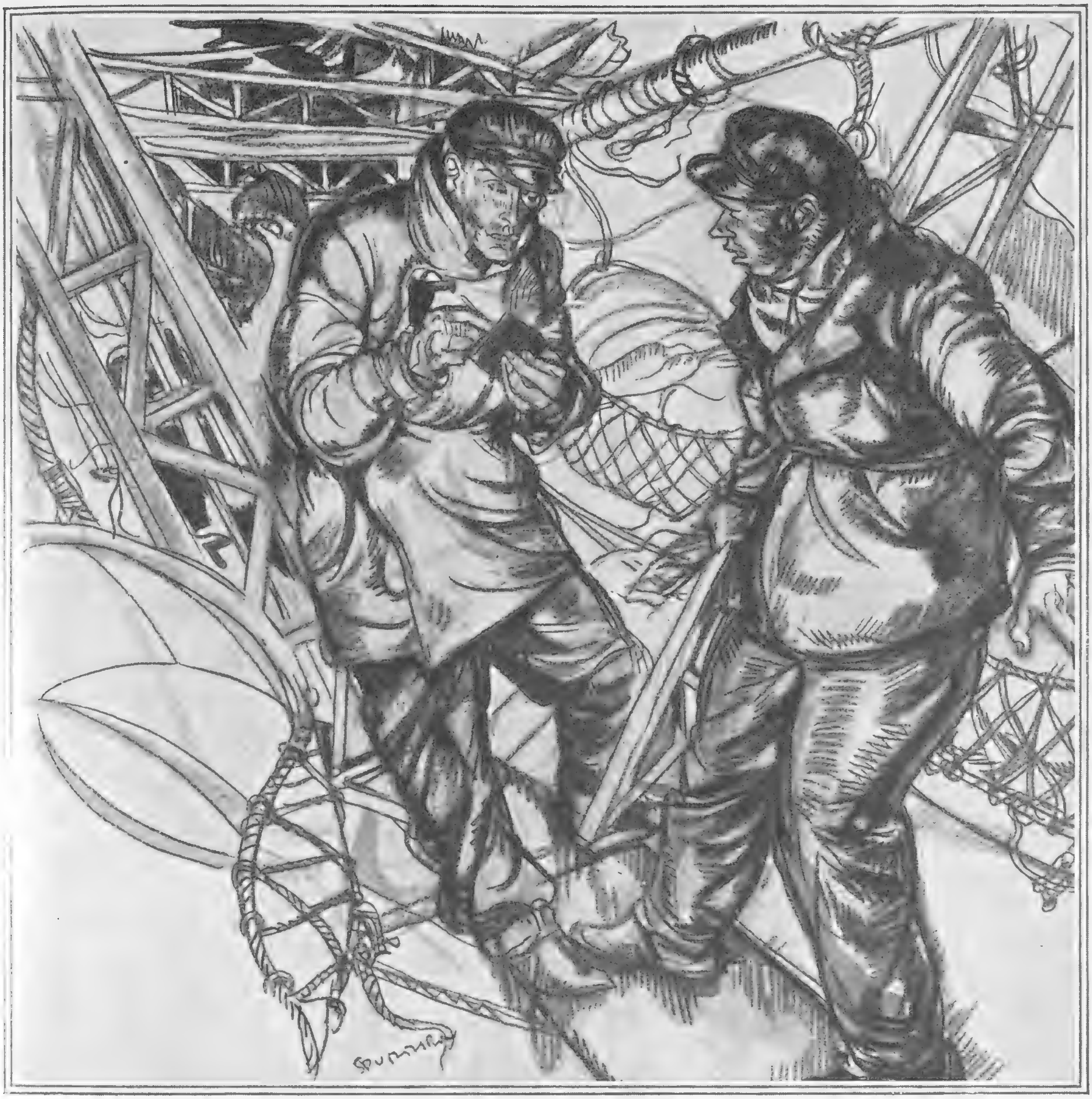
" To the Army, where my father went ? "

" Yes."

The boy was silent for a moment.

" Why, Grandpapa—perhaps he *is* my father. . . ."

THE old man patted the child's head. " Who can say ? But see—what a handsome fellow ; I believe Snow White



"... The Lieutenant scribbled something and handed him the message. 'Send it at once,' he ordered ..."

is in love with him already!" And in truth, the dove was bowing her head in coy confusion as D'Artagnan strutted along the step in front of her, his iridescent throat puffed out and his tricoloured leg band bravely glistening. Chuckling to himself the old man led the child into the house, and gently closed the door. . . .

The remainder of that afternoon, D'Artagnan and Snow White perched side by side in a tree on the edge of the clearing. Modestly he told her of his life—of his adventures for the honour of the flag. And suddenly, reading encouragement in her face, he told her of his love. They kissed. With downcast eyes, she nestled close, cooing of the love she felt for him.

As the sun sank red into the forest tree tops, D'Artagnan was suddenly aroused by his sense of duty. He was in the service of France—he must go! He thought of Papa Bugeaud and his wagered francs—and then he looked toward Snow White, and made his decision. This time, France could wait—Papa Bugeaud could lose his money! For nine long years, he, D'Artagnan had never faltered at the call of duty; but now he heard a stronger call.

It was dusk when he and Snow White spiralled high into the air on their nuptial flight, and dark when he followed her downward and into her miniature cottage—really a doll's house—which surmounted a pole in the inn yard.

II

WEEKS had passed and winter had come, when one morning Père Bugeaud came over from the barracks to his trucks, prepared to tend the pigeons. From force of habit he glanced toward D'Artagnan's long-vacant box—and gave a shout of joy! There, above the door, the little red automatic signal-arm was raised! The carrier pigeon had returned! Breathless he swung open the hinged front of the box. Within stood D'Artagnan, striking an attitude, but with affection and welcome glowing through his pride. In the felt-lined nest behind him sat a beautiful white dove; and when Papa Bugeaud, with caressing words and hands had lifted her from it, his heart leapt as he saw two eggs. The D'Artagnan succession was assured!

So great was Papa Bugeaud's joy that the sentry—a sailor wearing leggings and cartridge belt, and carrying his rifle by the sling—strolled over to see what had happened.

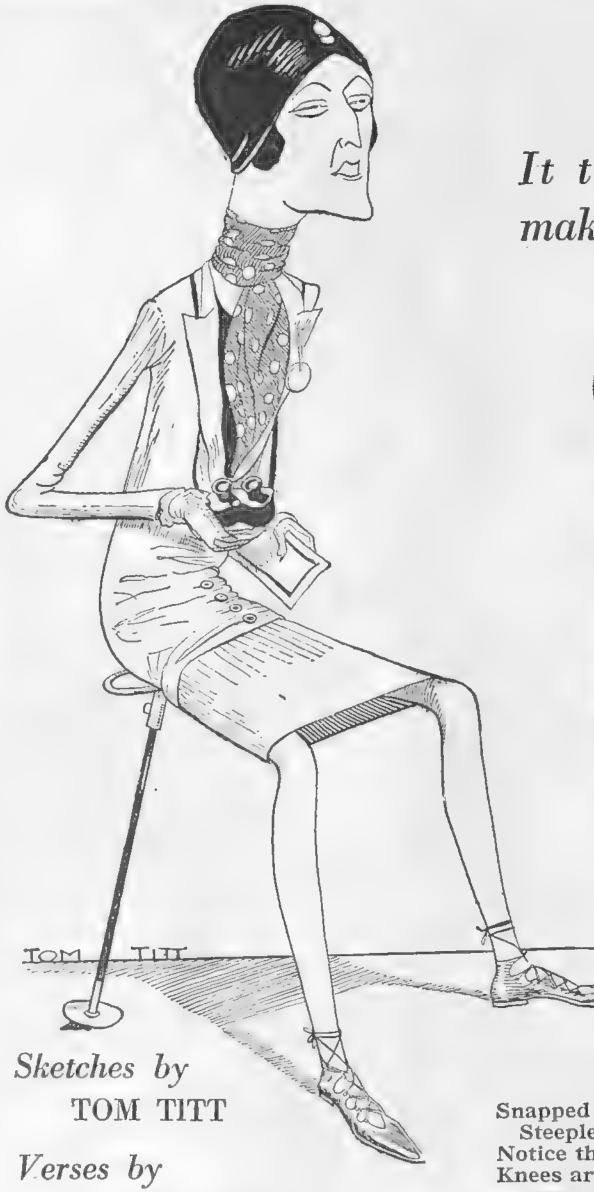
Bugeaud told him.

"Tiens!" grunted the sentry, standing between the trucks for a surreptitious puff of a cigarette, "From all the fuss, Quarter-

(*Continued on page* 184.)

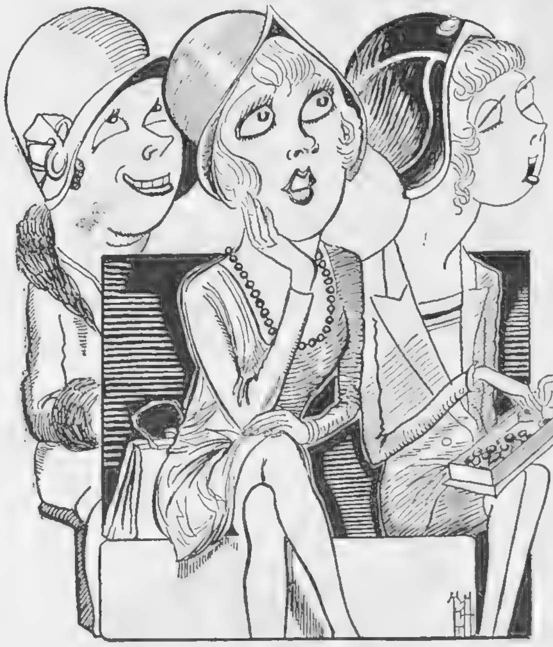
GIRLS will be

It takes all sorts to make a feminine world



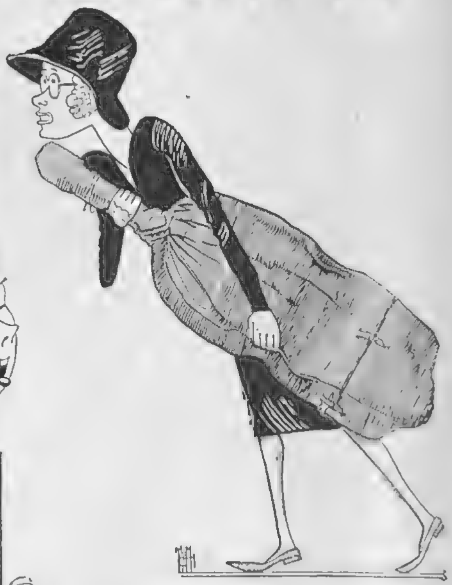
Sketches by
TOM TITT

Verses by
SIMPLE SIMON

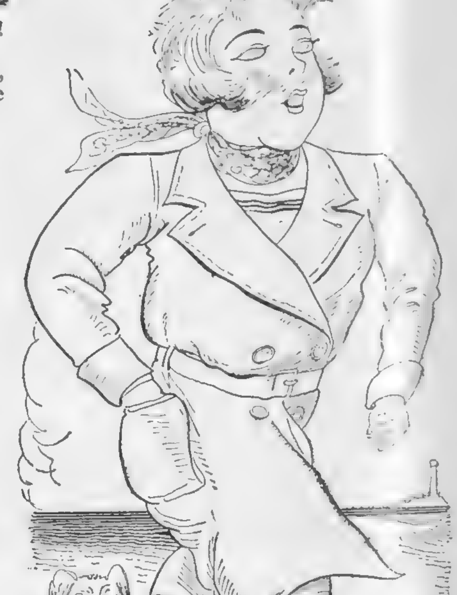


Three Film Fans—see how they thrill!
Watching the heroine treated rough,
Ooh-ing aloud at the cave-man Stuff,
One might say more but that's quite enough
Of Three Film Fans.

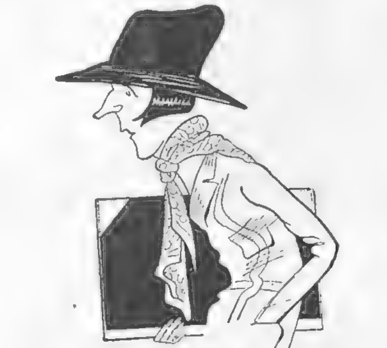
Snapped for "The Tatler" at Hunt Steeplechases,
Notice the air of her angular graces;
Knees are in fashion and hers are the reason
Why there are points to the point-to-point Season.



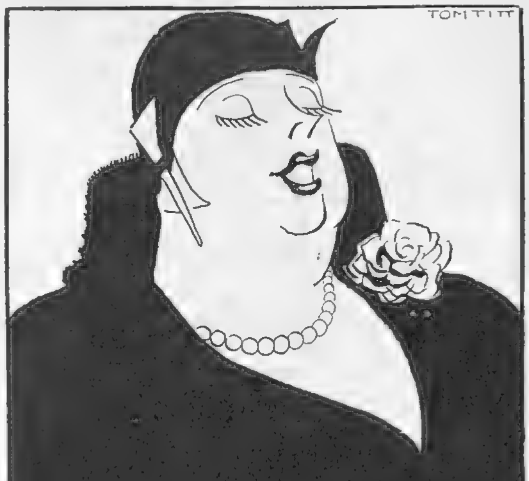
The musical miss has no time to expend
On lip-stick and powder and curl,
Her motto in life isn't "Arms and the Man,"
But something like "Brahms and the Girl."



The Sports Girl denies that the Sun in the skies
Plays the deuce with complexions and faces,
So her colour scheme's pink for the where I can't think
And brown for the wide open spaces.

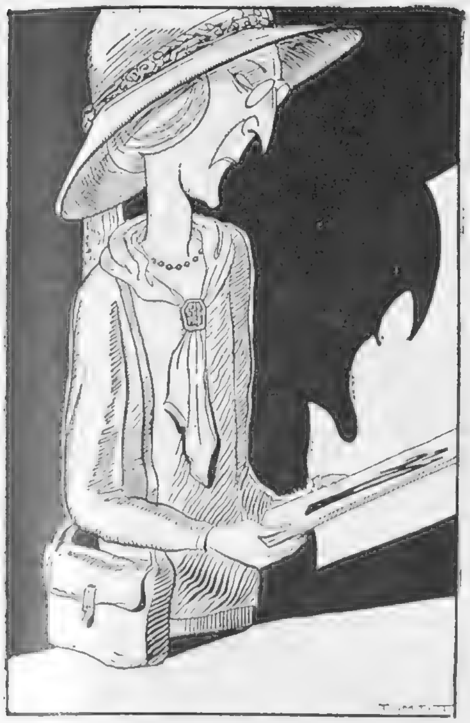


The girl with the bachelor studio-flat
Is an artist—observe her Bohemian hat;
Let this warning be printed and bound up in vellum
—Lots of girls can paint pictures, the job is to sell 'em.

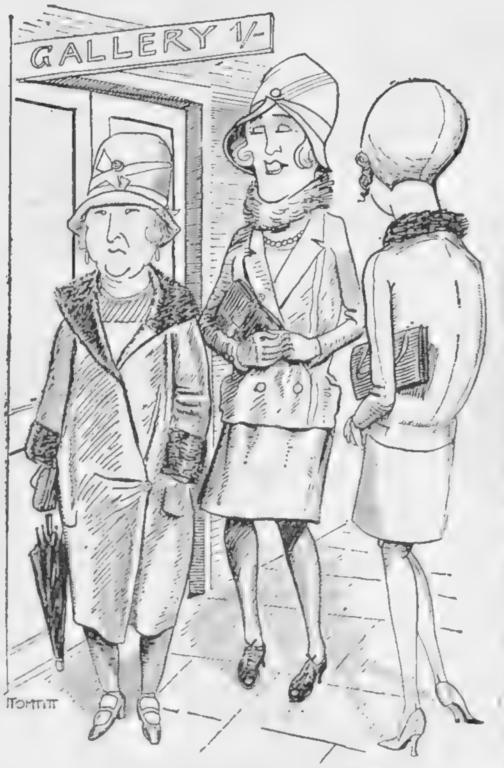


Mrs. Robinson-Smith's up in town for the day
(You can see that she's got her best fur bit on),
Who on earth would suppose from the tilt of her nose
That she lives in a villa in Surbiton?

GIRLS

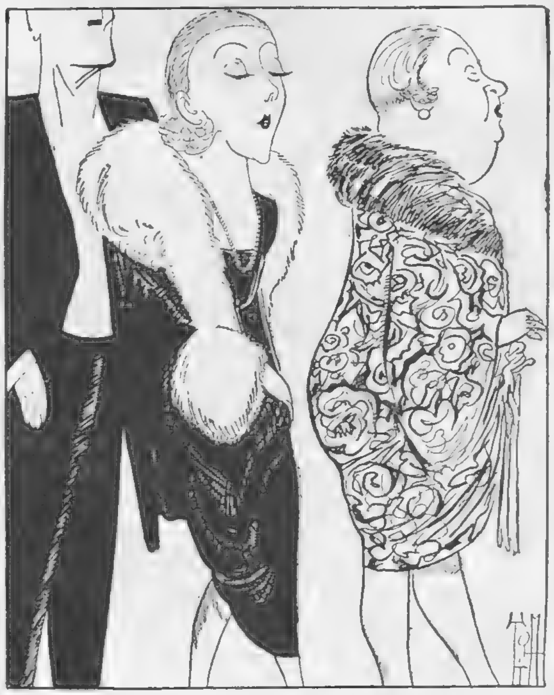


"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever"
—Behold the spinster given to good works;
Goodness in Woman, says the Cynic ever,
Is merely one among the plain girl's "perks."
But never jeer at those who do their wee bits
For Cats who never knew a Mother's purr,
Pale Curates, pekinese and orphan pee-wits
—What would they do without the likes of her?



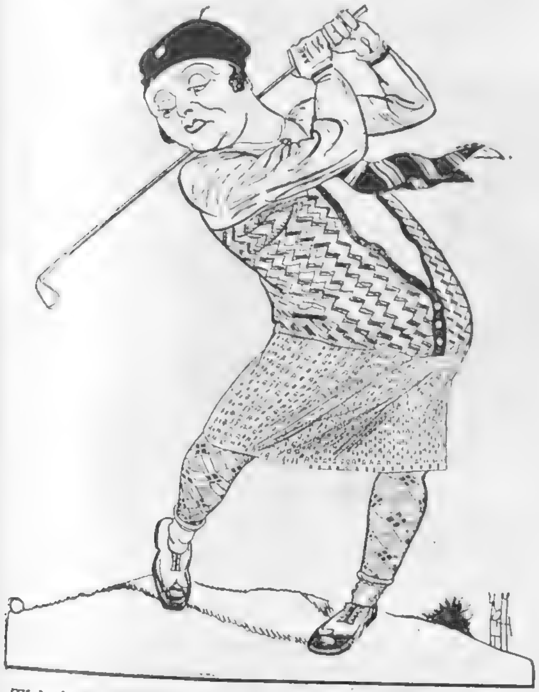
THE EARLY BIRDS

The gallery has patrons just as good as me and you,
Class distinctions, after all, are rather small;
If they didn't come the day before and stand out in a queue
Not one of them would like the play at all.

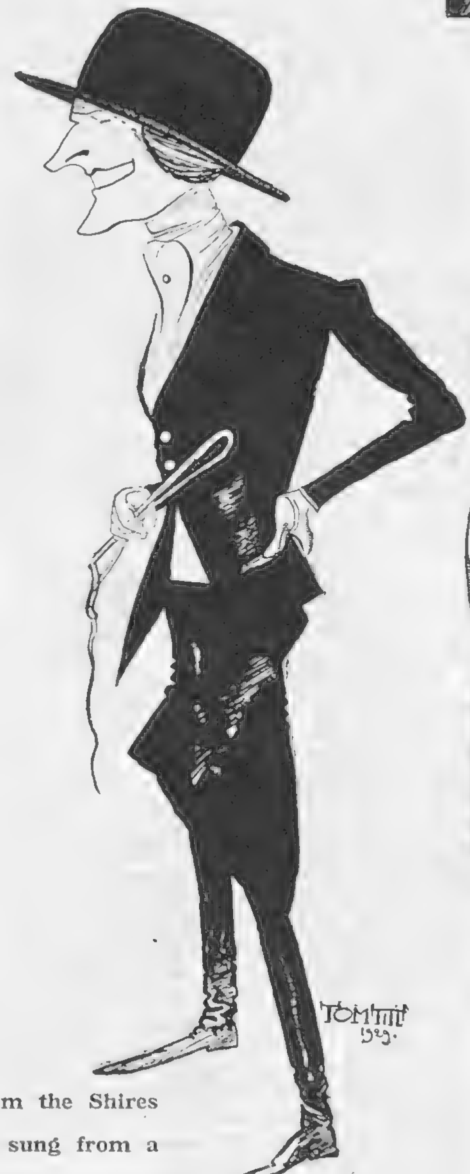


THE LATE ARRIVALS

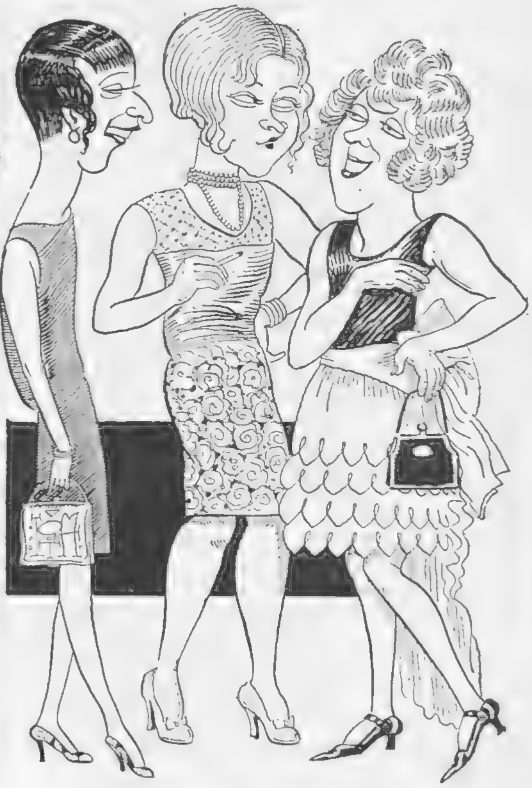
The people in the Stalls—oh lord, how it palls—
If the play starts at eight, blow in half an hour late.
It may be the soup and the fish and the meat,
But it's hard on the play and—alas, my poor feet!



This is hardly the place or the time
To burst into unseemly rhyme
About maidens once so muscular
And unpleasantly corpuscular.
Now the "Eve" Competitions they well like
All girl golfers are sylphs and gazelle-like,
(By the way, did that old fogey
"Colonel Bogey"
Make life any darker
For "Colonel Barker"?)



Here is the girl from the Shires one admires,
Whose prowess is sung from a high-hill;
Of her outlook on life, can one say like a knife
That it's "Fox, et praeterea nihil?"

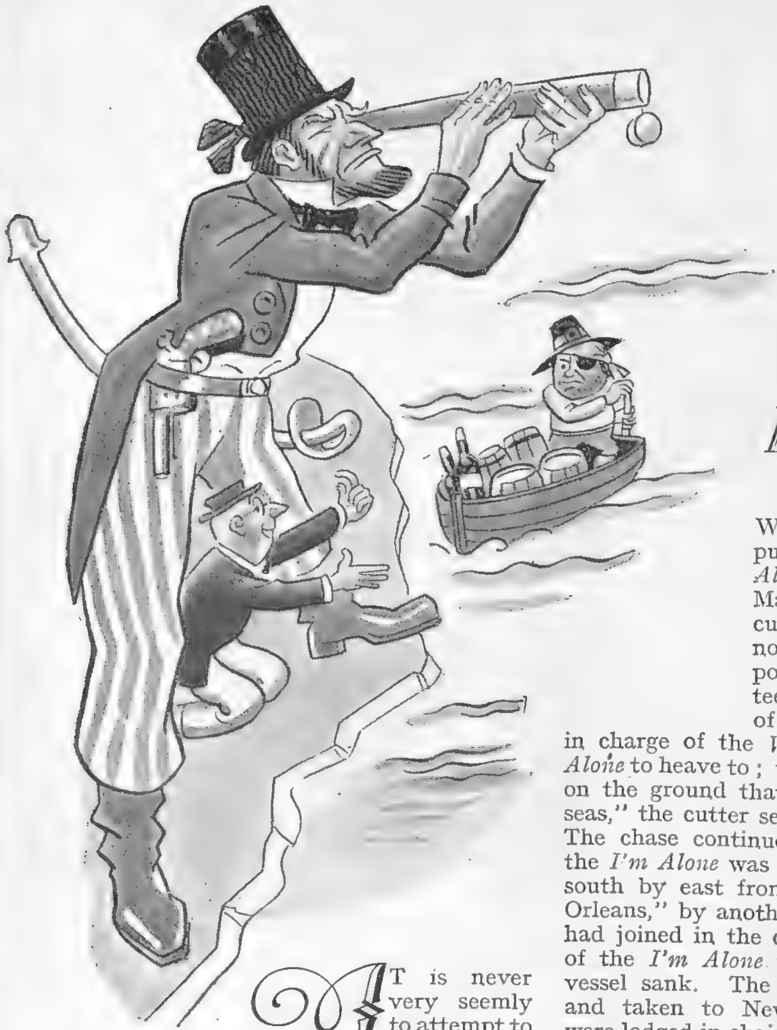


Palais de danse, palais de danse,
Lorna and Lottie and Lizzie!
Partners are waiting dear, all in a row,
I'll have the quick one and you take the slow,
Put down your money for "Sonny Boy"—oh,
Who'll buy a man for a tizzy?

A SUPERB

In this outspoken article Lord Birkenhead declares that there is only one way by which the Americans can protect Americans to leave America; only thus, by the reinforcement all round the country, will it be possible to keep out the

By The Rt. Hon. the EARL



IT is never very seemly to attempt to pass final judgment upon the social institutions of a friendly country. There is so much danger that, by ignorance or prejudice, one may overlook or overstress certain aspects of a controversial subject to the exclusion of others; moreover, a foreigner may so easily and so unwittingly affront national pride. For this reason, though I have never concealed my views on the subject of Prohibition as a whole, I have never attempted to criticise its workings inside the United States.

This has not been altogether from lack of material; it has been difficult for the last few years either to speak to an American or to anybody else about America, or to read any form of literature about the United States, without sooner or later being confronted with the latest information and scandal about the workings of Prohibition in that country. I am assured that imported liquor was never so good or so cheap in America since the War as to-day; that home brewing has reached an unprecedented pitch of perfection; that even the apparently most unappetising of liquids, home fermented grape-juice, is now so produced as to be drinkable. However, as I say, it seems to me none of my business to seek such information; still less, to impart it to others. But during the last few months Prohibition has—not for the first time—ceased to be a purely internal concern of the United States. The sinking of the *I'm Alone* has brought it once more into the sphere of international relations.

I AM not concerned here to discuss the actual circumstances of the pursuit of the *I'm Alone*. The two nations chiefly involved, Canada and the United States, have decided to refer the whole incident to arbitration; I have no information about it except what has appeared in the Press. What seems to be undisputed is that the *I'm Alone* was observed on March 20th by the revenue cutter *Walcott* when it was no less than eight, and possibly as many as fourteen, miles off the shore of Louisiana. The officer in charge of the *Walcott* ordered the *I'm Alone* to heave to; when the master refused, on the ground that he was "on the high seas," the cutter set off after it in pursuit. The chase continued for two days, when the *I'm Alone* was sunk, "about 215 miles south by east from the entrance to New Orleans," by another revenue cutter which had joined in the chase. One of the crew of the *I'm Alone* was drowned when the vessel sank. The others were picked up and taken to New Orleans, where they were lodged in chains, pending proceedings. However, the charges were soon withdrawn and the men were released. It is also not denied that the *I'm Alone* was a rum-runner. Her captain, with a frankness worthy of a better cause, has gloried in the fact. She cleared from Belize, British Honduras, for Bermuda; but she was, it is stated, 500 miles off her course when she ran into the first revenue vessel.

WHAT are the international agreements governing such incidents as these? First, of course, there is the old territorial limit of three miles, recognised by every civilised government; had the *I'm Alone* been within three miles of the shore there could be no question of doubt in the case. But she was farther out.

The activities of rum-runners ever since Prohibition was introduced into the United States have led to various adjustments. In 1912 Congress attempted to set up a twelve-mile limit, instead of the original three miles, for the purposes of Prohibition; this change has, of course, never been accepted by either the British or Canadian Governments, but by the treaties of 1928 between the United States and the British and Canadian Governments the latter undertook to "raise no objection" to the search and possible seizure of vessels suspected of rum-running, where these are not "at a greater distance from the coast of the United States, its territories or possessions, than can be traversed in one hour by the vessel suspected of endeavouring to commit the offence."

The actual point, therefore, upon which the present arbitration chiefly turns is the true position of the *I'm Alone* when the "hot pursuit" began, and the validity for the continuance of this pursuit and its termination by a different pursuer long after all territorial limits were passed. And this, I repeat, must at present be left to the arbitrators who have the full material by which to judge.

BUT the underlying question is a broader one. It is whether Prohibition can be held to be an ideal of such supreme importance to the world that offences against it convert the culprits into *humanae gentis hostes*—mere pirates. Is the world ready to declare this! I am on the whole doubtful whether the drink trade can properly be compared with the old slave trade. Bottle is not torn from bottle amidst the heart-rending shrieks of the maternal cask. No immortal soul is delivered over to bondage and condemned to the horrors of moral deterioration when a case of wine is flung into a cellar; on the contrary, the wine usually improves by keeping.

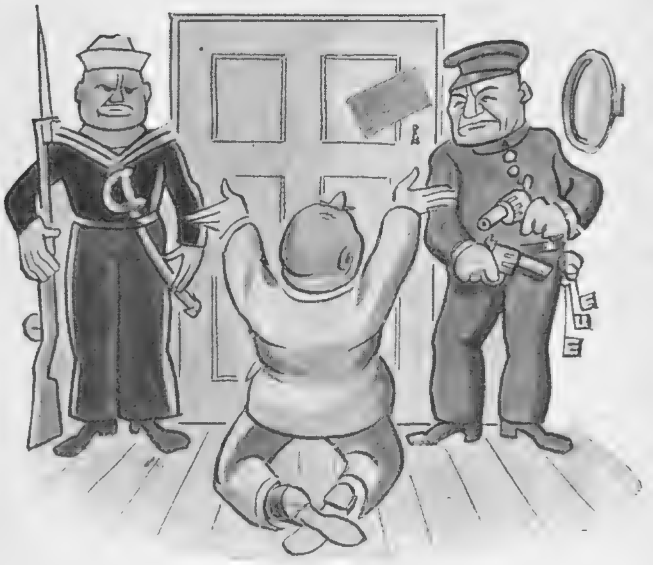
On the other hand, can liquor be compared with opium and cocaine and other drugs whose misuse all civilised nations are banded together to destroy? The essence of their danger is that it is found impossible to use them in moderation; wherever they are self-administered in white countries, they are invariably abused. I must really deny that this is the case with drink. The white countries which have the largest proportion of drinkers are notoriously the most sober. I refer to France and Italy. Lest it should be thought that this may be due to some special virtue in wine above other alcoholic products, I hasten to add that in my experience Germany, with its colossal consumption of beer, is also among the soberest countries I have ever visited.

"... Germany, with its colossal consumption of beer, is among the soberest countries I have ever visited"

AMERICAN PARADOX

Prohibition in America is a farce. It is clear, he says, that
themselves from the drink-sodden foreigner. This is to forbid
of the revenue services, and by the erection of an electric ring fence
virus of liquor and exterminate the germ inside the country!

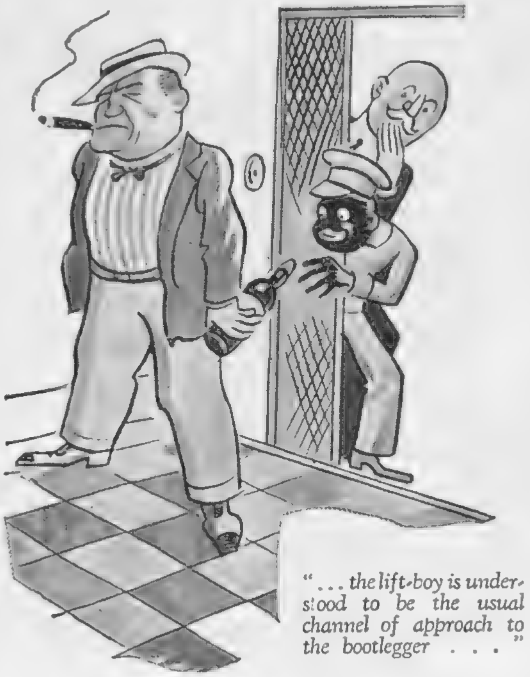
of BIRKENHEAD,
P.C., G.C.S.I., D.L.



“ . . . *every passenger . . . finds himself treated, by inference, as a dipsomaniac lunatic, as the vessel nears New York, and the stock of liquor is locked away from his thirsty gaze*”

ONE thing is quite certain: whatever may be my moral burden, as a white man, in relation to my black brothers, I certainly do not feel myself under any obligation towards the American people in regard to drink. They may be a young nation, but they are quite old enough to be able to taste liquor without immediately becoming drunkards. If they are not, I grant they are perfectly well entitled to guard their shores from the wicked substance by every means in their power; but, before they attempt to justify sinking British ships two hundred miles from the coast, it is reasonable to suggest that they should take more domestic steps to save their own souls.

It is, for example, notorious that drink is still available for anybody who can afford to pay high prices for it in practically every hotel in every city of the United States. The lift-boy is understood to be the usual channel of approach to the bootlegger. It is clear that by closing all hotels—or, alternatively, putting out of action all the lifts in them—a grave source of moral infection would be removed. Then again it cannot be denied that a certain number of Americans, leaving their own country for Europe, almost immediately fall a prey to foreign temptation, and are seen to indulge in strong liquor.



“ . . . *the lift-boy is understood to be the usual channel of approach to the bootlegger* . . . ”

Indeed they are understood to express a liking for such temptation, positively even to lay themselves open to it by travelling rather on foreign boats which carry liquor than on American-owned vessels which do not. Hence we have lately been treated to the spectacle of a controversy whether or not American-owned vessels should buy liquor in France to last the journey back to America, where, at the twelve-mile limit, the residue is to be thrown overboard, to the same moral advantage of the American people as that famous jettisoning of another baleful drink one hundred and fifty years ago in Boston harbour.

IT is surely clear that there is only one way by which the American Government can hope to save its people from contamination by the drink-sodden foreigner. This is to forbid Americans to leave the United States under any circumstances at all; only thus, by the reinforcement of the revenue services and by the erection of an electric ring fence all round God's own country, will it be possible to keep out the foreign virus and to exterminate the germ inside the country.

If this seems extreme, it is surely more proper that the rigours of moral enforcement should fall upon the people whom they are designed to benefit than upon foreign sailors. When one remembers the importance which the American Government attached during the War (until they came into it) to the enigmatic doctrine of the Freedom of the Seas, it is surely not too much to suggest that some respect for the rights of vessels on the high seas should remain even now. The *I'm Alone*, by a frank confession that its business was rum-running, has prevented the recent incident developing into too dangerous an international episode. At the same time I am dubious whether the whole moral worth of Prohibition is great enough to be weighed in the balance against the loss of the *I'm Alone* and the drowning of its coloured boatswain.

THERE is, for example, no evidence whatever that the better elements of the American people are solidly in favour of Prohibition, or the worse elements massed against it. The forces would appear to be nicely divided: on one side, in favour of Prohibition, the moral fanatics and the bootleggers; on the other, against it, the mass of ordinary men and women who resent the inconvenience to which they are put by the agents of the unpopular law, and the ridicule to which it has exposed their country. If it be moral to fight the demon Rum, it seems to me at least equally moral to maintain the right of an intelligent human being to fight such battles for himself. I cannot see that either side in the controversy can claim all the righteousness for itself.

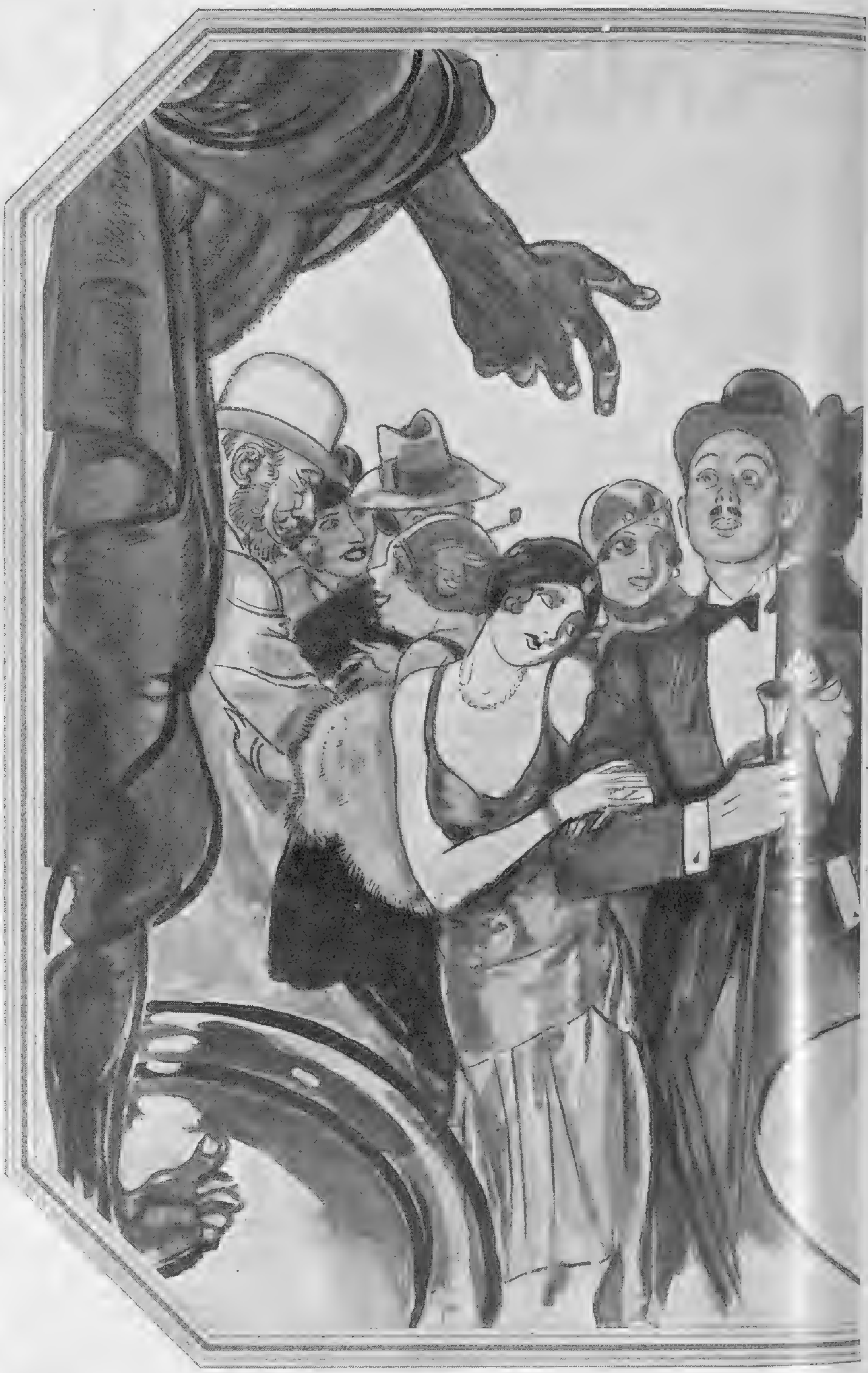
With a situation so complex, and a position so admittedly obscure—for it has yet to be proved that Prohibition has not spread the practice of excessive drinking from a small class to a great, and substituted bad liquor for good—it seems monstrous that the American enforcement officers should be in a position to cause fantastic inconvenience to masses of people and to precipitate international difficulties. Every normal foreigner who visits the United States becomes automatically either a law-breaker or a dyspeptic, depending upon his maintenance or abandonment of his customary habits of light drinking. Every passenger on a ship to the United States finds himself treated, by inference, as a dipsomaniac lunatic, as the vessel nears New York and the stock of liquor is locked away from his thirsty gaze.

THE more I ponder the rise and phenomena of Prohibition, the more I wonder at the hysterical madness with which professional reformers can infect an intelligent people. If ever there was a controversy which shrieked for the solution of the Golden Mean, it is that surrounding Prohibition. Everybody knows that there is one solution which would satisfy ninety-nine out of every hundred Americans, no matter what their present views on Prohibition: it is that, while the public sales of spirits remained prohibited, that of beer and wines should be allowed. Only the bootleggers would suffer by this; the health of the nation would, by all but the most fanatical criteria, vastly benefit.

The Story of a Woman whose life had been ruined by Death

By
JOHN PARIS

Author of "KIMONO," etc.



Miss MIN

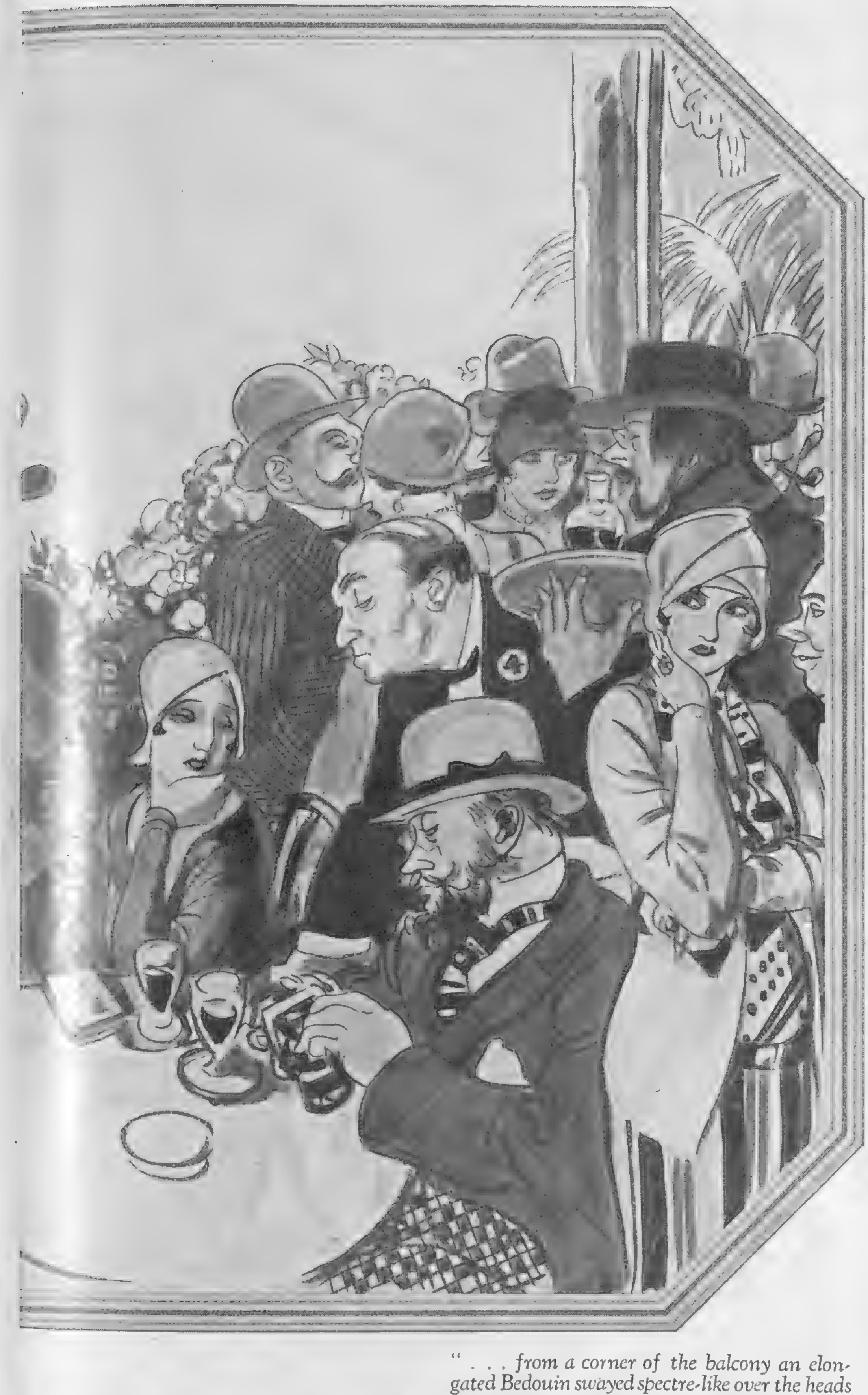
REGGIE FORSYTH had given me dinner at Voisin's—an excellent dinner, of course, with a special bottle of Château Yquem. Our talk was about murders, murderers, and murderesses. After the coffee and the miracle of the 1848 brandy, inhaled and absorbed from the depths of an immense glass, we took a taxi to the Folies Bergères. The show was about half way through.

"There was one dance I wanted you to see," said Reggie, "a delicious Russian thing. But it's too late. We'll walk into the promenoir and out again."

We had arrived at the moment of the *entr'acte*. The vast *foyer* was packed with the usual cosmopolitan crowd; a jazz band was braying overhead, and from a corner of the balcony an elongated Bedouin swayed spectre-like over the heads of the crowd, touting for a side-show—*Dance de ventre algérien, spectacle frissonant.*

"What a place!" I exclaimed, as Reggie steered me at last into a haven at the back of the promenoir itself—a cosy corner—"Thick," said Reggie, "with the melancholy atmosphere of mercenary love"—and apart from the crush of the crowd.

"These Cyprians!" the young diplomat exclaimed. "I come here from time to time. You think it is a vulgar and rather sordid scene. Yes. But there are certain chords in the air. Whenever I see *cocottes*



" . . . *from a corner of the balcony an elongated Bedouin swayed spectre-like over the heads of the crowd, touting for a side-show . .* "

ERVA

en masse it affects me like that—their fierce perfumes, their crude words—like the clash of cymbals, the rhythm of drums, the scream of those shrill shinto flutes—you remember the Nikko temples in Japan? You don't understand? You do not recognise any music you cannot whistle. Music by the yard, as it were! Music by the slice, that is what I get here—a sudden curtain of interwoven harmonies dropping between me and all this discord. As I was saying at Voisin's, tales of crime and blood have something of the same effect. You remember the opening lines of 'Maud' with its curious gasps and syncopations that make one's spine quiver in anticipation:

> I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,
> Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red heath,
> The red-ribbed ledges drip with a silent horror of blood.

"You are a poet, so you must know what I mean now, even if you cannot hear my music."

REGGIE was in rather a *macabre* mood, which the garrulous Gascon wine had intensified. At dinner we had been discussing Crippen, Stinie Morrison, Landru, Vaquier, Ronald True, Mrs. Edith Thompson, Ruth Snyder, until at last he turned to personal reminiscence.

"There was a house where a murder had been committed," he had said, "within a mile of my old home in Essex. It fascinated me, it called to me; it gave me my first clear idea of musical perception—unborn music I mean. It was my own special castle and domain, for nobody ever thought of looking for me there. I knew every attic, every corridor, every dust-clotted cupboard. I can see them now. I would stay there all day, playing my own games or reading—quite unafraid so long as there was daylight. But as darkness fell it became oppressive and intolerable. Once, with another boy who was stopping with us, I went there at night. We dared each other to go. Bright moonlight and very creepy. It was about a mile from our house to the White Lodge—all the way through the woods—terrifying to two small boys. Even now I'd be rather frightened. You know Verlaine's line:

> Grande bois, vous m'effrayez comme les cathédrales.

"The very wood seemed haunted. Well, you climb across a broken-down fence, and come into the shrubbery of the White Lodge, then out on to the lawn, all rank with nettles and thistles. The place has run wild ever since the murder. The White Lodge—it isn't white at all, but a dirty, mouldy, mossy grey, with a ramshackle verandah, is straight in front of you. You cannot get in by way of the doors, they are locked, and the keys probably lost long ago; but several windows are broken or open—the drawing-room window for instance, where the murder happened—on the other side of the house.

WITH something clutching at our chests we scrambled through the flower-beds; but when we rounded the corner we stopped dead. There was a light in the drawing-room; two figures—perhaps a man and a woman—were sitting opposite each other; between them something dark was laid out on the floor—or it may have been just a shadow. We might have faced the two figures, but there was something about that dark shapelessness which finished us altogether. Frankly we lost our nerve, both of us. We dared not go on into the house; we dared not go back through the woods. There was a broken-down summerhouse in the abandoned garden. We felt that we would be safer under shelter; and there, with chattering teeth and trembling limbs, we gallantly kept up a pretence of courage through the chilly hours of that awful night. With the dawn came a rush of relief and security. We even dared approach the drawing-room window. The room was empty; the occupants—perhaps they were tramps—had gone."

" And what had they to do with the murder ? " I had asked.

" Nothing whatever; but I want to give you the atmosphere of the White Lodge. The murder had taken place ten years before; and it was fifteen years later that I met Miss Minerva in Japan. So she must have been about thirty-five when it happened. Yet the people always talked of her and her sister as two old maids. Of course maids became old maids more quickly thirty years ago. But still, even then, at thirty-five, with plenty of money—at least Miss Diana had plenty of money ! "

" WHEN did you know these people ? "

" I told you. Fifteen years later, at the other end of the world, in quite fantastic circumstances I met the owner of the White Lodge—the house which had hung, as it were, over my childhood—mysterious, menacing, attractive; and this meeting seemed so inevitable that my instinct was to exclaim: 'Of course, it is you. I have found you at last!'—like Geoffrey Rudel to his lady of Tripoli. These connections and coincidences are the oddest things in life. There are certain meetings and recognitions which seem to be preordained by the stars; there is a certain pattern in our lives below the level of the things which we ordinarily reckon as important; there is a distinct click as the loose ends of the chain snap together. Probably, for some obscure reason, Miss Minerva had to meet me—the child, as it were, of her house and of her crime (if it was her crime). That meeting completed the sequence; then she was free to die, which she did."

" She was attractive ? " I asked.

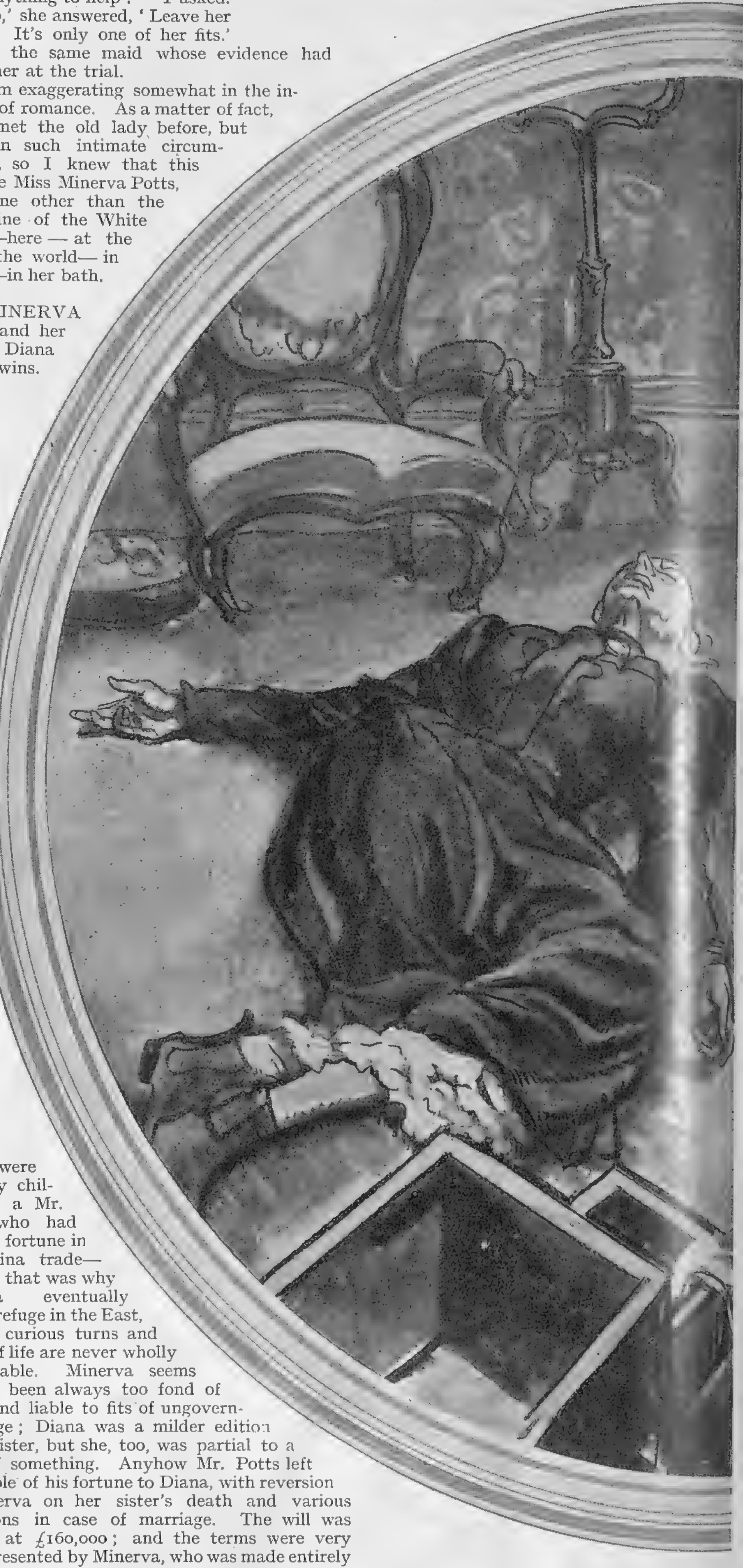
" Repulsive—grotesque ! Imagine a female hippopotamus coming to the surface after prolonged submersion. That was literally what I saw before my astonished eyes. It was in the bath of the Ten Thousand Persons at a Japanese spa called Atami—a kind of swimming-bath with natural hot water flowing through it. Just like the hippo's tank at the Zoo—no privacy, of course. You know those bathrooms in the native Japanese inns—they're open to all the world. I wandered in and was already in a state of innocence, when—splash ! puff ! snort ! the head and shoulders of Miss Minerva—all dank and shiny—floated like an apparition at the further end."

" WHATEVER did you say ? " I asked.

" You remember it was supposed to be a stock question in the Foreign Office examinations in tact. 'If by mistake you open a bathroom door and find a lady in occupation, what would you do ?' The answer is, 'I would say "Excuse me, *sir*," and retire.' But I admit I did not have such presence of mind. Besides, the figure in the bath seemed to be zoological rather than human. I wanted to see what it was. She must have divined the connection between me and the White Lodge, for she glared at me, and raising from the greasy water two fat arms and a distressing glimpse of withered charms, she shrieked: 'Di ! Di ! It was not me ! You know it wasn't ! ' I had put on my *kimono*, and was retiring, only to find the corridor outside the bathroom full of servants of the inn with one or two policemen and several inquisitive guests. I was rather scared. Imagine the headline: 'British Diplomat assaults white woman in bath !' Careers have been ruined for less ! Then her maid arrived on the scene—an ivory-pale little person with silver hair. 'Can I do anything to help ?' I asked. 'Oh no,' she answered, 'Leave her to me. It's only one of her fits.' It was the same maid whose evidence had saved her at the trial.

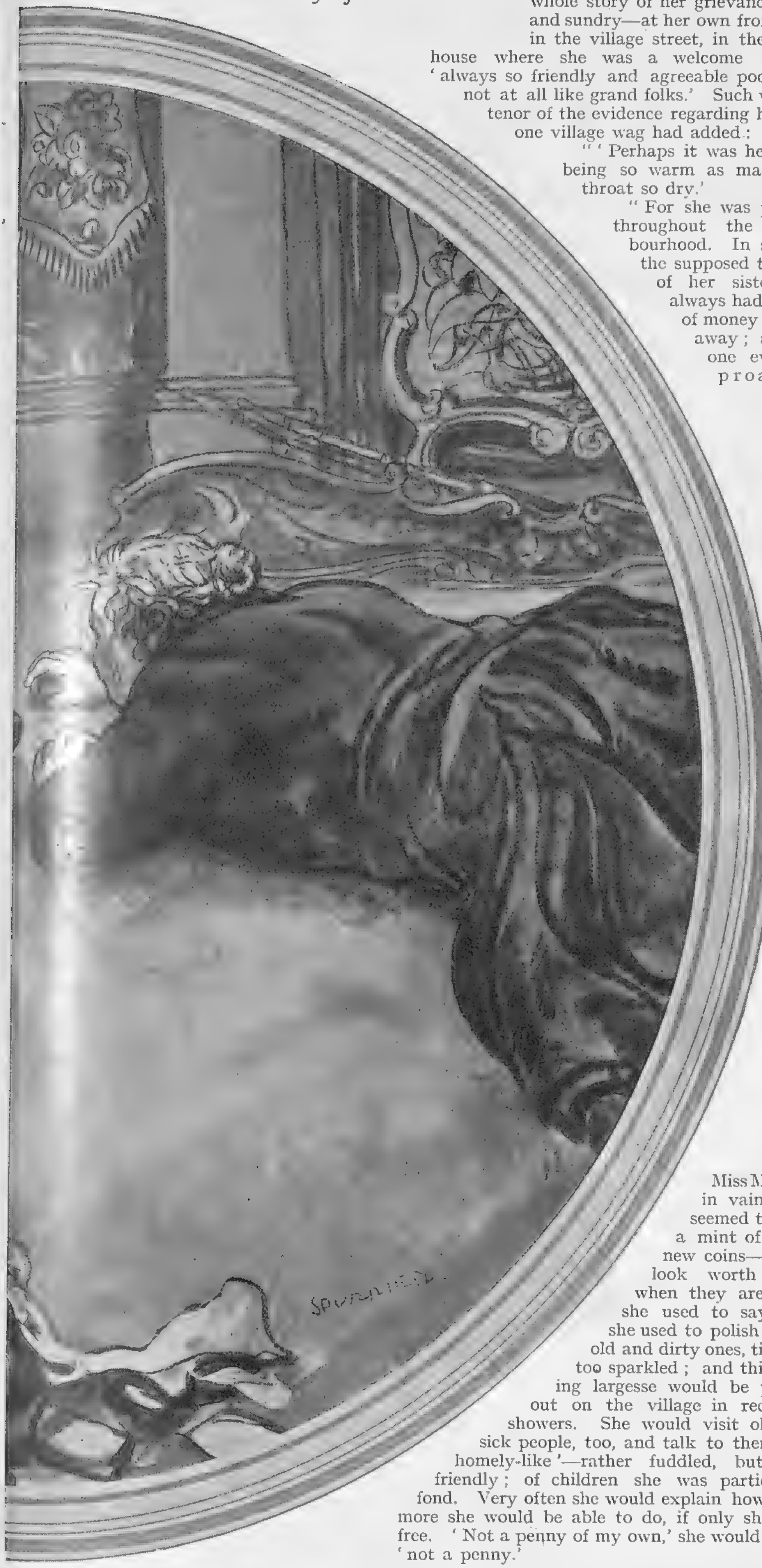
" I am exaggerating somewhat in the interests of romance. As a matter of fact, I *had* met the old lady before, but never in such intimate circumstances, so I knew that this must be Miss Minerva Potts, and none other than the châtelaine of the White Lodge—here — at the end of the world— in Japan—in her bath.

" MINERVA and her sister Diana were twins. They were the only children of a Mr. Potts who had made a fortune in the China trade—perhaps that was why Minerva eventually sought refuge in the East, for the curious turns and twists of life are never wholly inexplicable. Minerva seems to have been always too fond of drink and liable to fits of ungovernable rage; Diana was a milder edition of her sister, but she, too, was partial to a drop of something. Anyhow Mr. Potts left the whole of his fortune to Diana, with reversion to Minerva on her sister's death and various provisions in case of marriage. The will was proved at £160,000; and the terms were very deeply resented by Minerva, who was made entirely dependent on her sister. 'I wish she was dead ! I wish she was dead !' was constantly on Minerva's lips; for when she was drunk she used to tell the



" . . . *there they*
Misses Potts lying

By John Paris



found the two on the floor . . ."

whole story of her grievance to all and sundry—at her own front door, in the village street, in the public house where she was a welcome visitor; 'always so friendly and agreeable poor lady, not at all like grand folks.' Such was the tenor of the evidence regarding her, and one village wag had added:

"'Perhaps it was her heart being so warm as made her throat so dry.'

"For she was popular throughout the neighbourhood. In spite of the supposed tyranny of her sister, she always had plenty of money to give away; and no one ever approached Miss Minerva in vain. She seemed to have a mint of brand new coins—'They look worth more when they are new,' she used to say—and she used to polish up the old and dirty ones, till they too sparkled; and this shining largesse would be poured out on the village in recurrent showers. She would visit old and sick people, too, and talk to them, 'so homely-like'—rather fuddled, but very friendly; of children she was particularly fond. Very often she would explain how much more she would be able to do, if only she were free. 'Not a penny of my own,' she would moan, 'not a penny.'

"THE other sister seldom appeared except in church on Sundays, where she looked lean and disagreeable; so, on the whole, the village accepted Miss Minerva's estimate and decided that Miss Diana was a hard-hearted tyrant. The county people were hardly aware of the sisters' existence; they were not their sort. The vicar damned them with faint praise; he was indebted to Miss Minerva's charity for many of his pet projects: 'A kind-hearted woman, but of course not a lady, and I fear she exceeds.'

"All the village, therefore, knew of the strained relations between the Misses Potts. Servants at the White Lodge reported terrible scenes when Minerva was mad drunk and Diana slightly intoxicated. The names they called each other! The terrible swearing! The crockery thrown about! The cut faces! The torn hair! Such goings-on you never knew. It's sure to end in something terrible. And it did.

"One spring morning the village was aroused by the news that Miss Diana had been murdered during the night, and that Miss Minerva had been arrested on suspicion. 'Well, I never!' was the general comment.

"The servants had been awakened about midnight by cries and groans, and the noise of a violent scrimmage in the direction of the drawing-room. This was not unusual, and did not alarm them so much as the sudden silence which followed an unearthly scream. The cook, the parlourmaid and the housemaid—curiosity prevailing over their fears—decided to intervene. They descended to the drawing-room, and there they found the two Misses Potts lying on the floor between the fireplace and the window. Miss Diana was on her back—dead. Her head had been broken in by blows from an iron poker. Miss Minerva was clasping her sister's body, her hands at her throat. She was quite incoherent and helpless, and had to be dragged away murmuring: 'Not a penny! Not a penny!' Close beside her was the poker with which the murder had been committed. Furniture was overturned and ornaments were smashed—signs of a prolonged struggle. In a corner of the room an iron box in which Miss Diana kept money and jewellery stood open and empty. The central bow of the window was open; and it was a bright moonlight night.

"THE murder in a way was so expected; there was so obvious a motive, that Miss Minerva's guilt was assumed from the outset. Nor did she herself deny it. Throughout the inquest and the trial her evidence was vague, inarticulate or rambling. She would repeat parrot-like: 'Not a penny! Not a penny for me! Poor Di. I never meant 'alf the 'ard things I said. What's the 'arm I say, in a little drop of gin?' The general opinion was that they would not hang her, and that it was a case for Broadmoor.

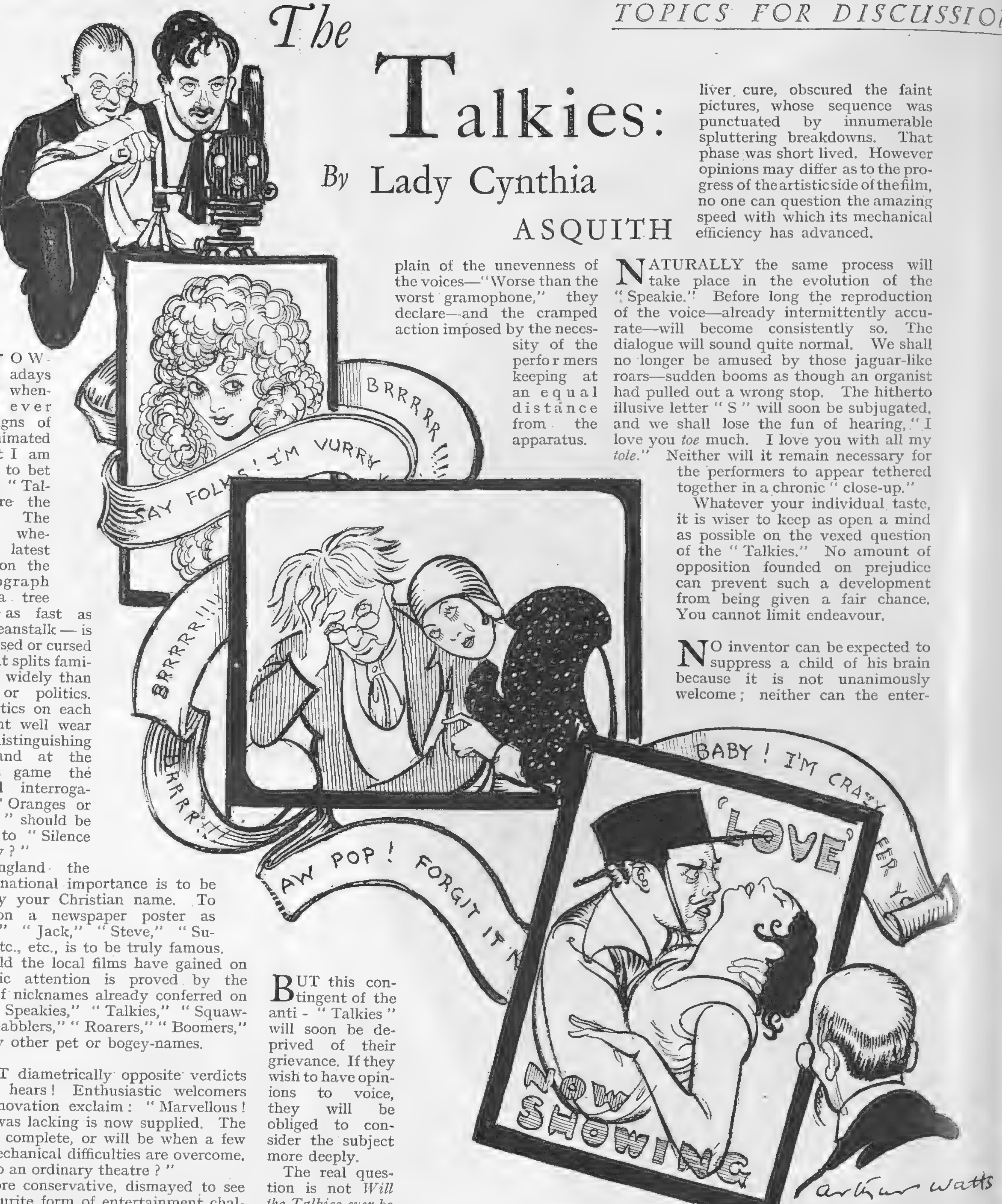
"The papers described her as 'a pathetic creature, bloated and discoloured, decked out in tawdry finery!' I can well imagine her in the dock at the Chelmsford Assizes.

"But there was certain evidence which came more and more to the fore. Miss Minerva had a personal maid, Bessie Fossick, whose bedroom adjoined that of her mistress. This maid maintained that on the night of the murder she had put her mistress to bed in an almost unconscious condition, that she too had been awakened by the sounds of a struggle in the drawing room, that she had heard Miss Minerva get out of bed *while the din below was still going on*, that she had heard her mistress's door open and unsteady footsteps stumble down the corridor towards the stairs; that she had herself then got up and dressed, that while dressing she had seen the figure of a tall man in a long coat cross the lawn and disappear into the shrubbery; and that then and not till then she had heard that unearthly shriek, which she believed to have been uttered by Miss Minerva on finding that her sister had been killed. This shriek had so unnerved her, that she had not dared to venture downstairs, so she did not see her mistress until the other servants eventually brought her back to her bedroom.

(*Continued on page* 190.)

The Talkies:

By Lady Cynthia ASQUITH



NOWadays whenever I see signs of really animated argument I am prepared to bet that the "Talkies" are the topic. The question whether this latest branch on the Cinematograph Tree — a tree growing as fast as Jack's beanstalk — is to be blessed or cursed is one that splits families more widely than religion or politics. The fanatics on each side might well wear some distinguishing badge, and at the children's game the whispered interrogative of "Oranges or Lemons?" should be changed to "Silence or Speaky?"

In England the proof of national importance is to be known by your Christian name. To feature on a newspaper poster as "Charlie," "Jack," "Steve," "Suzanne," etc., etc., is to be truly famous.

The hold the local films have gained on the public attention is proved by the number of nicknames already conferred on them: "Speakies," "Talkies," "Squawkies," "Gabblers," "Roarers," "Boomers," and many other pet or bogey-names.

WHAT diametrically opposite verdicts one hears! Enthusiastic welcomers of the innovation exclaim: "Marvellous! All that was lacking is now supplied. The illusion is complete, or will be when a few trifling mechanical difficulties are overcome. Why go to an ordinary theatre?"

The more conservative, dismayed to see their favourite form of entertainment challenged, moan: "What an absurdity! The whole point of the 'Silver Screen' thrown away! The lovely silence! How nice it was only to have to use one sense and to be allowed to talk! The slowly acquired art of facial expression will atrophy! What a hopeless tumble between two stools! Why should films ape plays?"

Others, neither looking to the future nor interested in æsthetics, content themselves with grumbling at the present mechanical imperfections of the Speakies. They complain of the unevenness of the voices—"Worse than the worst gramophone," they declare—and the cramped action imposed by the necessity of the performers keeping at an equal distance from the apparatus.

BUT this contingent of the anti-"Talkies" will soon be deprived of their grievance. If they wish to have opinions to voice, they will be obliged to consider the subject more deeply.

The real question is not *Will the Talkies ever be good?* but *Is their inevitable improvement desirable?* For there can be no doubt that, mechanically, they will very soon be what is known as "perfected." That is only a question of time.

We are apt to forget the extreme youth of the whole film industry. Without confessing to old age, many of us can remember the days when to go to the cinematograph was to court a sick headache, so intolerably did the screen jig and dazzle, while showers of black spots, like the advertisements of a liver cure, obscured the faint pictures, whose sequence was punctuated by innumerable spluttering breakdowns. That phase was short lived. However opinions may differ as to the progress of the artistic side of the film, no one can question the amazing speed with which its mechanical efficiency has advanced.

NATURALLY the same process will take place in the evolution of the "Speakie." Before long the reproduction of the voice—already intermittently accurate—will become consistently so. The dialogue will sound quite normal. We shall no longer be amused by those jaguar-like roars—sudden booms as though an organist had pulled out a wrong stop. The hitherto illusive letter "S" will soon be subjugated, and we shall lose the fun of hearing, "I love you *toe* much. I love you with all my *tole*." Neither will it remain necessary for the performers to appear tethered together in a chronic "close-up."

Whatever your individual taste, it is wiser to keep as open a mind as possible on the vexed question of the "Talkies." No amount of opposition founded on prejudice can prevent such a development from being given a fair chance. You cannot limit endeavour.

NO inventor can be expected to suppress a child of his brain because it is not unanimously welcome; neither can the enterprising be discouraged from trying to make money out of the ideas of inventors. Like all other puddings, the proof of this one will be in the eating. In the long run the demand will determine the supply.

If the public find they prefer their films to talk, talk they will to the best of their ability. But if, after "Speakies" have been given a fair hearing, the public hanker after

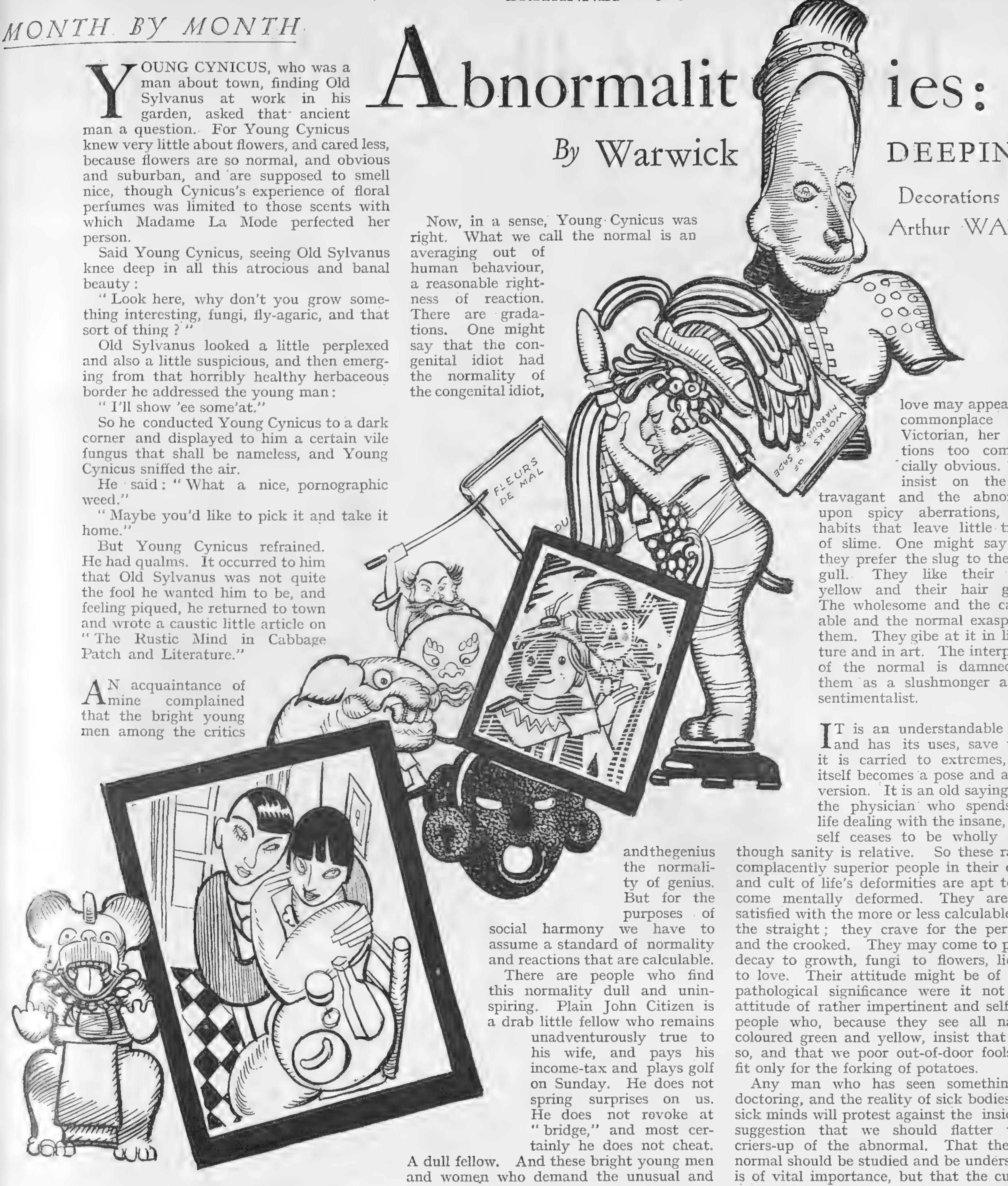
(*Continued on page 202.*)

MONTH BY MONTH

Abnormalities:

By Warwick DEEPING

Decorations by Arthur WATTS


FLEURS DE MAL
DU
WORKS OF MARQUIS DE SADE

YOUNG CYNICUS, who was a man about town, finding Old Sylvanus at work in his garden, asked that ancient man a question. For Young Cynicus knew very little about flowers, and cared less, because flowers are so normal, and obvious and suburban, and are supposed to smell nice, though Cynicus's experience of floral perfumes was limited to those scents with which Madame La Mode perfected her person.

Said Young Cynicus, seeing Old Sylvanus knee deep in all this atrocious and banal beauty:

"Look here, why don't you grow something interesting, fungi, fly-agaric, and that sort of thing?"

Old Sylvanus looked a little perplexed and also a little suspicious, and then emerging from that horribly healthy herbaceous border he addressed the young man:

"I'll show 'ee some'at."

So he conducted Young Cynicus to a dark corner and displayed to him a certain vile fungus that shall be nameless, and Young Cynicus sniffed the air.

He said: "What a nice, pornographic weed."

"Maybe you'd like to pick it and take it home."

But Young Cynicus refrained. He had qualms. It occurred to him that Old Sylvanus was not quite the fool he wanted him to be, and feeling piqued, he returned to town and wrote a caustic little article on "The Rustic Mind in Cabbage Patch and Literature."

AN acquaintance of mine complained that the bright young men among the critics attacked him because he wrote about normal and wholesome people, and not about cocaine-takers and crooks. He, too, consulted Young Cynicus and was told: "My dear chap, abnormality's the thing. What you take to be the normal is only a silly transparency with which you cover reality. There is no such state as normality. You are thinking in terms of wooden clothes-pegs. You call a thing abnormal because you don't understand it, and your beer and beef art cannot express it."

Now, in a sense, Young Cynicus was right. What we call the normal is an averaging out of human behaviour, a reasonable rightness of reaction. There are gradations. One might say that the congenital idiot had the normality of the congenital idiot, and the genius the normality of genius. But for the purposes of social harmony we have to assume a standard of normality and reactions that are calculable.

There are people who find this normality dull and uninspiring. Plain John Citizen is a drab little fellow who remains unadventurously true to his wife, and pays his income-tax and plays golf on Sunday. He does not spring surprises on us. He does not revoke at "bridge," and most certainly he does not cheat. A dull fellow. And these bright young men and women who demand the unusual and the macabre, are apt to find the cheats and the revokers more piquant.

THE man in the train may find his inclination towards the abnormal satisfied by "crook" stories. Not so the superior and the elect. For them the whole of consciousness is psycho-this or psycho-that. Almost they go about like amateur alienists, searching out strange sins and interesting perversions and the more sinister moods of the human atmosphere. They prefer the twilight to full noon. To them the light-'o-love may appear too commonplace and Victorian, her reactions too commercially obvious. They insist on the extravagant and the abnormal, upon spicy aberrations, upon habits that leave little tracks of slime. One might say that they prefer the slug to the seagull. They like their faces yellow and their hair green. The wholesome and the calculable and the normal exasperate them. They gibe at it in literature and in art. The interpreter of the normal is damned by them as a slushmonger and a sentimentalist.

IT is an understandable cult, and has its uses, save when it is carried to extremes, and itself becomes a pose and a perversion. It is an old saying that the physician who spends his life dealing with the insane, himself ceases to be wholly sane, though sanity is relative. So these rather complacently superior people in their quest and cult of life's deformities are apt to become mentally deformed. They are not satisfied with the more or less calculable and the straight; they crave for the perverse and the crooked. They may come to prefer decay to growth, fungi to flowers, license to love. Their attitude might be of mere pathological significance were it not the attitude of rather impertinent and self-sure people who, because they see all nature coloured green and yellow, insist that it is so, and that we poor out-of-door fools are fit only for the forking of potatoes.

Any man who has seen something of doctoring, and the reality of sick bodies and sick minds will protest against the insidious suggestion that we should flatter these criers-up of the abnormal. That the abnormal should be studied and be understood is of vital importance, but that the cult of it should be allowed to take the form of a self-complacent and aggressive psychic parade is quite another matter. We do not want these mental mannequins to posture in public.

BECAUSE normality is humanity's most precious possession. Our civilization would not last a week without it and that is why the mass of humanity, realising the importance of the normal and the healthy, is apt to turn somewhat fiercely on the

(*Continued on page* 204.)

The Cult *of* BEAUTY *since the*

Beauty, a gleaming thread lightening the sombre picture preserved in the frame of History, graven is the touch of Nature and contact-point of Art

By *Lady*

BEAUTY-CULTURE is the universal altar commanding the rites and sacrifices of womanhood eternal and international. Six thousand years ago, Egyptian and Assyrian beauties powdered their faces, rouged their cheeks and lips, darkened their eyes, gradually complicating the secrets of their toilet until, as archæological discoveries reveal, the beauty-parlour and paraphernalia of the charmers of antiquity rivalled in luxury, treatment, variety and intention of unguents, their twentieth-century prototypes in Europe and the New World. Faintly through the mists of ages the provocative redolence of some antique fragrance tantalizes the imagination with an indefinable message from the Past. Modern houris of the New East, eager enough to escape their gilded cages, tear away the fetters of tradition and custom, cling in trembling consternation to their sculptured vials and caskets, fearful lest the tidal wave of progress and modernisation wrench from their bejewelled fingers the puissant talisman of beauty lore, their heritage of centuries of seclusion.

It is in the harems of the East, behind the Purdah curtain in India, within the boundaries of Chinese gardens, that the old perfumes linger and ancient secrets, wraith-like, rise from flask or jar. Living, as I have done, for many years in the East, frequenting Oriental households, from Morocco to India, Japan and China, I have intimate friends amongst the women of the East, many of whom belong to the older veiled and secluded generation, to whom this new freedom comes too late materially to change their mode of life. From the lips of a gazelle-eyed Princess in Morocco, from swarthy Egyptian, pale Turkish hanoum, golden-skinned Indian aristocrat, doll-like Chinese concubine of War-lord or Mandarin, fragile geisha of the Flowery Land, I have learned the beauty-secrets of three continents.

COSMETIC comes from the Greek word "I adorn," and in one form or another the use of cosmetics can be traced back as far as History itself. Egyptian tombs, closed four thousand years ago, have yielded vanity reticules containing all the implements of the modern manicure set, rouge of brick-dust, ornamental flasks retaining evidences of beauty ointments, little kohl-pots for powdered antimony to darken the eyelids, such as are in daily use all over the East to-day. The art of the perfumer has been known since time immemorial. The Book of Exodus—about 1490 B.C.—gives directions for making incense, and in many later books of the Old Testament mention is made of cosmetics. Scents in those times were made principally from gum resins, such as frankincense and myrrh, and not until later from essences dissolved in alcohol.

In the Augustan age of Rome, scent was so important a feature of the toilet that every part of the body had its own special perfume: Mint for the arms, Palm oil for the breasts, Ivy essence for the knees, etc., many chosen for their aphrodisiacal effect, such as Jasmine, Amber, Musk, Vanilla, Thyme, Sandalwood, Saffron—in fact, the very perfumes characterised to-day as "Eastern scents," sought after and bought by travellers in the soks and bazaars of the Orient. In the olden days, one way of perfuming a room or apartment was to drench doves in the essences and let them fly about, but the usual medium was incense, as it is now. There have always been fashions in scents, just as there are to-day. Nero is said to have set the fashion for rose-water, Louis XIV made orange blossom the rage, the Empress Josephine introduced musk from her exotic birthplace to France.

JASMINE, Amber, Sandalwood and Musk still reign as favourites with that category of Oriental woman which has not yet succumbed to the lure of Paris products. The perfumes of India, mostly made with a basis of sandalwood, are less varied than those of the Near East, which include many flower-scents, such as jasmine, and the famous rose of Persia and Bulgaria. Indian ladies love the spicy fragrance of the local essences, even dyeing their gauzy sarees in sandalwood, which not only results in a rich gold colour but assures a garment perfumed as long as the material lasts. I have often seen my Indian friends call a servant to bring a lighted censer, lift their embroidered robes over the sweet-smelling incense, and impregnate themselves with the fragrant smoke.

Japanese indulge in a solemn ceremony called "Kiki-kö" or incense-sniffing, which can only be described as a kind of game played at a gathering invited for the occasion; the burning of precious perfumes forms part of every ceremonial, and that curious "Japanese smell" inseparable from one's earliest recollections of toys from the Far East, is indefinably, but ever present. Chinese perfumes and incense come chiefly from Araby the Blest and the Sandalwood Islands (Sandwich Islands). Philippine belles envelop themselves in a cloud of pungent sampaguita, the delicate white flower with which they ornament their ebon tresses.

A milestone in the history of perfume in Europe was the granting of a charter to the master perfumers, by Philip Augustus of France, in A.D. 1190. Queen Elizabeth was very fond of scent, and this encouraged its use in England in the sixteenth century, but an old Scottish Directory, as late as 1763, makes no mention of any perfumer. In 1860 there were sixty perfumers in London as against eighty in Paris.

THE use of cosmetics is more general to-day than ever before, to judge from statistics on the subject. £4,000,000 a week is spent in Britain on woman's adornment, of which a large proportion goes in beauty-culture, powder and cosmetics. It is estimated that one hundred and seventy tons of beauty aids are exported annually from Germany to England, and Mr. W. A. Poucher, the perfume expert, claims to know

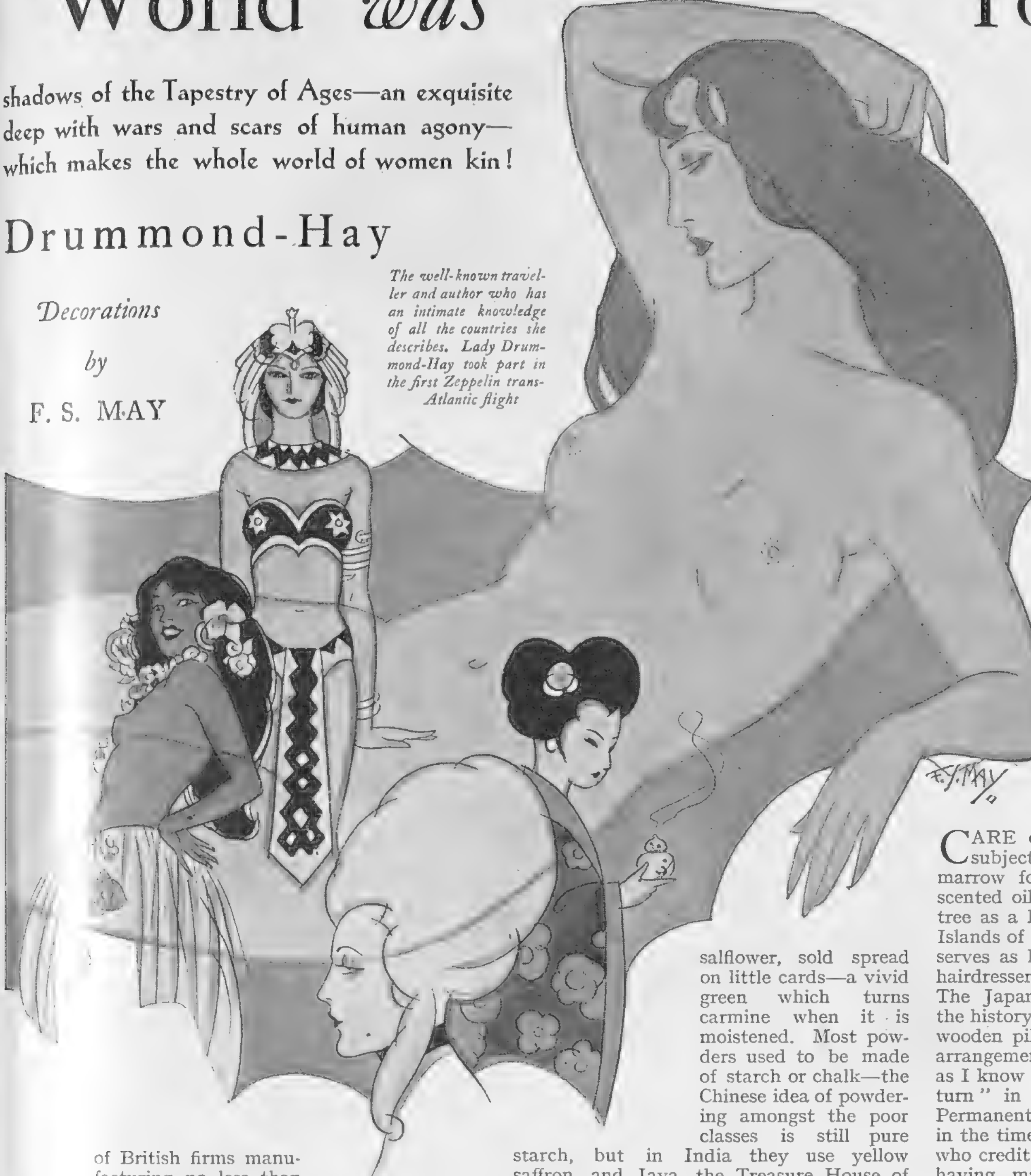
World *was* Young

shadows of the Tapestry of Ages—an exquisite deep with wars and scars of human agony—which makes the whole world of women kin!

Drummond-Hay

Decorations
by
F. S. MAY

The well-known traveller and author who has an intimate knowledge of all the countries she describes. Lady Drummond-Hay took part in the first Zeppelin trans-Atlantic flight



of British firms manufacturing no less than a ton of face powder a week. America's beauty bill is said to reach £35,500,000 a year, of which £6,385,000 is spent on face powder; £5,995,000 on creams; £3,055,000 on perfumes; £2,912,400 on hair-dye, and £6,043,000 on unclassified preparations.

I have often been asked the secret of the smooth satiny skin of my Oriental friends. Vegetable oil is the answer, almond oil for those who would lighten their complexions, and olive oil to darken a skin too fair for the possessor's taste. Palm oil is used too, and many concoctions and decoctions of the wise women of the harem or community.

Make-up is always unjustly attributed to woman's vanity, but if she were fatuously content with her appearance, it hardly seems likely that cosmetics would be called in to improve matters. Jezebel, who painted her face and looked out of a window, probably used brickdust, unless she knew of the strange Chinese rouge made from salflower, sold spread on little cards—a vivid green which turns carmine when it is moistened. Most powders used to be made of starch or chalk—the Chinese idea of powdering amongst the poor classes is still pure starch, but in India they use yellow saffron, and Java, the Treasure House of tiny Holland, is the home of our familiar rice-powder.

WASHES and lotions have varied throughout the ages and continents from the asses' milk baths of Poppæa, the beautiful wife of Nero, milk baths of the Middle Ages, rosewater and elderflower water lotions and red wine baths of the sixteenth century, the fresh green oranges used as bath soap in Polynesia, to the strangest of all in Japan to-day, where geisha and Japanese coquettes prize the skins cast off by snakes as a toilet preparation, declaring that when the snake skin is used in washing the face, it will add charm and allure to the expression.

There is nothing new under the sun. Eyebrow-plucking was practised three thousand years ago and intermittently throughout the ages. A lip-lotion is recommended in an old book published in Venice in 1510, "ashes of hairs plucked from a horse's tail mixed with an equal portion of honey." Far Eastern beauties at all times have, and still do, find a substitute for the much-maligned lipstick of the twentieth-century flapper in the scarlet juice of prepared betel nut, which they chew with the persistency of an American gum addict.

Standards of beauty differ all over the world, and, as the modern Western woman knows to her cost, with every decade. In Morocco, a bride is deliberately fattened up with all sorts of "beauty-foods," mostly cereals, milk and dates; in New Ireland in the South Seas, they will keep a girl literally years to make her plump enough for loveliness according to the local standard. I have seen "fat" beauties in the Near East, and the utterly flat, unfeminine-looking womanhood of China where curves are regarded as the height of immodesty. Chinese women strap down their breasts from girlhood, in every way suppressing any suggestion of femininity. Japanese women pin their faith to hot baths and massage to keep the slim figure, for in Japan, as in China, there is no place for the plump.

CARE of the hair is an inexhaustible subject; the Eskimo lady uses reindeer marrow for pomatum; in Fiji they use scented oil and the gum of the bread-fruit tree as a kind of stiffener; in the Society Islands of the South Seas, where burnt coral serves as hair-dye, there is even a god of hairdressers. Totoropotaa is his name. The Japanese woman whose coiffures tell the history of her life and status, sleeps on a wooden pillow in order not to disturb the arrangement which takes hours to achieve, as I know to my cost, having awaited "my turn" in a Japanese hairdresser's shop. Permanent-waving was known to beauties in the time of Nero, according to historians who credit a favourite of the emperor with having made the initial experiment by remaining three weeks in a hot Roman bath, her hair in curlers securely packed with clay. Chinese wear a "bang" plastered down with gum, the Near Eastern woman rejoices in henna-dye which strengthens and thickens the locks, and is valued not only as a hair-dye, but also to tint toes, heels and finger tips. The great majority of women in Oriental countries stain their feet with henna, sometimes binding their legs with ribbons sandalwise before applying the dye, in order to produce a patterned effect.

THE lure of the East is the lure of lovely eyes, gazelle-eyes of an Arabian Nights Dream gleaming seductively over the wispy veil, too soon to disappear altogether, and rob the world of sentimental illusion; Oriental beauty lies chiefly in the eyes, flattered and glorified by the veil whose absence inevitably destroys romance. Kohl has been used to shade and enlarge the eyes since the dawn of ancient Egyptian civilisation. It is still freely used in most Oriental countries where the cult of the eye is the supreme care of a beautiful woman. In the Near East there are two different kinds of kohl, one made from powdered antimony, which sparkles and glistens with a myriad tiny lights: the other is merely the soot from burnt sweet almond oil, prepared with many precautions against the machinations of the Evil One. Unlike Western eye-cosmetics, the kohl is not applied merely around the eye, but introduced at the roots of the upper and lower lashes by means of a slender silver baton, which is drawn the length of the closed eye from the nose towards the ear. Far from being dangerous to the sight, pure kohl prepared by an Oriental expert is claimed to be actually beneficial. I personally have applied Eastern kohl daily inside my eyelids for years and years without any ill-effect either to the lashes or the eyes. Some Indian princesses, while I was in Bombay, gave me a tiny silver container of Indian kohl, which is in paste form, unlike the North African preparations, which are all powdered.

A CURIOUS cosmetic of old days was gilt. Sovereigns of the East and of later Rome often gilded their hair by scattering gold-dust into it; great ladies of the later Egyptian eras frequently gilded their breasts; El Dorado, the Gilded Man legend of Spanish South America, was the inspiration of many Spanish treasure-hunters, who believed that some Indian tribe had gilded their king and thrown him into the Sacred Lake. One of the Renaissance popes is alleged to have ordered some choirboys to be gilded all over to take part in a procession. One died of suffocation as a result of pores getting choked up.

"... *ancient scents, wraith-like, rise from flask or jar* ..."

Contemporary history records other victims of gilt.

Credulity is the slender link between the sublime and the ridiculous in the history of beauty culture. Down the years, into the mist of ages, wise woman, witch, wizard, quack, move in a procession more often absurd than sinister. The "beauty doctor" of last century brewed from the same brew, dipped in the same cauldron as that around whose mystery fitfully played the mocking flames fanned by impious incantations of hag or sorcerer. Philtre or charm to win a lover by new-gained beauty or the magic of talismanic seductiveness — how little difference, whether the spell springs from kettle, casket, phial, flask or jar labelled and beribboned in Bond Street!

THREADS of destiny, as dazzling, tarnished, drab or colourful as any thumbed and pawed by the inexorable Sisters three, run through the greedy clutch of beauty quack of all lands and centuries. "Quack" is short for the Dutch word "kwaksalver." Salver—a healer; kwack—gabble. A gabble-healer. A writer in 1655 refers to a quack's "degree" as costing "thirty-five pounds of butter in Germany." Even in those days, almost everything connected with beauty was advertised as of foreign origin, French or Italian for preference, to lend an air of piquant mystery to the preparation. John Wilmot, the famous Earl of Rochester, after he had been banished from the court of King Charles, set up in Tower Street as a specialist. He advertised that in Italy, women of forty bore the same countenance as girls of fifteen. But "here in England we look a horse in the mouth and a woman in the face, and know their age to a year." Such betrayal of age could be avoided by a visit to the earl's "parlours." "I clear from the face all spots, heats, pimples and marks of the small-pox. I cleanse your teeth." Lips could be made of "the colour of coral and as soft as you could wish for your lawful kisses." The earl was further prepared to cure "the worst of breaths providing that the lungs be not totally imposthumated."

The beauty parlour of old days generally went hand in hand with other forms of quackery. One advertisement in the early eighteenth century not only professed to make ladies beautiful, but to rid sufferers with certainty "of the Glim'ring of the Gizzard, the Quavering of the Kidneys and the Wambling Trot."

AMONGST the most notable quacks in the annals of beauty-culture is numbered Giuseppe Balsamo, who called himself Count Cagliostro. He became famous in the French court for his elixir of youth, innumerable "beautifiers" and love philtres, blackmailed most of his clients and sought temporary refuge in London about 1771. Dr. Graham in 1780 set up in the Adelphi a "Temple of Health" presided over by a rosy goddess of health, said to be none other than Emma Lyon, afterwards Lady Hamilton, who was employed to assure the doctor's patients that she owed all her charms to his advice. The "temple" provided earth-baths, and every manner of apparatus for preserving or restoring youth, beauty and vigour. His "elixir of life" cost a thousand guineas, but the great attraction was the "celestial bed." Childless couples desiring the propagation of beautiful progeny had but to sleep on the "celestial bed" at a hundred guineas a night and a satisfactory result was guaranteed.

FOOT-BINDING, compressing the body, fattening-up, painting, piercing ears or nose, filing away teeth, or blacking them with lac, suggests a repellent catalogue of mutilations and tortures in the interests of feminine beauty. All the same, one rather wonders whether the operations and treatments carried out by old-time quack beauty doctors were not almost as primitive and painful. Since vanity feels no pain, and fashions in beauty change with every country and generation, it is not likely that one standard of loveliness will ever suffice feminality. Eve will ever strive to emulate a jewel of many facets and infinite variety.

But beauty "as rich and purposeless as is the rose" would no longer satisfy modern woman as a career, if, indeed it really ever did, while the "simple doom to be beautiful," sung by the poet Stephen Phillips, suggests the very reverse of actual facts, since beauty culture has always been a complicated matter in all countries and climes throughout the ages. Mediæval poets and troubadours unwearyingly sang of the triumph of beauty; modern novelists, scenario writers, and commercial artists continue to glorify the triumphant beauty, whose triumph is less of beauty than in being beautiful. The art of being beautiful is far more subtle than the art of beauty; one is the instinctive instantaneous appreciation of harmony, the other an art of detail and painstaking cultivation. Any woman can be beautiful, but few are privileged to beauty.

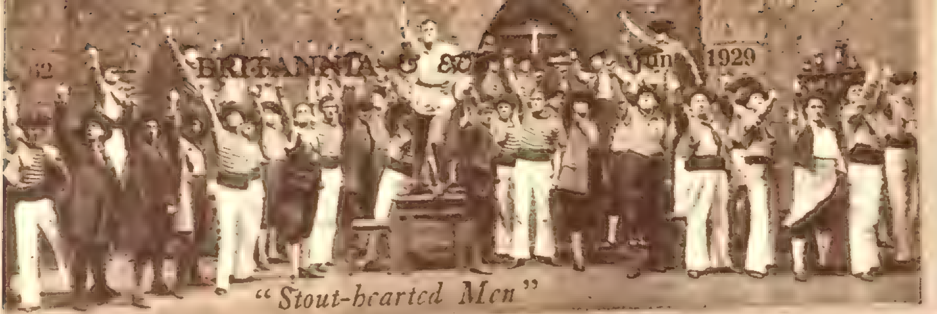
Second Photogravure Section

This England of Ours

The High Tor, Matlock

Exclusive Camera Study by Edgar and Winifred Ward

"The NEW Moon" at Drury Lane


"Stout-hearted Men"

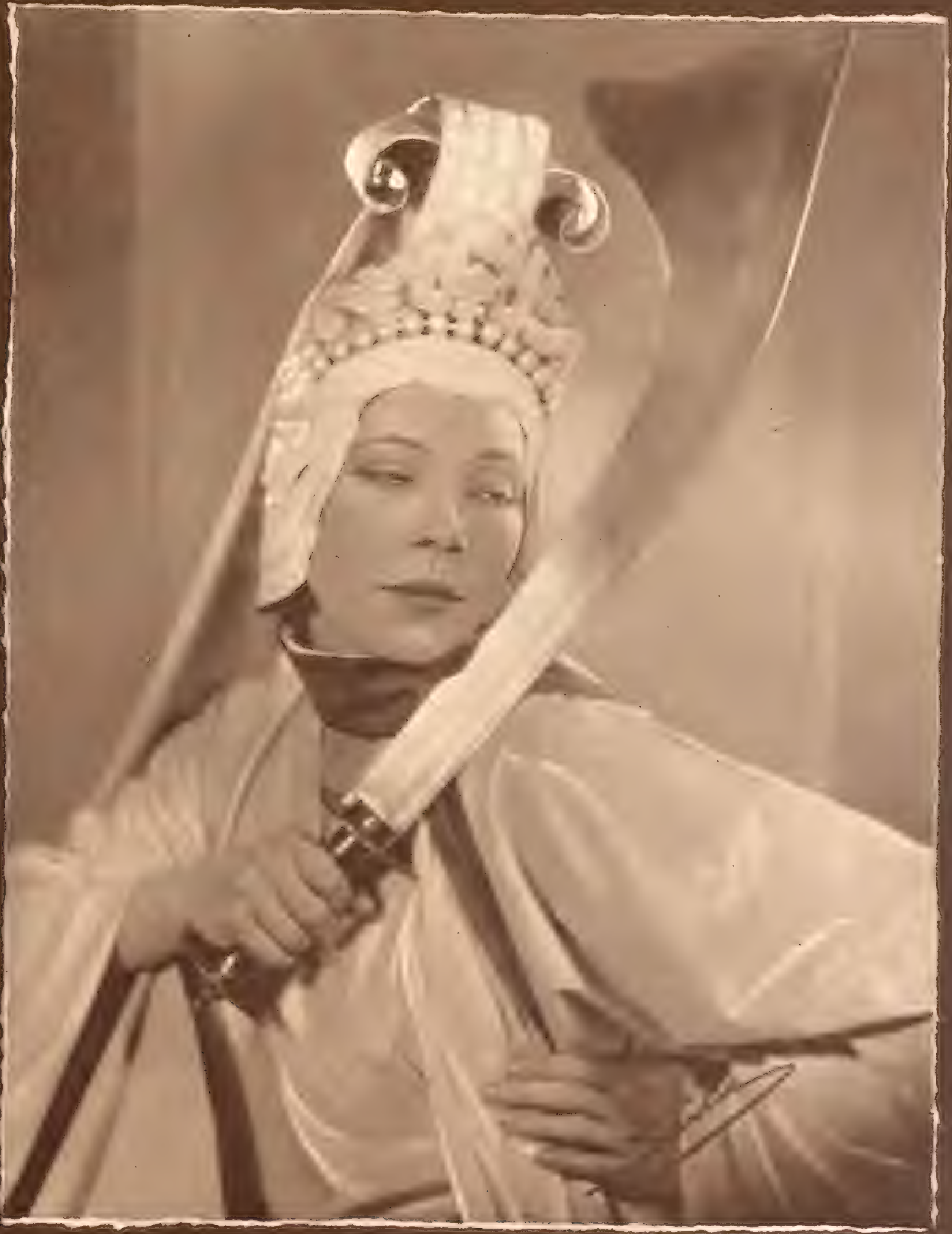
[illegible] Ray Emerson, Gene Gerrard, Peta Pearce and Dolores Farris

New Orleans, 1792. Evelyn Laye and chorus

The spectacular fight between the pirates and the crew of "The New Moon"

"Lover, come back to me . . ." hero and heroine

In the King's name . . . Edmund Willard



Tilly Losch

C. B. Cochran's Principal Dancer and Choreographist in "Wake up and Dream"

"The Girl with the Eyes"

Two studies of MYRNA LOY in "The Midnight Taxi," released this month

The Films: Screen Plays and Players

"Ol' Man River"—a scene from "Show Boat," a new singing and talking picture

[illegible] and Jane La [illegible] "Show Boat"

Monty caught red-handed: Monty Banks, Clifford Heatherley and Gladys Frazin in "The Compulsory Husband" (British [illegible])

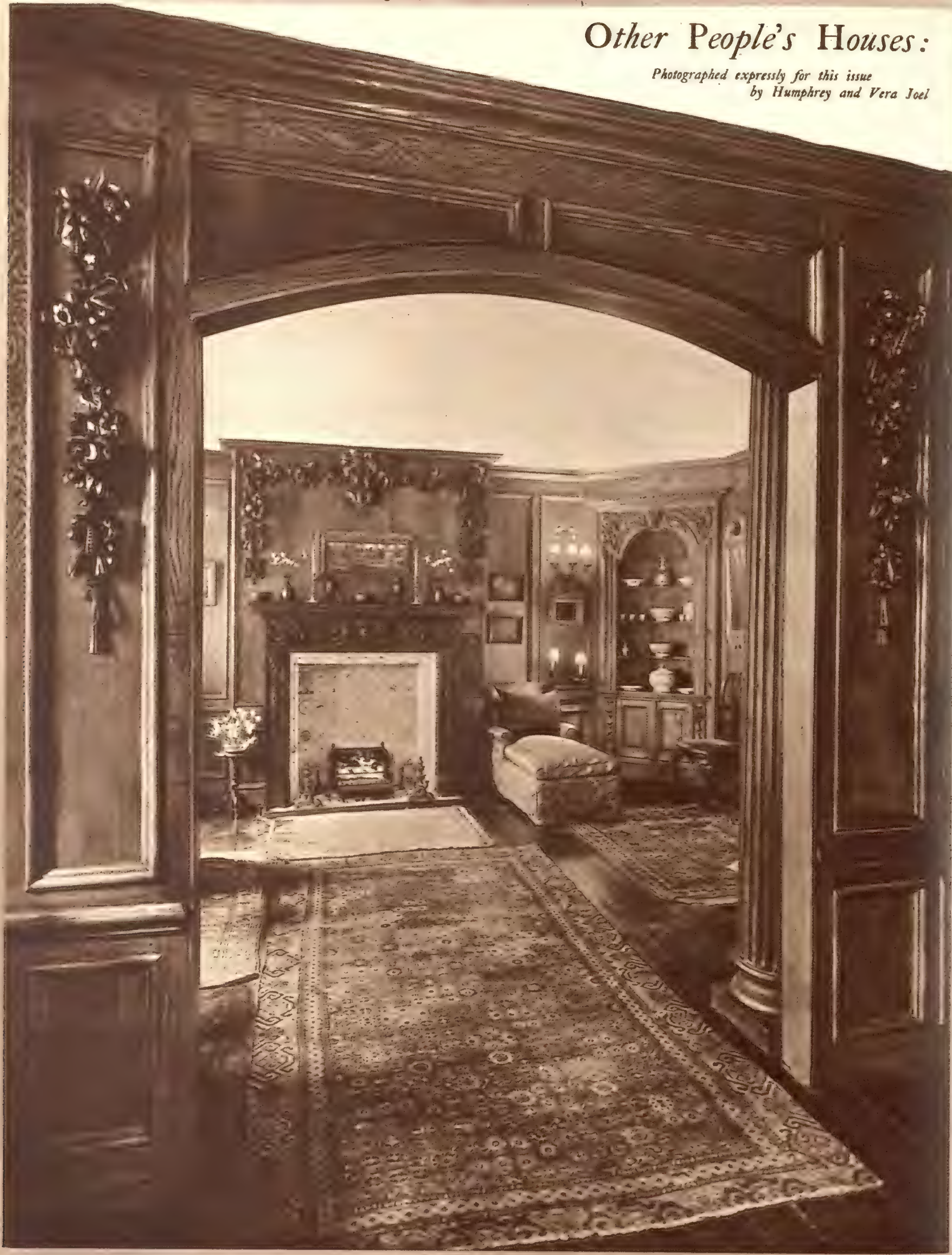
[illegible] and William [illegible] picture, "Mary [illegible]"

Billie Dove, dressed à la Russe, in "Ador

Gloria Swanson and her English lady

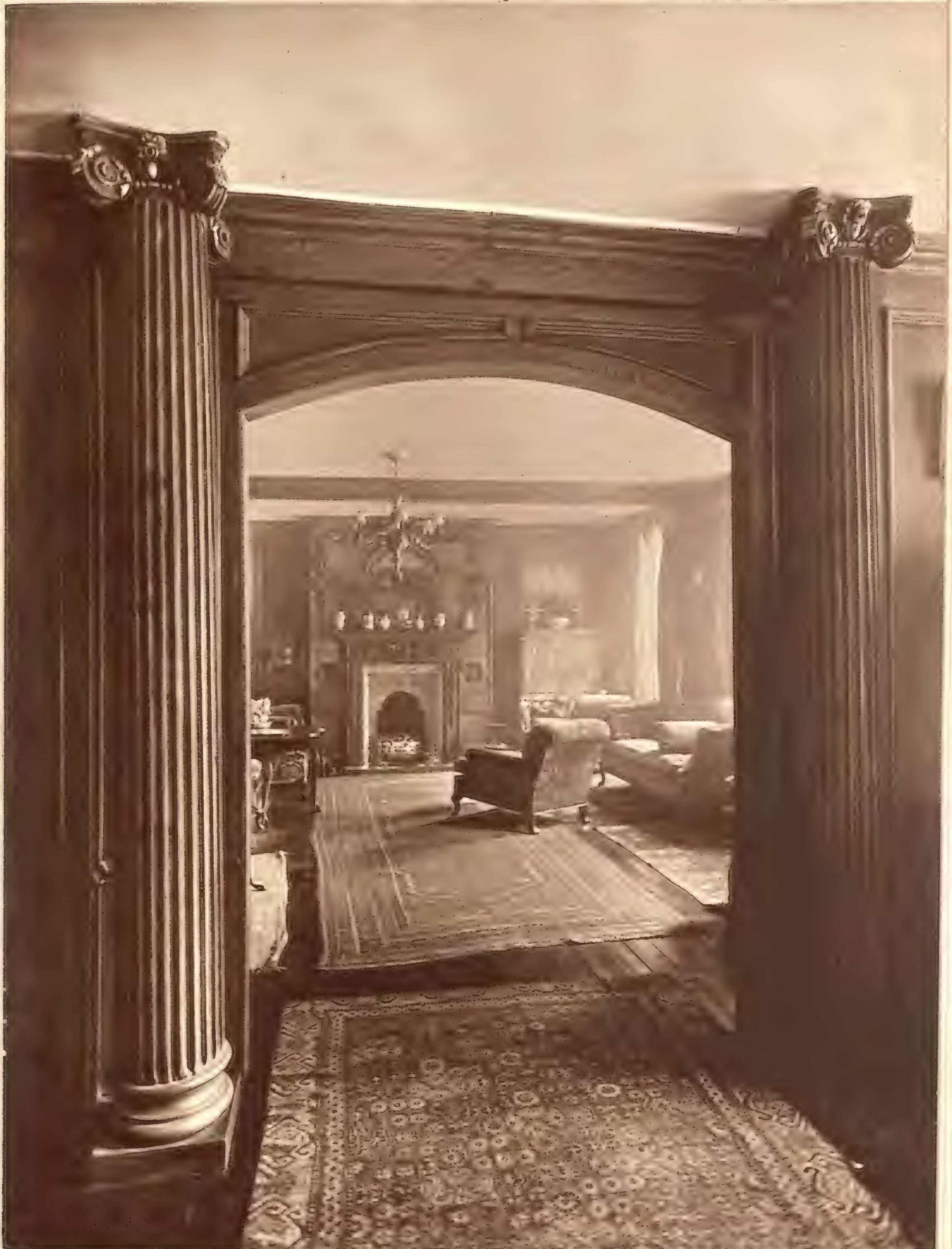
Other People's Houses:

Photographed expressly for this issue by Humphrey and Vera Joel

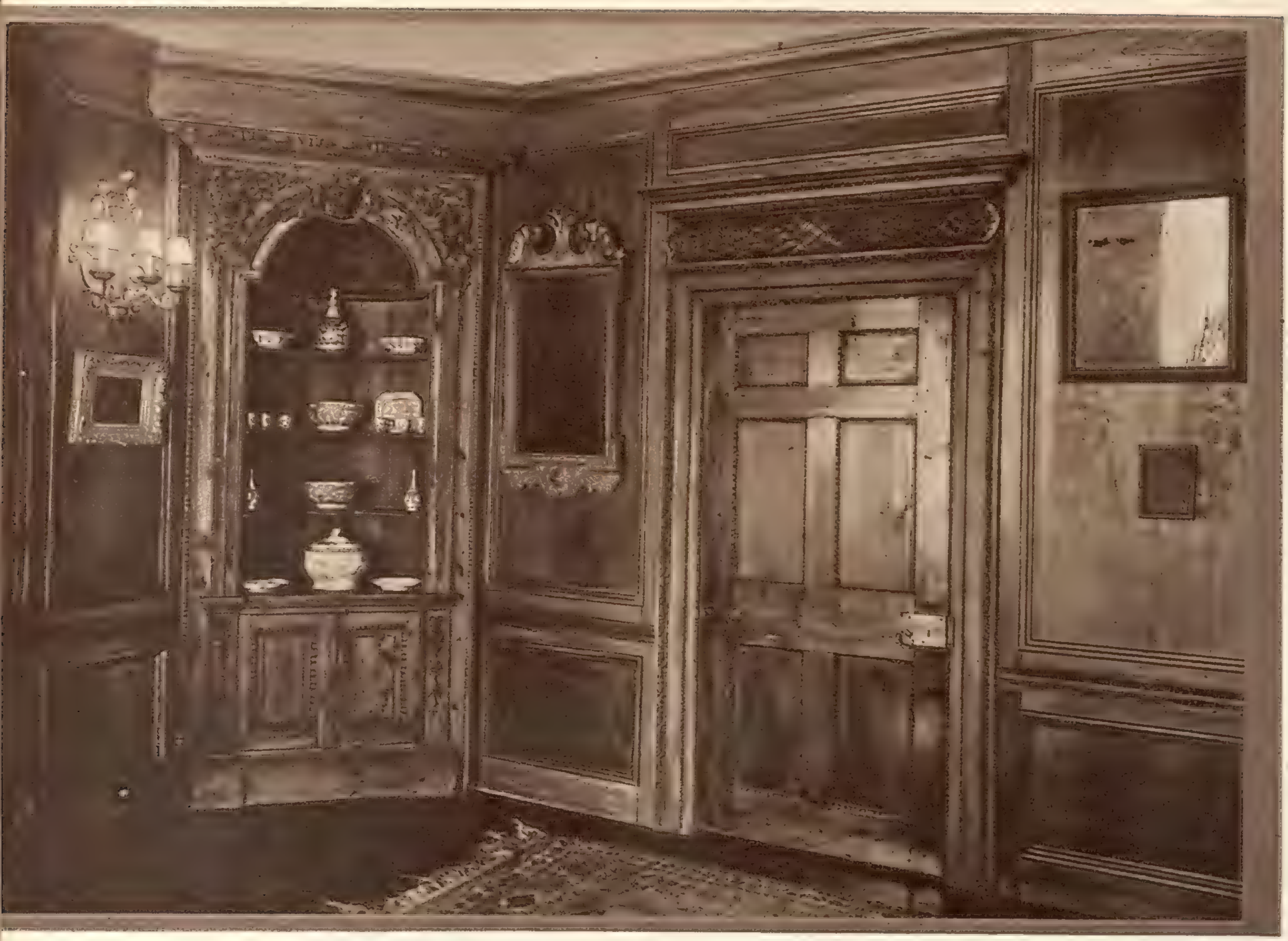


Wren House, *Mount Row, Berkeley Square*

The DRAWING ROOM, looking West



Another view of the DRAWING ROOM, looking East throug the Archway. A fine Chinese red lacquer cabinet is in the corn



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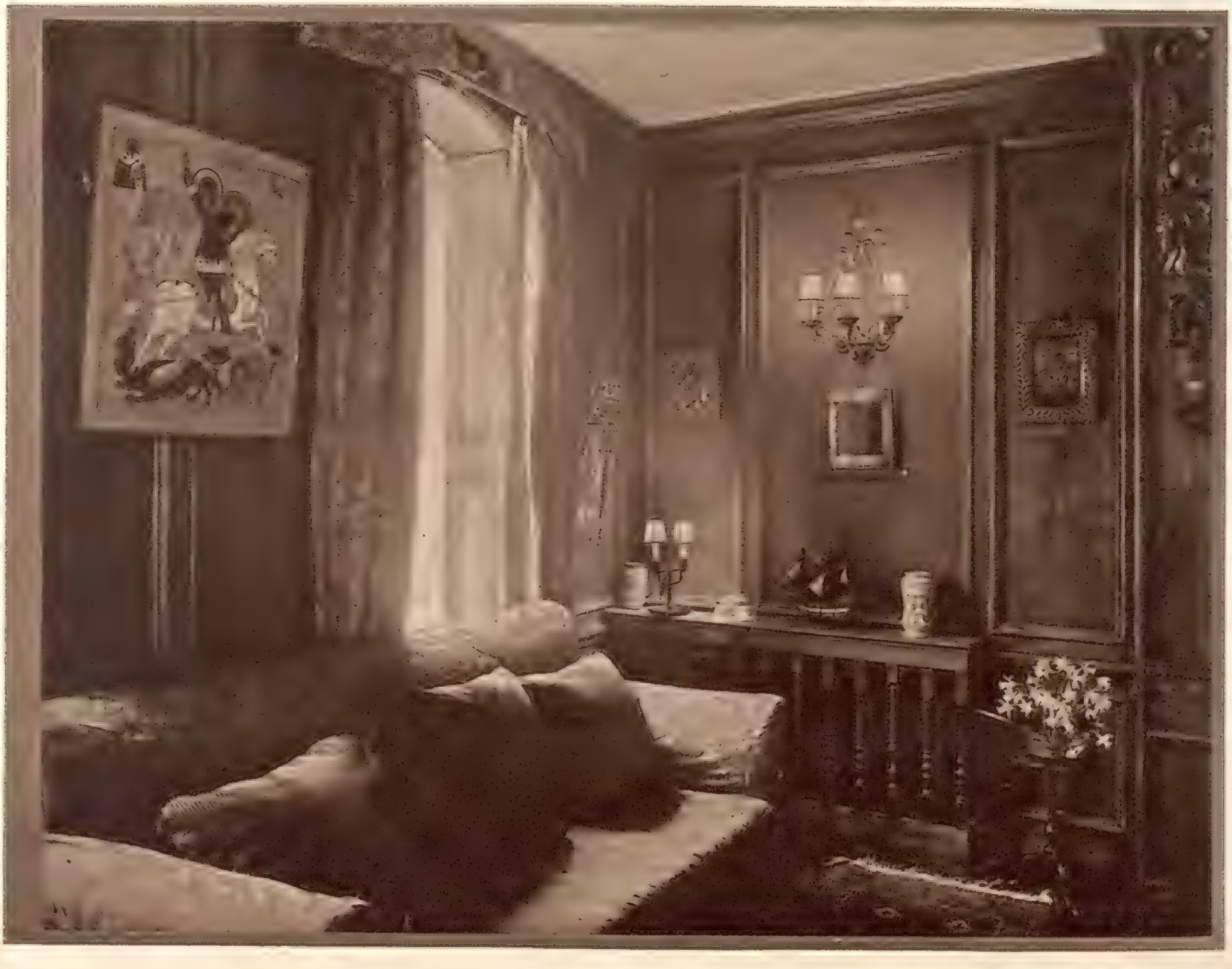

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OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

WREN HOUSE

Pictured by HUMPHREY and VERA JOEL

Described by PEGGY FREMANTLE

Right: the Roman columns of pink speckled marble, the bottom of the staircase and the panelled passage to the dining-room. A radiator is cleverly concealed behind a screen of old banisters

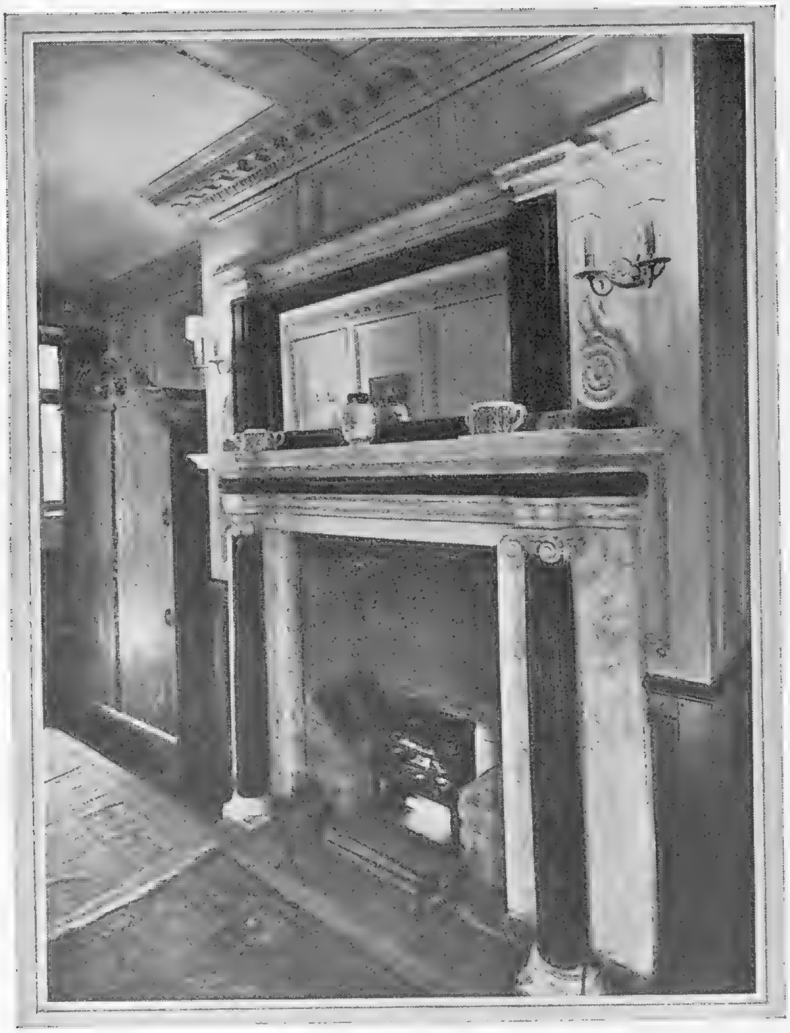
Above: A general view of the dining-room. The beautiful decorated ceiling was removed from an old house in Sussex which was being demolished. Notice the fine set of Chippendale chairs

Left: The dining-room fireplace shares the honours with a panel of decorated plaster-work like that on the ceiling and a fine piece of 17th century carving

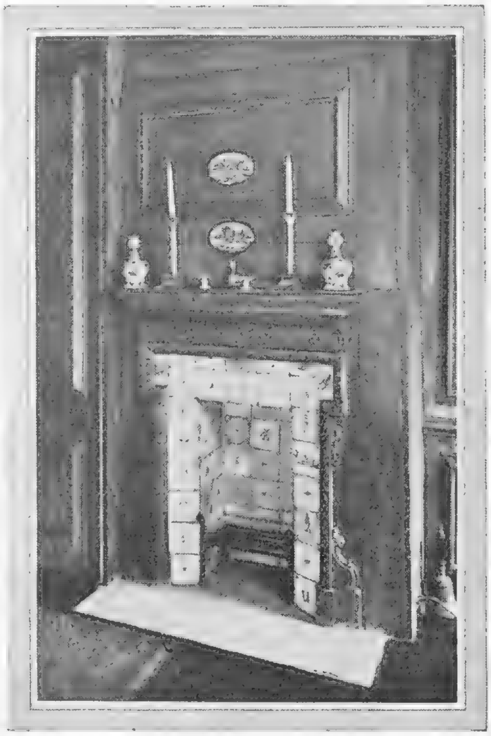
IN architecture, as in horticulture, slow and steady growth results in more beautiful and lasting flowers and a sturdier parent plant than the forcing of the hothouse or the grafting of exotic foreign importations. Our native English tree of architecture, left to develop in its own good way, grew and flourished exceedingly until the eighteenth century, when the master gardeners, tired of slow nature, elected to start experimenting. Inigo Jones began it when, after his second visit to Italy, he designed the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall for King Charles I. Unfortunately his success tempted many others who were lacking in his taste and perception to try their hands also at breaking away from tradition. Half understood foreign forms and the curious Gothic renaissance of the time resulted in such oddities as Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill and later the Pavilion at Brighton, and culminated the following century, in the Victorian horrors which we have all learned to deplore.

NOW the time has come for us to prune. Let us throw away the freaks and their subtle influence on our imaginations, and cut back to the sound wood of our national parent tree, which was at its most glorious and vigorous growth in the time of Wren. If our national style can take his work as the starting point for a further period of gradual and natural development, there is still some hope of our evolving something beautiful and restrained which may be creditably designated by posterity as "Twentieth Century."

It was with these ideals in her mind that Mrs. Allen started to build her house in Mount Row, Berkeley Square. She bought the site of two old garages in one



A beautiful black and white flecked marble chimneypiece in the hall. The walls are panelled and painted a dull yellow and the fine bold cornice is an old one



Right: The charming little carved chimneypiece in Mrs. Allen's bedroom is lined with blue and white Dutch tiles and surrounded by late 17th Century cedar-wood panelling

of the little Mews streets which are so rapidly disappearing, and the little house was designed in a spirit of reverent love for the master, Christopher Wren. In all details, as far as it was humanly possible, his style and that of his period was faithfully followed. All over England a search was made for genuine architectural features of the period which might be available for transportation to new quarters. All the bricks of the front facing the street were taken from Cassiobury Park, the house which Lord Essex built for himself in 1600. It was demolished a few years ago.

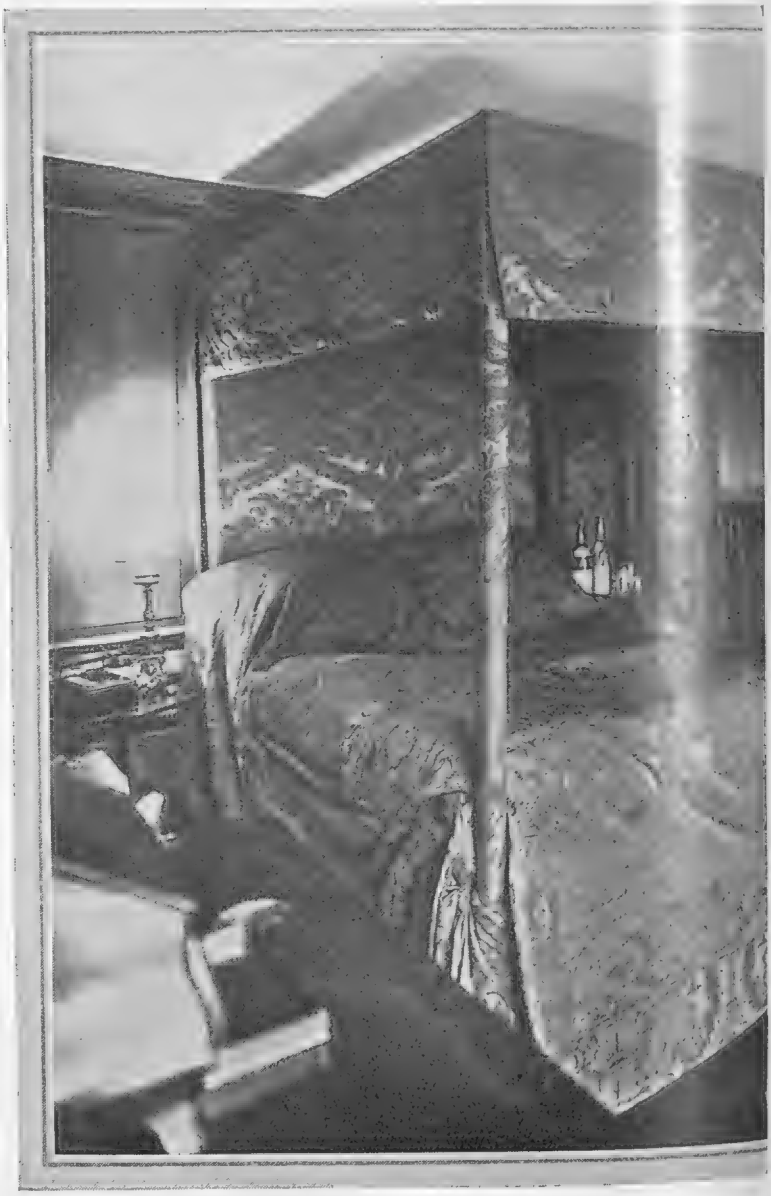
THE hall of Wren House, though quite small, is packed with interest. It possesses a magnificent William and Mary black and white marble fireplace which was brought from Sutton Scarsdale in Yorkshire, one of the finest things in the house. The panelling on the walls is topped by a fine bold cornice which was taken as a whole from an old house which was being demolished. Four old silver sconces light the hall. These are made from the beautiful embossed silver plates which were used to decorate the coffins of the period. A pair of remarkable columns stand where the hall joins the staircase well. They are of Roman origin, dating, it is said, from the year 200 B.C.

FROM the hall three steps lead to a few feet of panelled passage and then the dining-room.

The lovely decorated ceiling in the dining-room was taken from an old house in Sussex. Its graceful arabesques are well shown in one of the photographs, and another piece of the same work is shown where it has been placed on the wall over the fireplace. A magnificent piece of carving has been let into the wall on the left side of the fireplace and another forms a corner cupboard in the north-east corner of the room.

Immediately over the dining-room is Mrs. Allen's bedroom. For this some well-proportioned cedar panelling of the William and Mary period was found and so cleverly fitted into the room that it looks as if it had been designed for it. The little carved chimneypiece is backed by old blue and white Dutch tiles, and more colour is introduced by the soft crimson damask hangings on the four-poster bed.

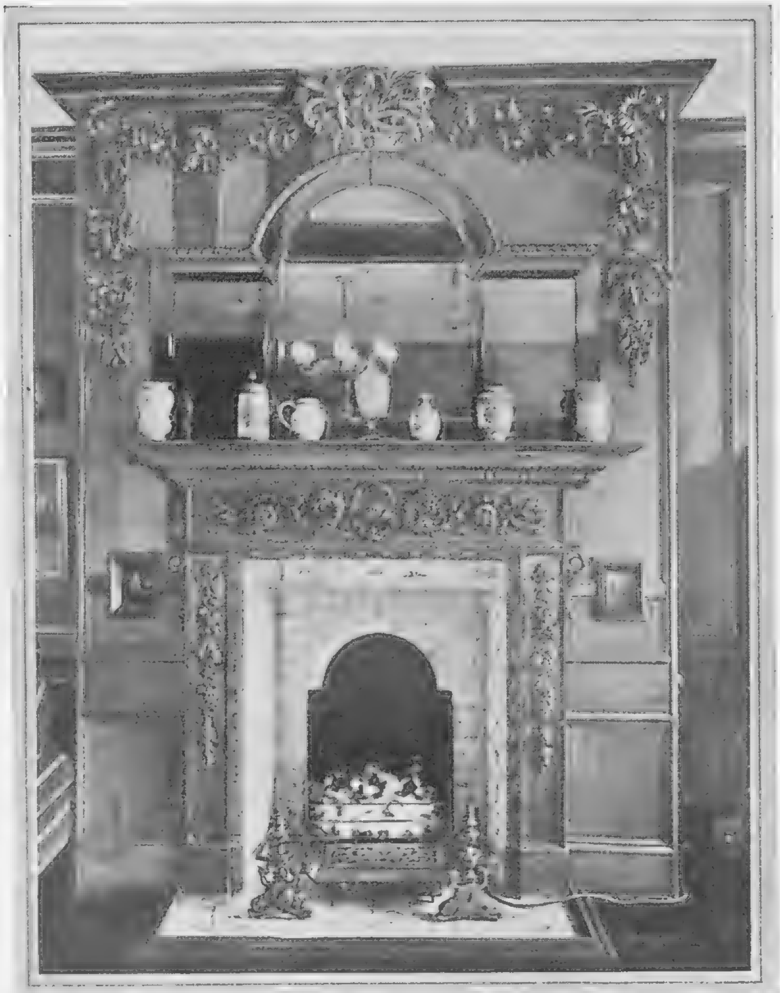
Mrs. Allen's drawing-room in Mount Row is, I think, one of the most beautiful rooms in London. It extends the whole length of the house on the south side. The room is divided into two portions of unequal size by a partition wall with an archway and a pair of very fine columns. Two magnificent specimens of carved William and Mary chimneypieces face one another at opposite ends of the room. These and the archway are adorned by beautiful pieces of carving, some of it attributed to Grinling Gibbons. Over the chimneypiece at the east end



Mrs. Allen's bedroom is panelled in genuine period, the warm colour of which goes well the bed. An old French painted leather screen of the room is an interesting little picture of Sir Christopher Wren (patron saint of Mount Row!) showing the plans for his new Orangery at Kensington Palace to King William III. and Queen Mary.

IN the south-west corner of the drawing-room six icons adorn the walls; these are from the collection brought to this country last summer by Mr. William Allen. Never before has such a magnificent collection of icons been seen in this country and all those interested in Byzantine and Islamic art can see truly wonderful and varied specimens at Perigrine Collett in Catherine Street, Westminster, where Mr. Allen and his wife, Lady Phyllis, are holding an exhibition. Russian icon painting is little known in Western Europe and it was only thirty years ago that the Russians themselves began to discover and clean, to study and restore the masterpieces of their mediæval painters. It is essentially an Oriental art in that it finds its highest spiritual meanings in colour rather than form. It took its origin from Egypt and developed in the Byzantine Empire at the period when Oriental influences in art and thought were flowering out of the magnificent *débris* of the civilisation of the Roman West.

The largest and most valuable of this small collection at Mount Row is the magnificent "Saint George." Its brilliant colours are in perfect condition, and it is one of the finest examples of Russian icon painting in Western Europe. It is of the Moscow School of the sixteenth century, and was bought by Mr. Allen in Constantinople. In the corner hangs a late eighteenth century Madonna. The picture is of the Greek Anatolian School. The "Nativity" which hangs next to it, a Moscow School icon of the seventeenth century, shows the influence of the Persian miniature painters, and the predominating colours in its design are some very fine reds. On the right of it hangs another "Nativity," a Russian icon of the Jaroslavl School, painted in about 1640. Two more small icons complete this remarkable little collection, one a Greek "St. George" of the seventeenth century, and the other a late sixteenth century Russian "Nativity."



The principal fireplace in the drawing-room. Fine Grinling Gibbons carvings of fruit and flowers droop over a mirror copied from one at Hampton Court and a carved chimneypiece

o'd cedar-wood of the William and Mary with the light crimson damask hangings of shields the head of the bed from draughts

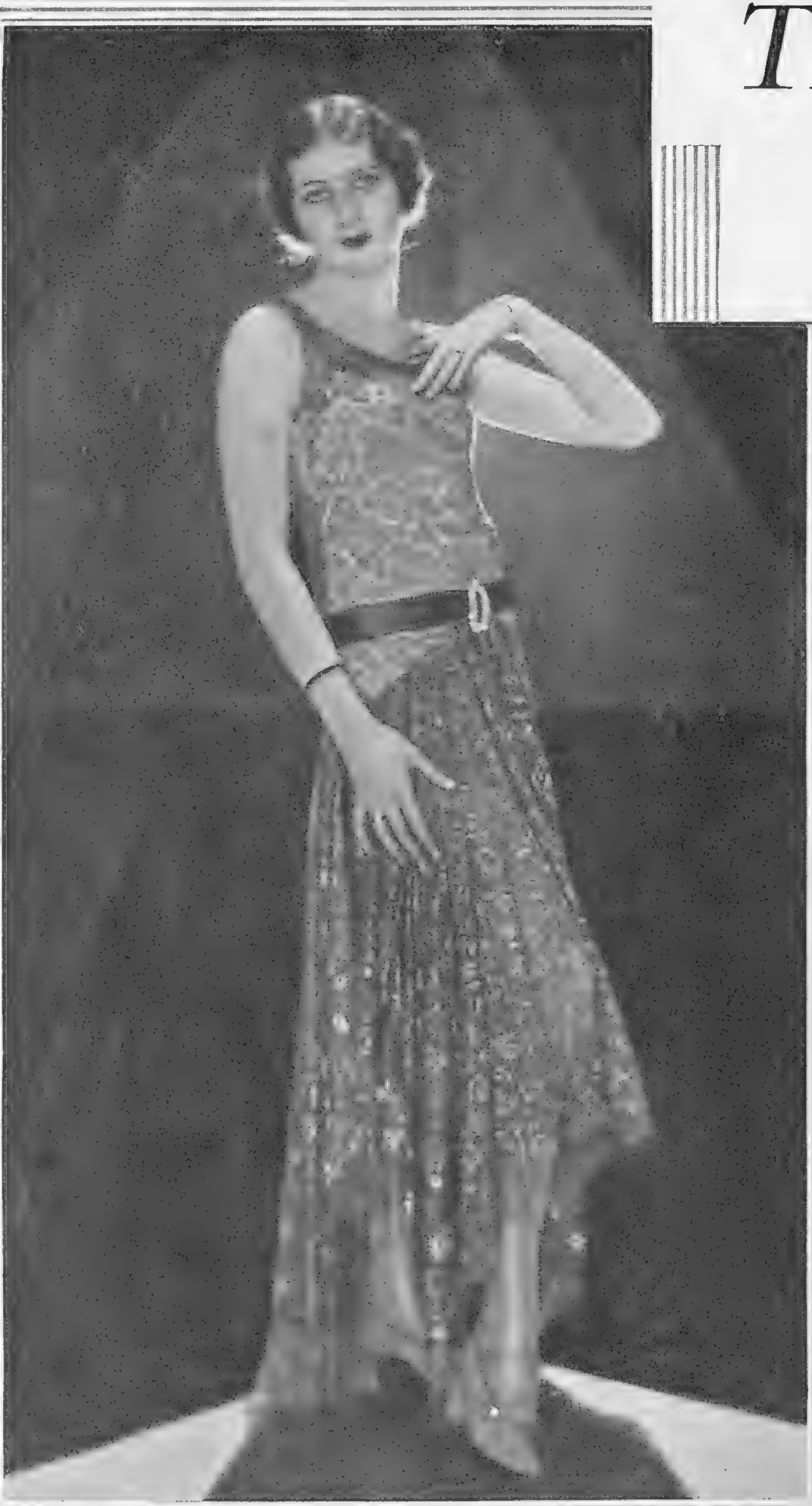
IT is the combination of a very strong feeling for the present day creature comforts and a genuine love of the beauties of antiquity which makes Wren House such a unique thing. There is no irksome feeling of pose about it; the aim throughout has been to reproduce the style of the period between 1680 and 1710, but there has been no straining after it: the house is warm, there are bathrooms galore, comfortable armchairs to sit upon and no draughts.

A cupboard in a corner in the drawing-room. Immediately over the fine William and Mary chair shown in this photograph is a small hinged panel which, when lifted, discloses the electric light switches for the room. A neat idea

The MODE

The second of a series of articles by an
designers. The author is the President

By M. Jacques



A becoming lace frock, with full, flowing skirt and belted in the new manner, features the high-waisted, Princess effect. (Worth)

"MR. WORTH," demanded a young journalist at my establishment the other day, "Do you believe that there is a philosophy of Fashion? And what do you yourself think of it?"

And I told him that, although I did believe in the last analysis in a philosophy of Fashion, I disapproved vigorously of the cut-and-dried terms that fashion writers frequently apply indiscriminatingly to each and every couturier's collection. Each new collection is described as one of "extreme simplicity," as though that wasn't precisely the way all preceding collections have been accounted for! I must confess, however, that my reaction to this fluent talk has aroused my own interest in the *reflective* side of Fashion. So much so, in fact, that I have turned aside from the all-absorbing creation of gowns, which is actually my place in the world of couture, to join for the time being the ranks of spokesmen of the "Mode of To-day."

OF one thing I am convinced—that the factors of human life motivate the evolution of style and that, of all the fine arts, Fashion is evolving the fastest. Any group of up-to-date women exemplify, better than any other factor of modern life, an art which is wholly of to-day. Fashion, it isn't rash to say, is simply a mirror reflecting every minute the changing symphony of the *finesse* we call "modernism."

This is a peculiarity of Fashion—its adaptability to the *tempo* of the times. No other art is so flexible, so impersonal, yet possessing such a wide appeal. The other arts are less *objective*, so that the appeal they make is more unique, more personal. Innovations in music, new technique in painting, new types of architecture come about, on the whole, gradually, so that the transition is scarcely perceptible. On the other hand, a dress created a scant half-dozen years ago is as hopelessly old-fashioned and out-of-date as one worn in the mauve decade.

THE phrase "extreme simplicity" applied to dress is really nothing more than one way of calling attention to the parallel which exists between style and the simplification of the modern mode of life. Since Fashion follows so closely the evolution of humanity, then an apt psychologist, in spite of his ignorance perhaps of the history of costume, could from a collection of period gowns, pick out the models that belonged to an epoch of gaiety and

OF TO-DAY

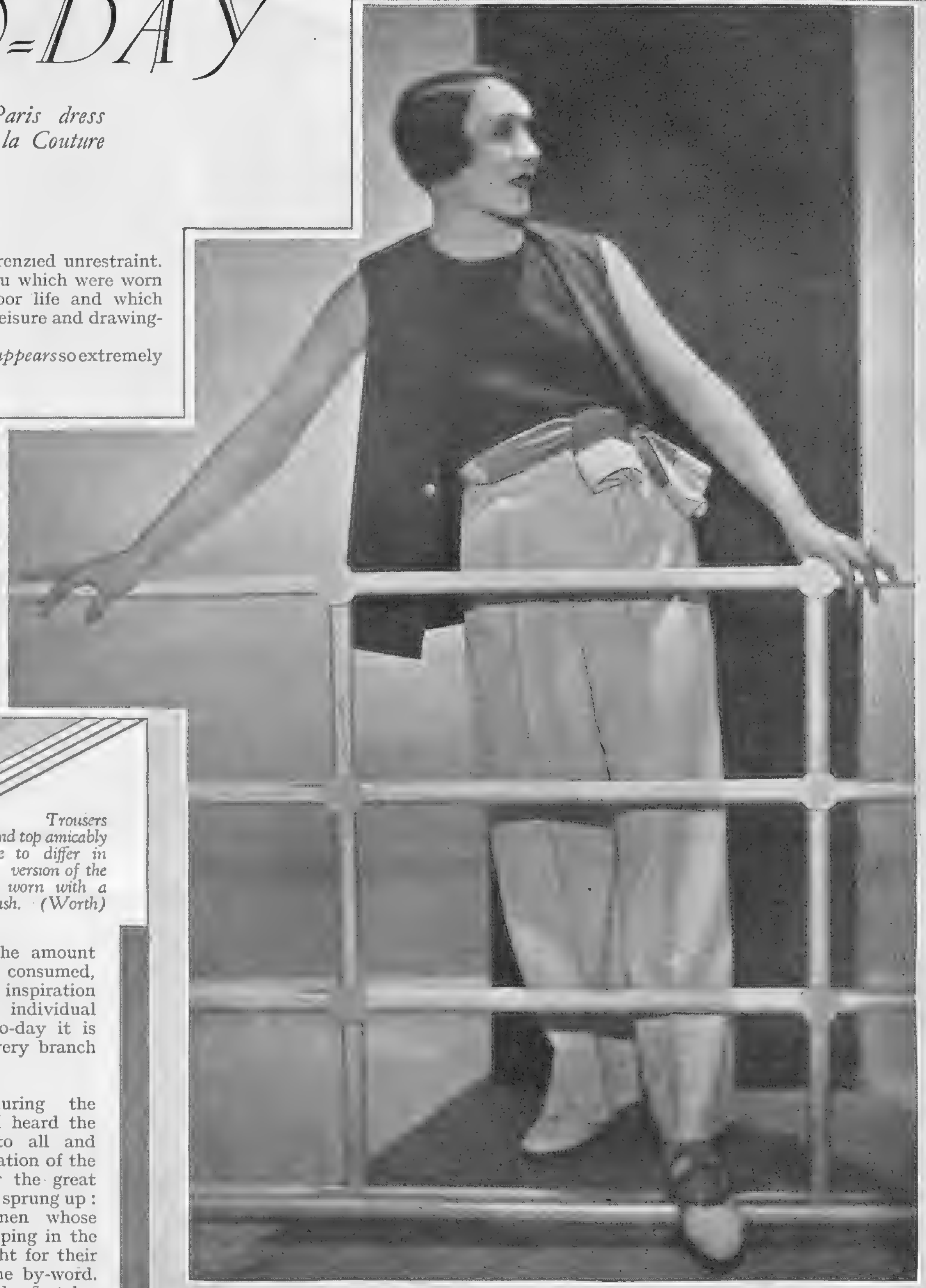
acknowledged leader among Paris dress of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture

WORTH

ease, and which to one of frenzied unrestraint. He would be able to tell you which were worn by a people fond of outdoor life and which by one devoted to cultured leisure and drawing-room amenities.

Modern life, however, only *appears* so extremely simple. In reality it is the last word of an actually very complicated system of living.

As in architecture and decoration, simplicity of dress implies no end of things. The lady who visits the salons of the *grand couturier* esn't realise, perhaps, the amount thought, the hours consumed, the skill required and the inspiration eeded before each single individual wn can be created. To-day it is *echnique* that counts in every branch of art.



Trousers and top amicably agree to differ in the latest version of the Boudoir suit, worn with a gaily coloured silk sash. (Worth)

ALMOST incessantly during the years following the war I heard the term "*le sport*" applied to all and every sort of garb, an indication of the character of the day. For the great army of new women who had sprung up: parvenues, foreigners, women whose girlhood had been spent helping in the war, women who had to fight for their living, simplicity became the by-word.

To-day, however, we see the first lap of this period of transition nearing the finish. Class readjustment has been attained. The parvenues have been educated sufficiently to warrant the wearing of gowns more feminine, filmier, more intricate.

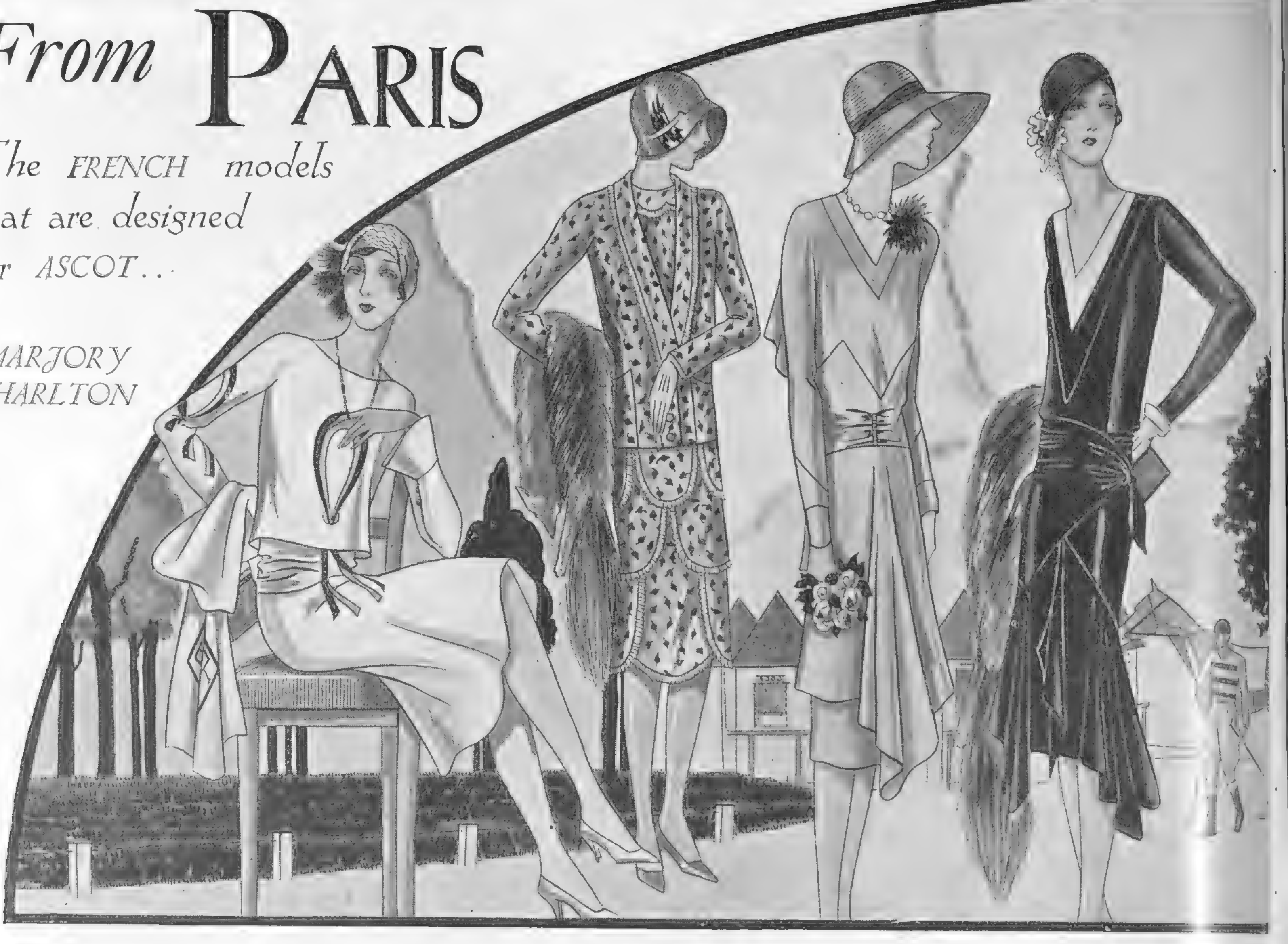
BOTH modern dress and modern art possess the common striking characteristic of seeking to convey an *impression* rather than of demanding that we give it our careful scrutiny.

And modern woman is motivated with the same desire to produce an impression of easy attainment, for in this world of speed women are occupied with too many things to dedicate so much time to merely their wardrobe. Yet we have a greater number of smart women to-day, for to the old quota of *quality* has been added that of *quantity*. The reason lies in the facilities of communications. Fashion revues prepare their "copy" from the very last-moment verdicts of Paris; the fashion magazines all over the world carry the same comments on "what's being worn," so that "Every Woman" everywhere has an even chance to be "smart."

From PARIS

The FRENCH models that are designed for ASCOT . . .

By
MARJORY CHARLTON



1.—The horse-shoe motif in blue and yellow ribbon on the white crêpe de Chine frock above will surely bring luck to the wearer. (Jeanne Lanvin.)

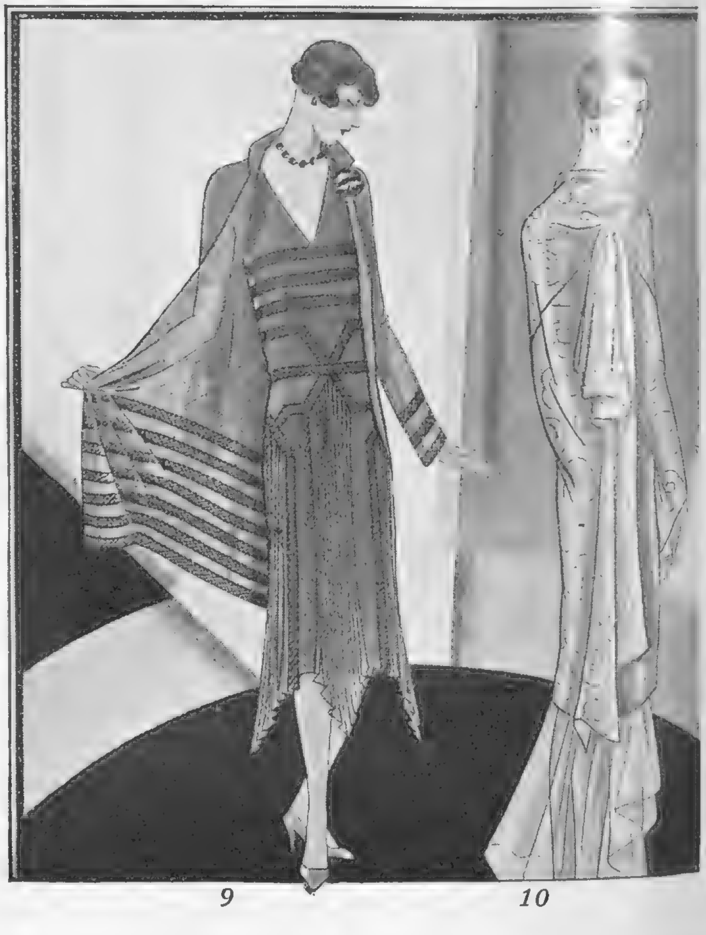
2.—A "winning" model of lime-green silk-crêpe in an original leaf design, that shows the tailored ensemble in its new feminine aspect. (Suzanne Talbot.)

3.—Beige georgette is used for a frock, the skirt godet-draped, with a black and scarlet flower striking an effective colour note. (Bernard et Cie.)

4.—The fourth model has the new flat hip effect, and is made of black crêpe de Chine, with a touch of pink at the neck and wrists. (Philippe et Gaston.)

PARIS can supply the answer to the all-important question as to what the Smart World will wear for Ascot and the various other gaieties that will take place in June, for the great French designers always take the London Season into consideration when they create their summer models. From Jeanne Lanvin, for instance, comes a frock of white silk-crêpe, with a draped sash at the natural waist-line and a bodice of bolero cut, further distinguished by amusing motifs of blue and yellow ribbon. Another "winner" from Suzanne Talbot, designed on tailored lines, but at the same time pleasingly feminine, is carried out in two shades of lime-green silk-crêpe, and both the short jacket and the flat petal-shaped flounces on the skirt of the frock are edged with narrow pleating. And for a graceful model that has a draped cape cut in one with the frock balancing the godet drapery in the front of the skirt, Bernard et Cie uses beige Georgette.

PHILIPPE et Gaston proves that black is smart, with a most becoming model in crêpe de Chine, the draped belt knotted at both sides and the flat hip effect achieved by means of slanting godets. For a cloudy day Martial et Armand puts forward the smartest of overcoats, and Tollmann uses tucks in a fine chequered design as an effective trimming for a two-piece of claret coloured Georgette.

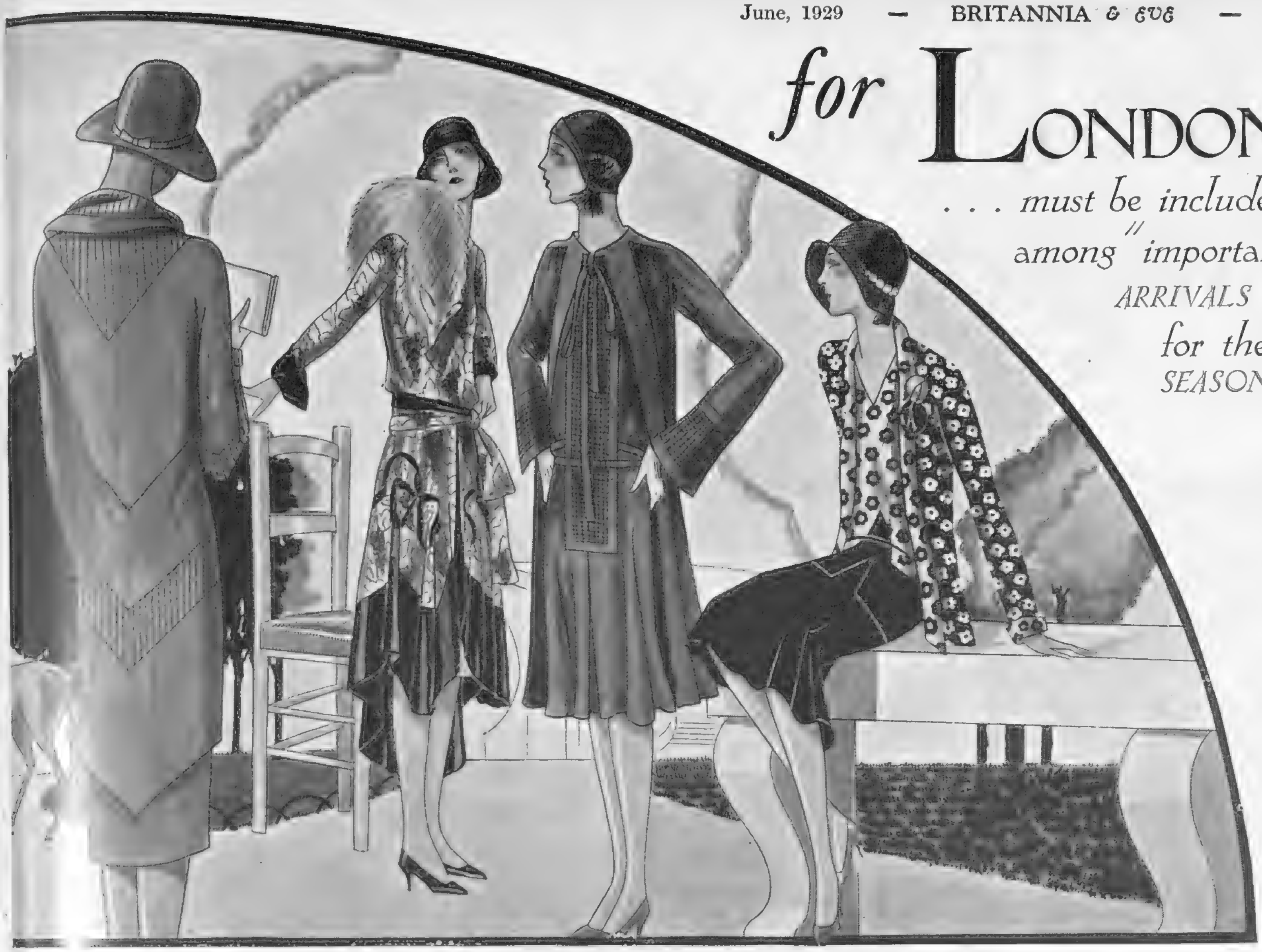


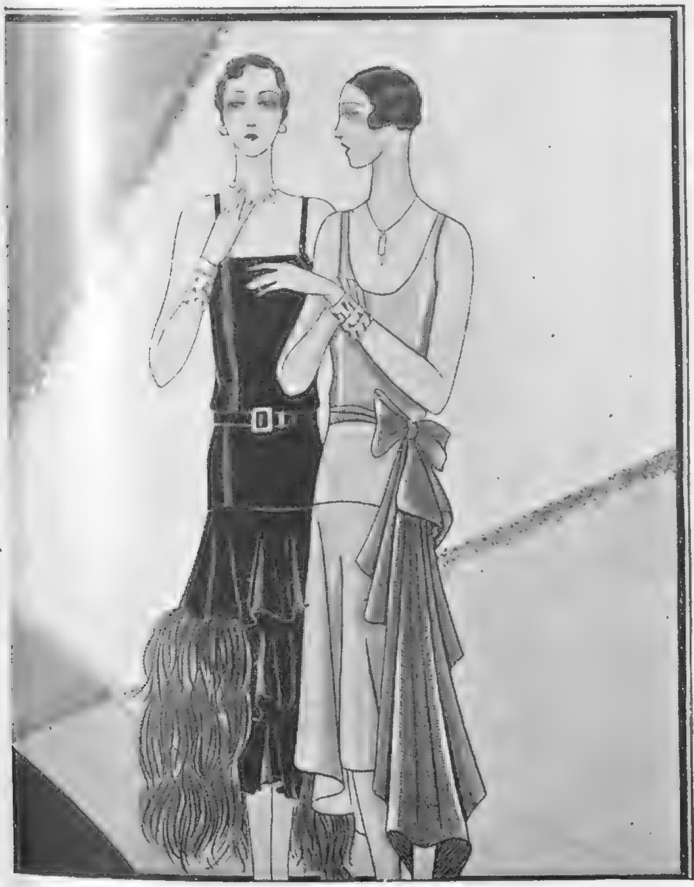
9.—The dinner frock on the right is made of black tulle, with a coat en suite, and both are trimmed with bands of the same fabric. (Jean Patou.)

10.—On the extreme right, note something wonderful in evening wraps, wrought in patterned gold lamé and fashionably collarless. (Molyneux.)

for LONDON

. . . must be included "among important ARRIVALS for the SEASON"





6.—*A yellow and black printed chiffon frock, with motifs and borders of black ciré chiffon, will achieve an easy victory on Cup Day. (Cécile Welly.)*

5.—*Geometrical insertions worked in tucks are an effective form of trimming on a smartly cut overcoat of a light grey woollen fabric. (Martial et Armand.)*

7.—*Tucking supplies an original trimming to a two-piece, the coat fashionably collarless, in claret-coloured georgette. (Tollmann.)*

8.—*Take very special note of a new version of the black and white ensemble, the backgrounds of bodice and coat being cleverly reversed. (Premet.)*

AND could anything be more fascinating than Premet's ensemble, the frock combining black silk-poplin and silk-crêpe, printed black on white, whilst the coat, which is lined with the same material as the bodice, is printed white on black? Or black and yellow chiffon, as sponsored by Cécile Welly, with black ciré chiffon used for the motifs, border, and gauntlet cuffs?

11.—*The loveliest of dance frocks made of black tulle over black chiffon has the tiered skirt feather trimmed at either side. (Molyneux.)*

12.—*A model of lime-green satin, the bodice long and straight, the skirt draped godet-fashion, has a draped sash of mulberry coloured faille. (Goupy.)*

SO much for what will be worn by day. The order of the night, according to Jean Patou, is black tulle for a dinner or theatre ensemble, both the gown and three-quarter coat being trimmed with bands of the same material. The new evening wraps are almost unbelievably gorgeous, and Molyneux suggests a voluminous cape of patterned gold lamé, " sans " collar, in the new manner, and cut with a yoke, with a big loose bow hanging from the back of the shoulder. And for dancing! Black tulle over black chiffon, says Molyneux, the belted bodice long and straight and an amusing trimming of feathers pendant on either side of the tiered skirt. This same straight line characterises the bodice of the model from Goupy, carried out in lime-green satin, a long draped sash of mulberry coloured faille following the same lines as the godet draperies of the skirt. Lime-green and mulberry is the latest colour alliance.

"ACCESSORIA"

A Suite in Beads, Bags and Fans.

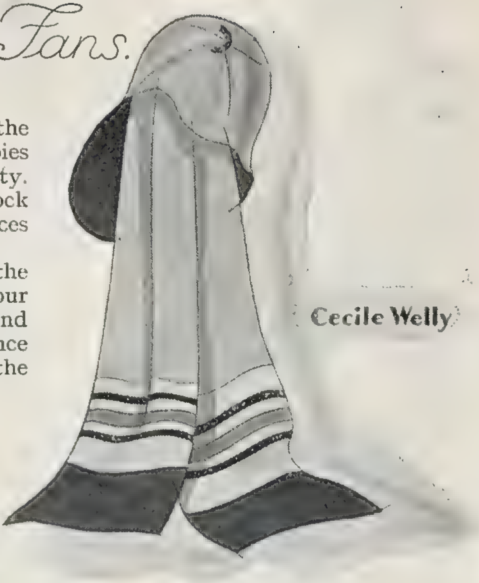
"ONLY those who still dwell on a low cultural level wear barbarian jewellery," says man. Not so with woman. . . . Blue beads, yellow beads, red beads, green beads. Oval ones, round ones, flat ones, squares, cubes. Not two alike: beads cut, engraved, enamelled, in metal, crystal, wood, ivory, coral, ebony, or galalithe.

But let us leave this world of glass illusion. Real things there are as well in the Rue de la Paix. Corals, but a little while ago the admitted adornment of apple-cheeked babies in arms, have risen in grade and dignity. Finely carved onyx, Chinese jades and rock crystal, too, make pendants and necklaces of picturesque elegance.

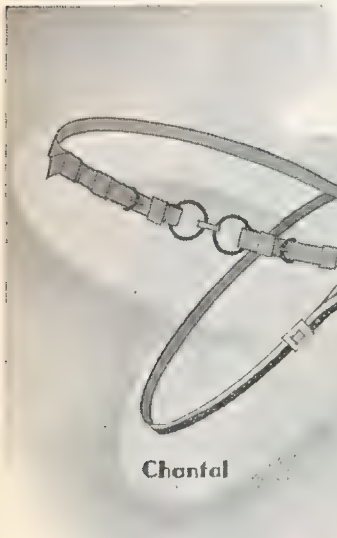
And fans. . . . We knew nothing of the gracefully coquettish way with which our grannies used to play hide and seek behind carved ivory and peacock feathers, but once more we shall lean back in the boxes of the Opera playing nonchalantly with them. But of what are the new fans made? Of sheerest chiffon in different layers and shades, matching or contrasting with the gown.

Woman's existence from A to Z is riveted to a handbag. In it, she carries the means for renewing her beauty, for refreshing her memory, for adding to her personality the allure of fragrance. Bags have hitherto been made of skins and hides of almost all available animals, and now, having exhausted the animal reign, fashion has had a stroke of genius and imagined tapestry bags.

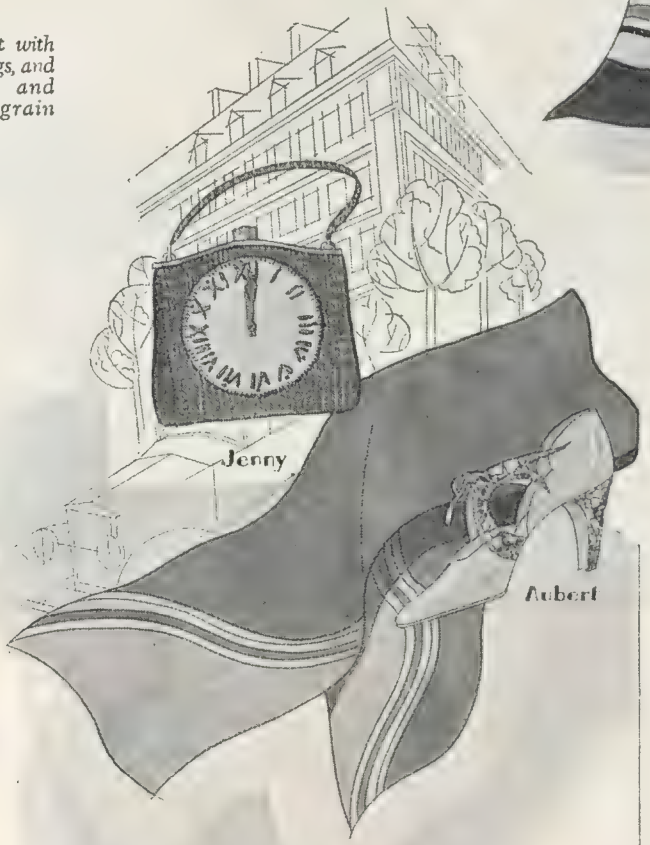
MARY PANDOS.



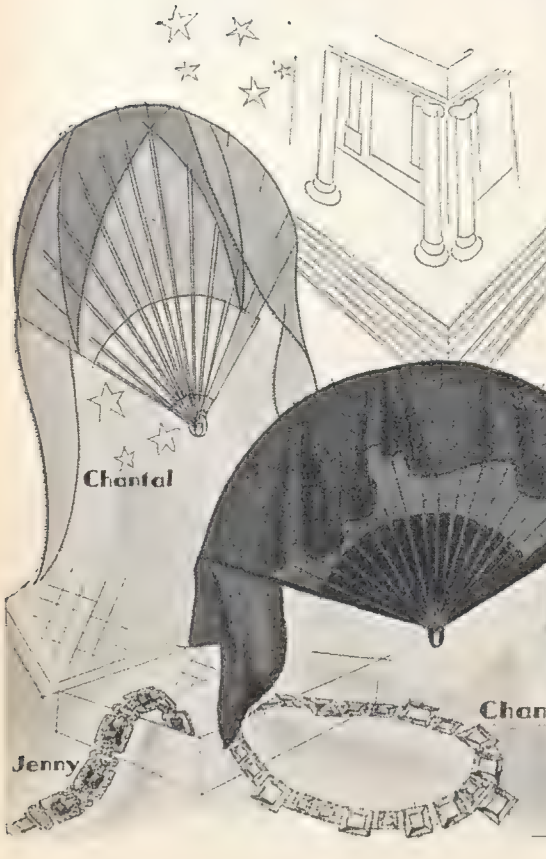
A yellow Baku hat, lined with black felt, its Scarf matching in yellow crepe Tchinsou edged with bands in white, grey and black



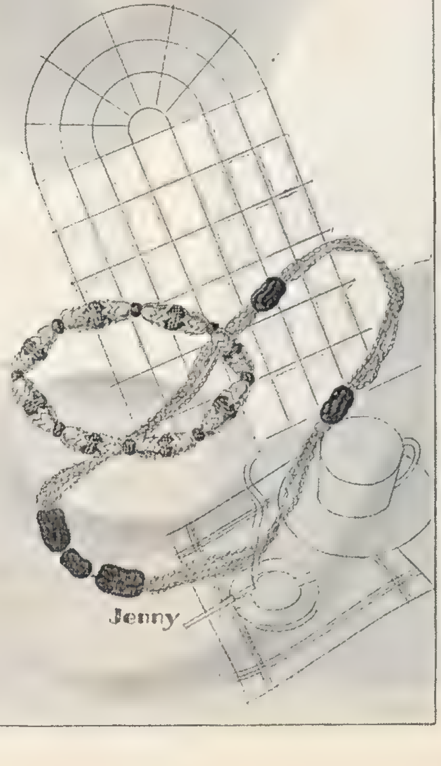
Beige suede belt with brown fastenings, and Belt of red and black gros grain



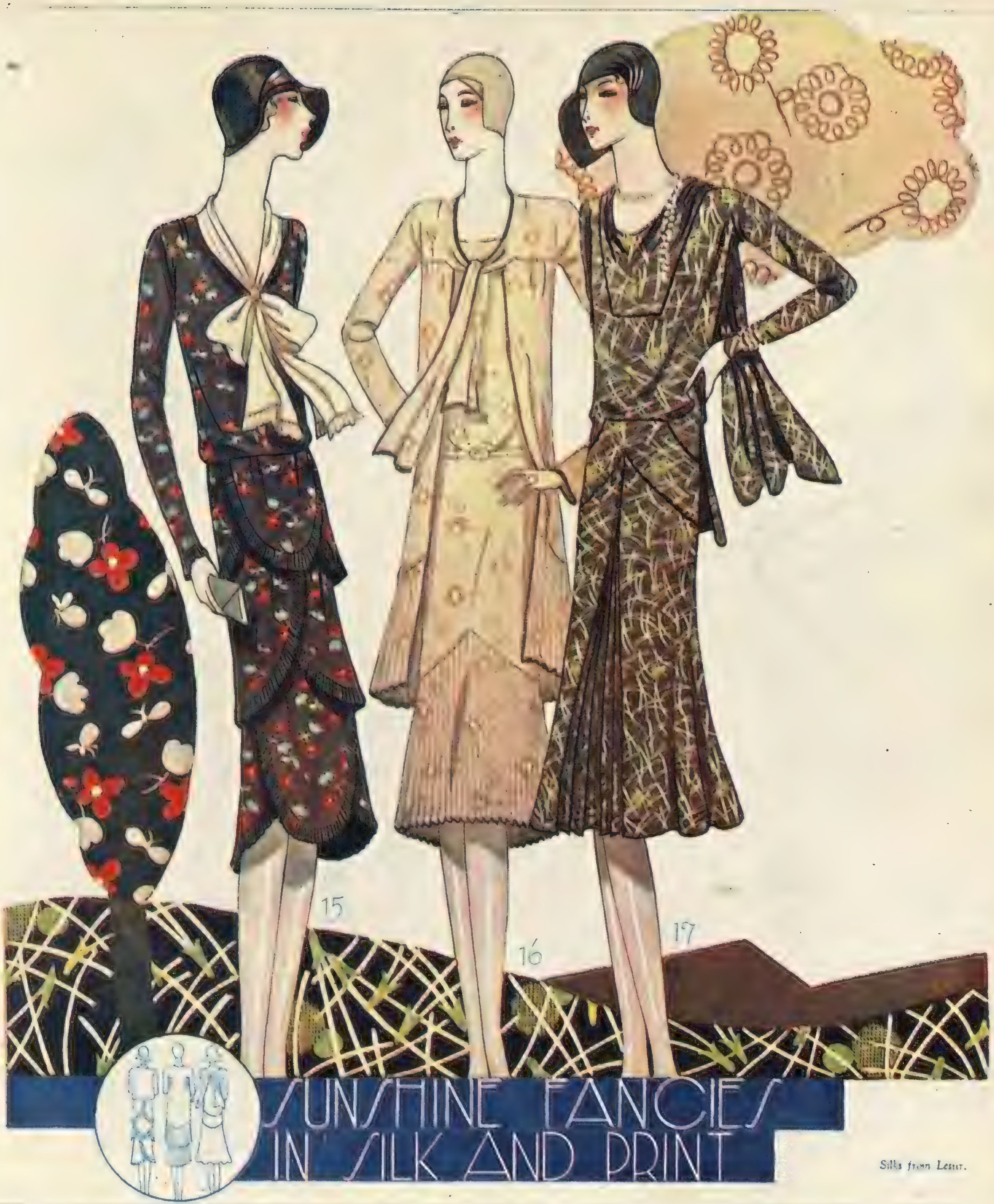
Of brown and beige tweed, this bag is embroidered with the face of a clock. A marron and beige georgette scarf accords happily with shoes of beige kid and brown crocodile



Fans—one in shaded shell-tinted georgette, and one of red georgette and tortoiseshell. A Bracelet of topaze-coloured stones and rhinestones and a necklace of cut crystal



The choker of lotus-shaped yellow and green beads is as chic as the longer necklace of tiny stringed beads and coral jewellery motifs.



SUNSHINE FANCIES IN SILK AND PRINT

Silks from Lesur.

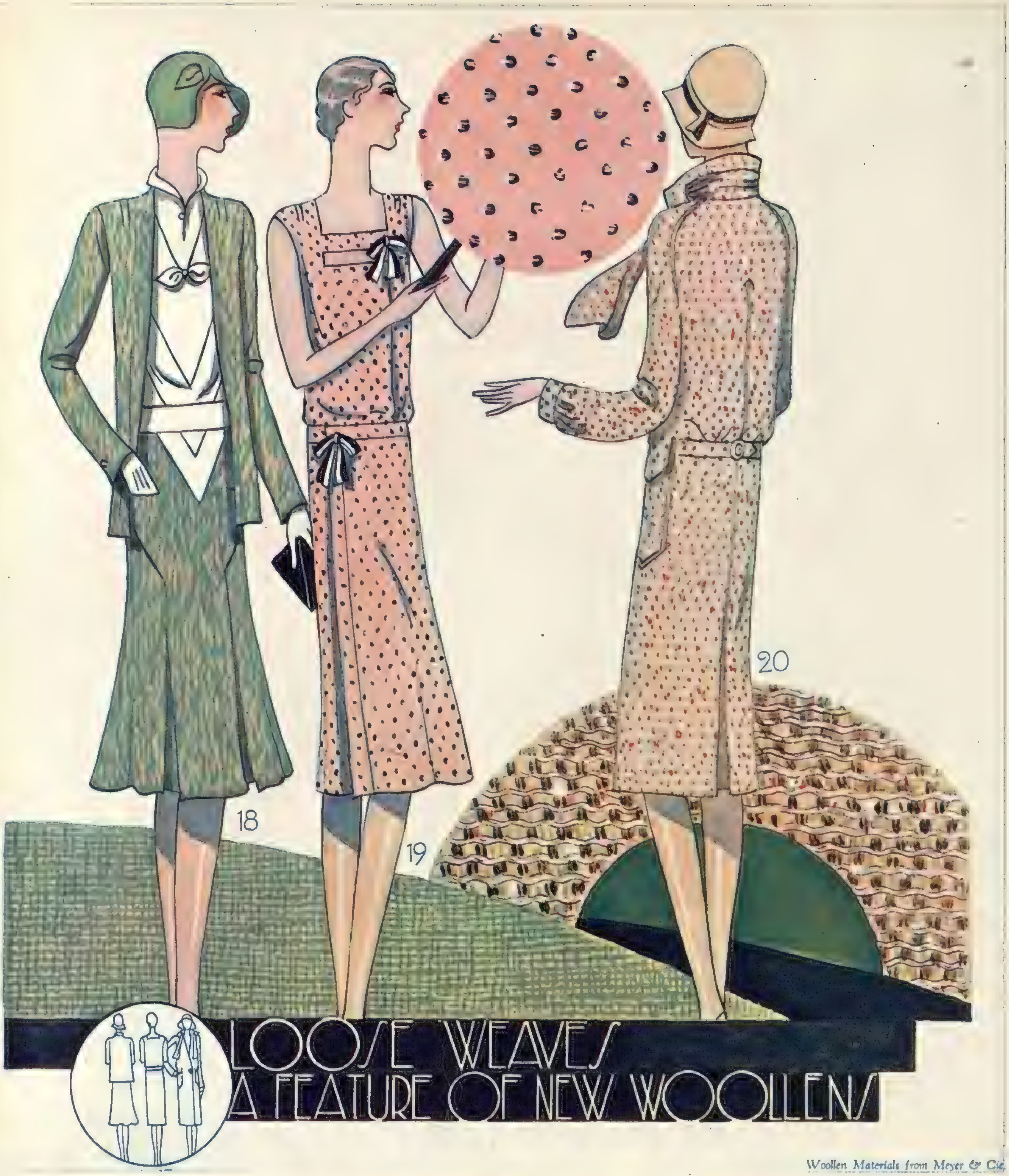
15.—With a subtle frivolity lurking in every scallop of the skirt, this vividly flower-patterned black crepe-de-Chine frock and its tie collar in softest ivory is ideal for the early summer race meeting.

16.—And claiming equal charm is a two-piece ensemble in beige printed crepe-de-Chine with the base of the coat and the skirt both enhanced by finely pleated flouncings.

17.—But with magpie effects invariably to the fore among Fashion's well-beloveds, this crepe-de-Chine gown and its graceful flowing panels and fan-pleated skirt may appeal the more.

FOR the informal garden party, the race meeting, the matinée, or almost any afternoon engagement, printed silks are favourites all the way. Like the very roses of June itself, there is an indefinable sophistication, permeated at the same time in a marked degree with the spirit of beauty and simplicity.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, *IN SIX SIZES,* CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 162.



LOOSE WEAVES A FEATURE OF NEW WOOLLENS

Woollen Materials from Meyer & Cie.

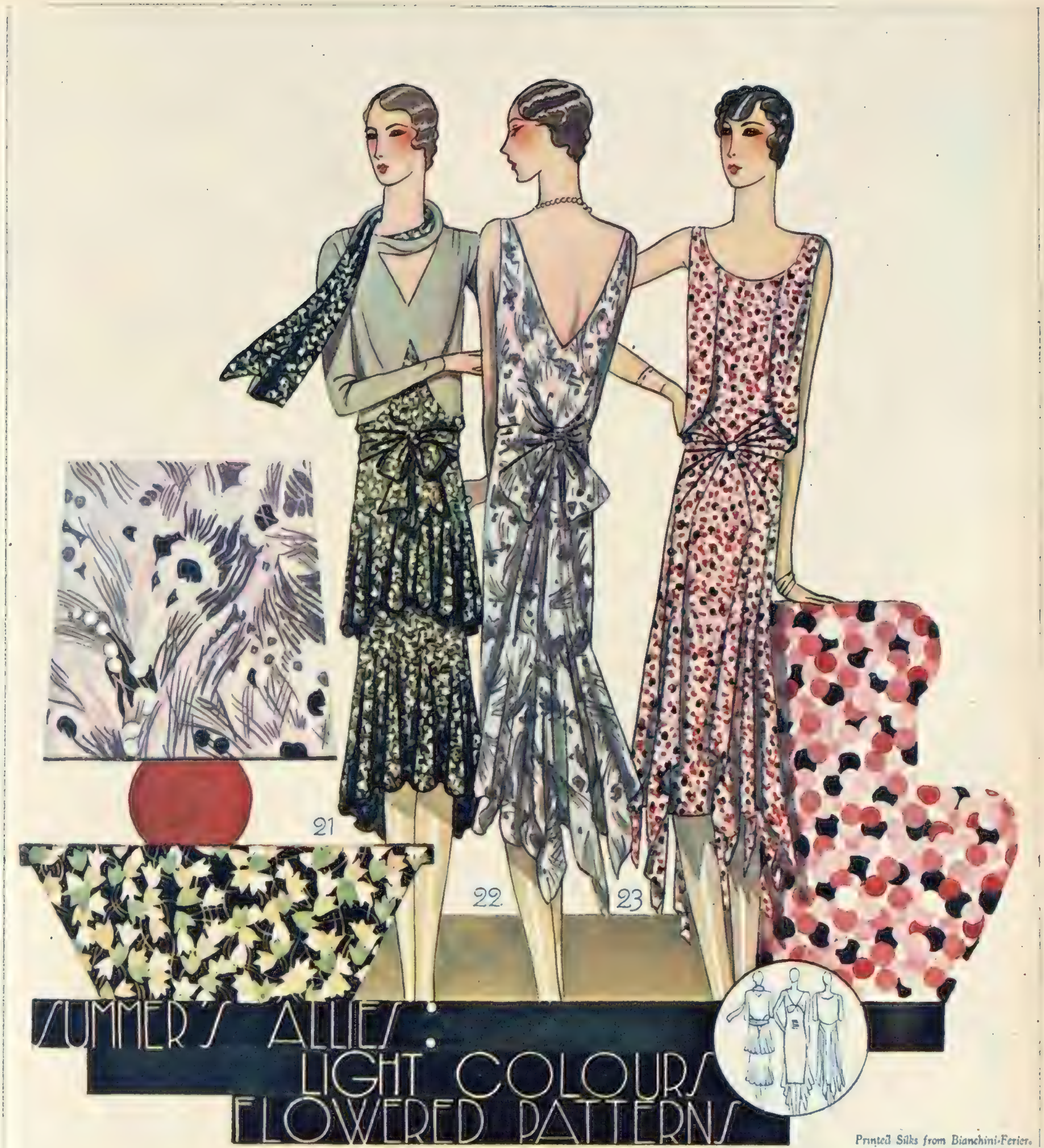
18.—Almond-green, a cool, refreshing tint much favoured this season, is chosen for the Trelya woollen crepe in which this costume is tailored. The white silk shirt blouse adds a note at once chic and disinctive.

19.—Black and white spots peppered with the utmost regularity over this frock of pink Madiana woollen material comprises an unusually attractive square-necked frock for the young girl.

20.—Never a summer but has its frequent need for a well-tailored sports coat. This model is expressed in Vannelya tweed, and it is finished with a scarf collar and belt of the same material.

MLLE. Fifteen to Mme. Fifty know nothing more fascinating than the new wollen materials with their artistic loose weaves. They guarantee a certain well-tailored appearance; at the same time all feeling of harshness and unfemininity is entirely eliminated.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, *IN SIX SIZES*, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 162.



SUMMER'S ALLIES: LIGHT COLOURS FLOWERED PATTERNS

Printed Silks from Bianchini-Ferier.

21.—You like the popular printed crepe-de-Chine? You love, too, the quite plain materials? Then why not ally them as here, where an effective afternoon gown, is created in beige, black, green and white figured crepe-de-Chine with its upper portion patternless?

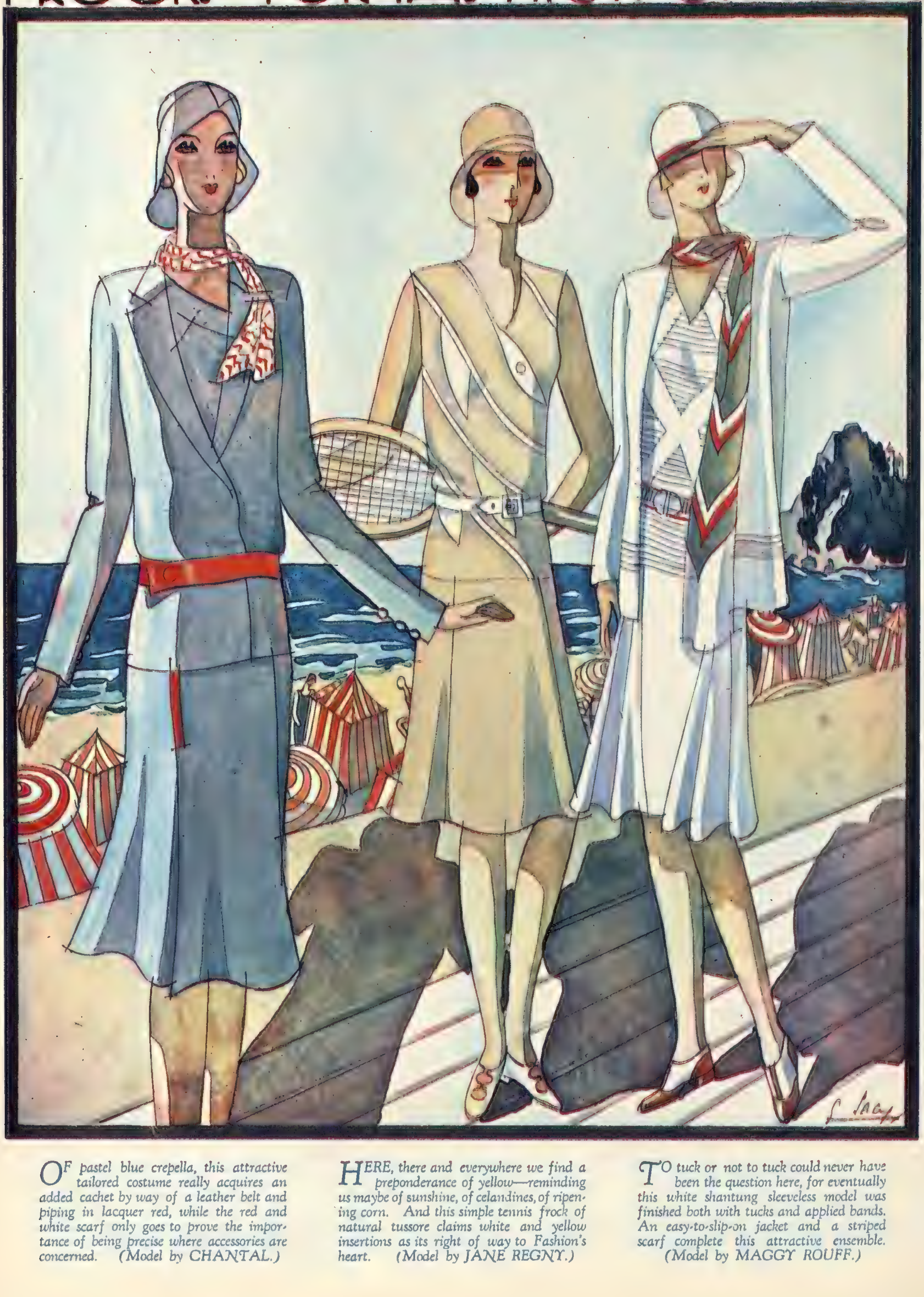
22.—Would you float elfin-like through the warmest summer evening and still retain your reputation for always looking "so divinely cool"? Then this evening gown in cloud-grey crepe-de-Chine, subtly printed in black and pink, will, I am sure, appeal to you.

23.—Something about confetti that is contagiously hilarious, isn't there? That is why this little model suggests its suitability for the cheerful week-end party. The bolero effect voices its voguishness, and its black, red and white confetti design is so gay!

SUN and shadow, light and shade, rippling waves and glass-smooth water . . . . Nature at summer time is varied in her moods. So what more natural than that Eve should gown herself with the fabrics which are as varied and as be-flowered as the very garden itself—one of Nature's own sanctums?

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN SIX SIZES, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 162.

FROCKS FOR FASHION-ON-SEA

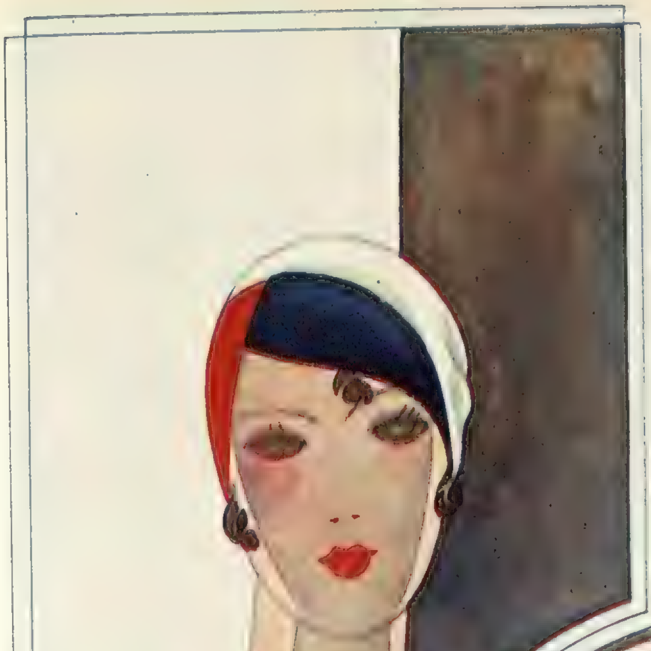


OF pastel blue crepella, this attractive tailored costume really acquires an added cachet by way of a leather belt and piping in lacquer red, while the red and white scarf only goes to prove the importance of being precise where accessories are concerned. (Model by CHANTAL.)

HERE, there and everywhere we find a preponderance of yellow—reminding us maybe of sunshine, of celandines, of ripening corn. And this simple tennis frock of natural tussore claims white and yellow insertions as its right of way to Fashion's heart. (Model by JANE REGNY.)

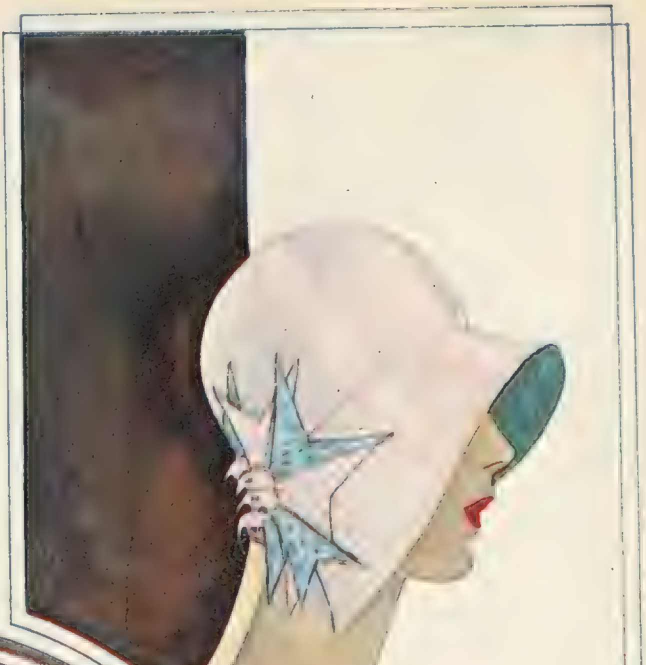
TO tuck or not to tuck could never have been the question here, for eventually this white shantung sleeveless model was finished both with tucks and applied bands. An easy-to-slip-on jacket and a striped scarf complete this attractive ensemble. (Model by MAGGY ROUFF.)

SHADY HATS FOR CLOUDLESS SKIES



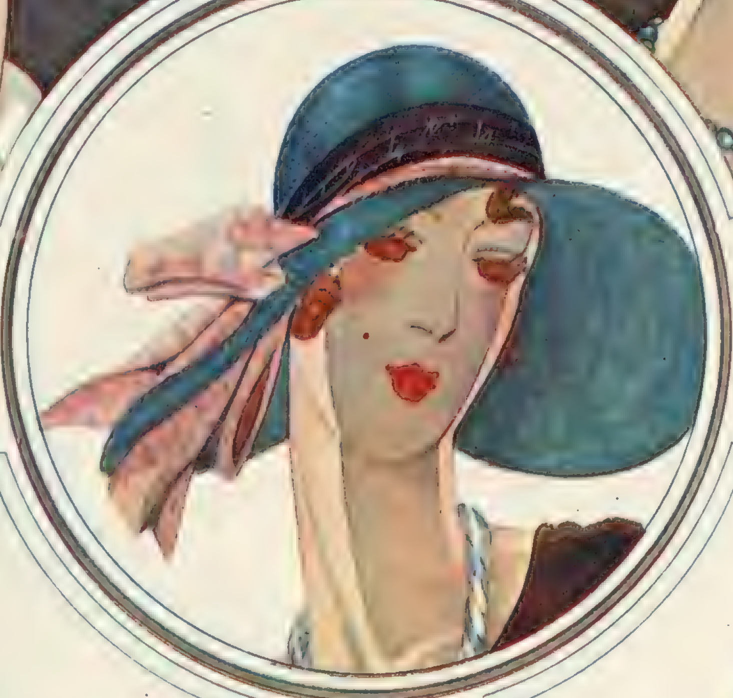
SUZY

When skies are no longer cloudless this charming turban felt in blue, white and red is favoured by Princess Obolenski.



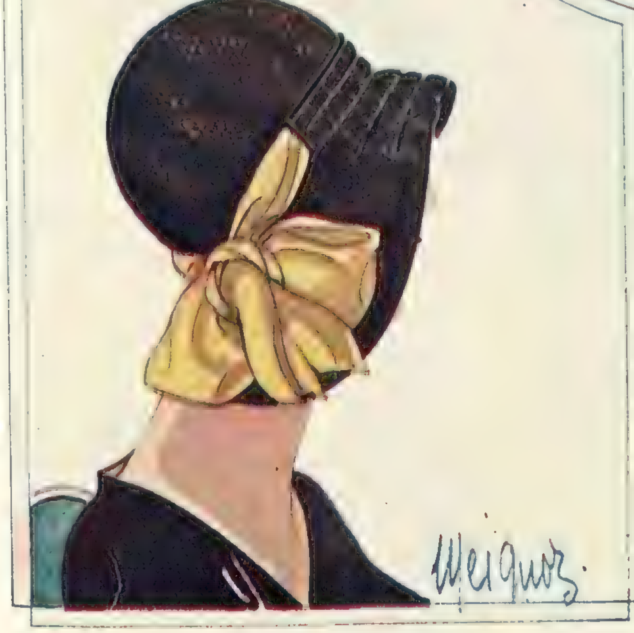
GEORGETTE

This cloche is in rose bengale, effectively lined with turquoise blue felt, and finished with a blue and pink plume at the back.



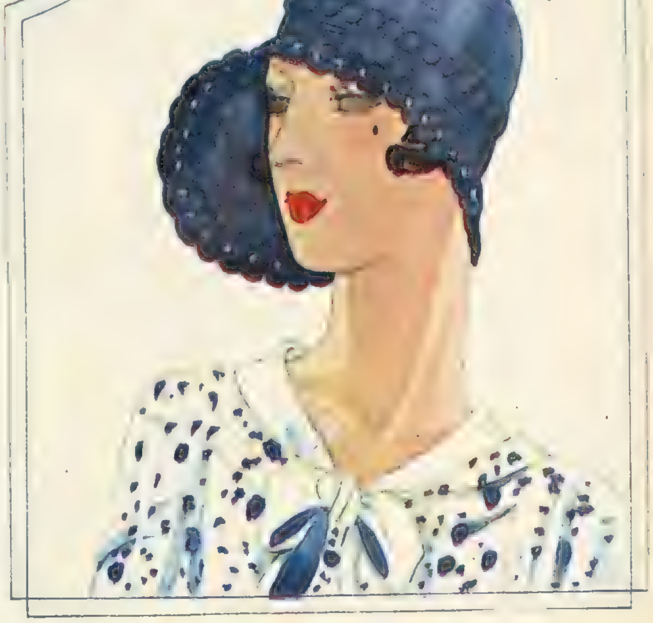
LE MONNIER

The charm of the wide shadowy brim is here seen to perfection in turquoise "parasisol" supplemented with swathing and bow in black and pink moiré ribbon.



CAMILLE ROGER

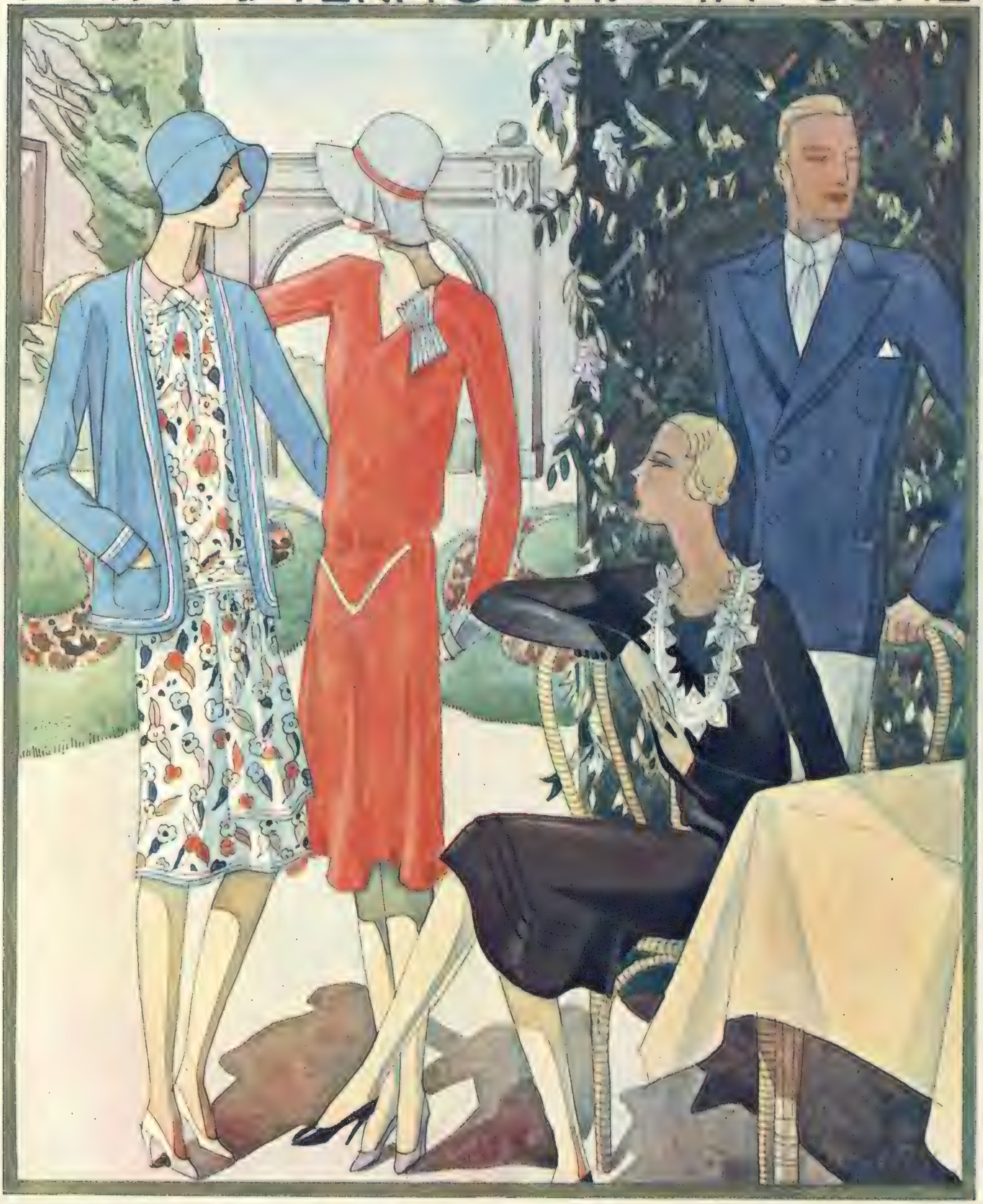
A note of novelty stresses the chic of this early summer model—vide the gathered front! Expressed in black Baku, the beige velvet bow effects a striking and very pleasing contrast.



CAMILLE ROGER

And in a new and altogether fascinating form comes . . . horsehair! Following fashion's much-favoured line—the wide right side and the negligible left—this model is decorated with "azou" dots.

FOR AFTERNOONS IN JUNE

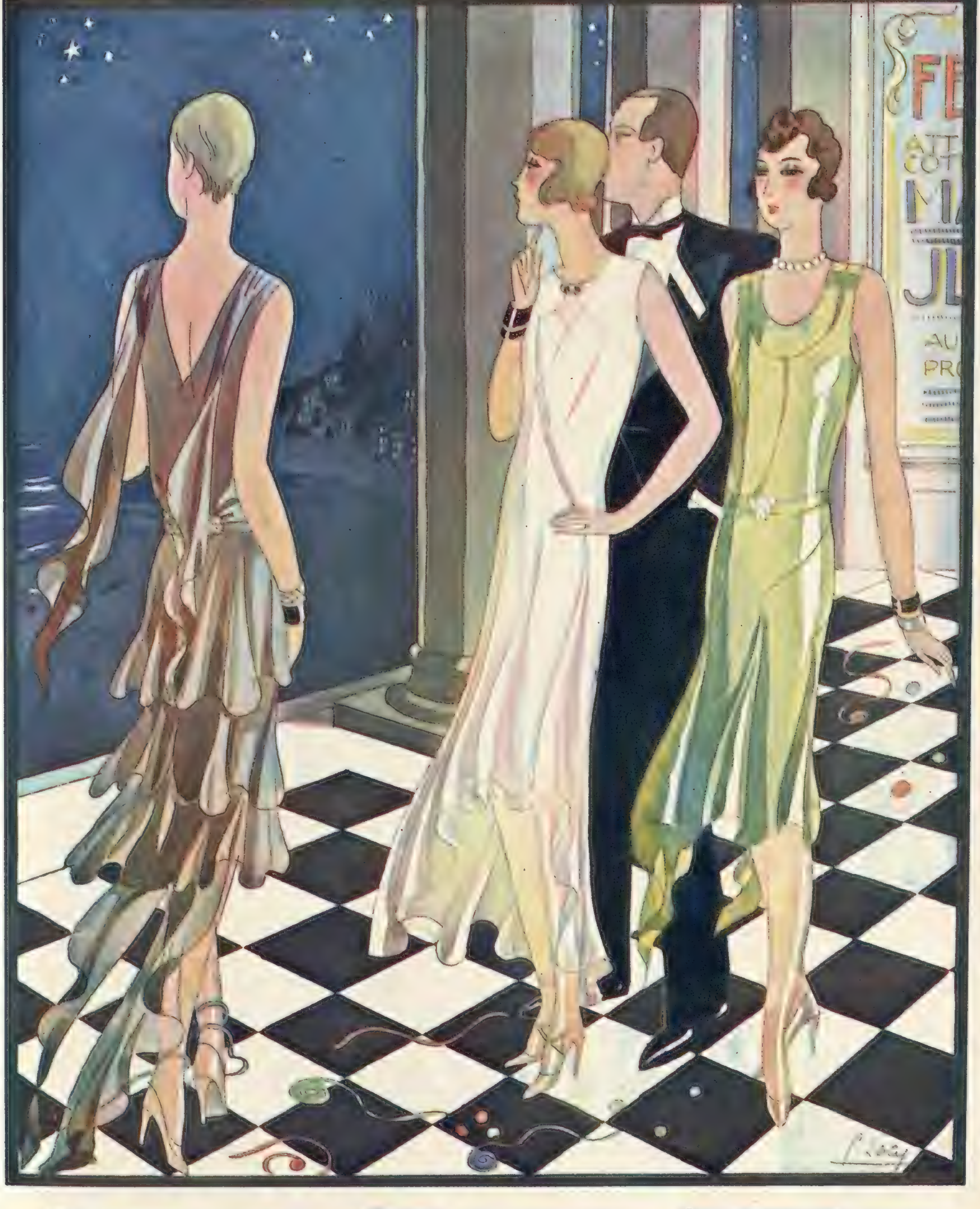


THE delicate blue of delphiniums .... the blushing pink of moss roses .... in a mingled flower pattern, is used for this delightfully simple summer frock. A plain blue cardigan accompanies it, also in blue crepe-de-Chine, and the blue and pink pipings stress the soft becoming colours.
(Model by JANE REGNY.)

EVEN in the height of summer, there will be brilliant flag red for those who favour it. In georgette it is used here for a charming little afternoon model which still retains the long sleeve and the chic circular skirt. The white organdi cuffs and bow give it just the requisite finish.
(Model by MARTHE and RENEE.)

IT is doubtful whether any really smart wardrobe is ever without its essential black and white ensemble. The afternoon gown shown here is in plain black marocain, and its unusual wreath-shaped collar of open-worked white georgette is a new and chic departure from the ordinary.
(Model by JENNY.)

GOWNS FOR MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

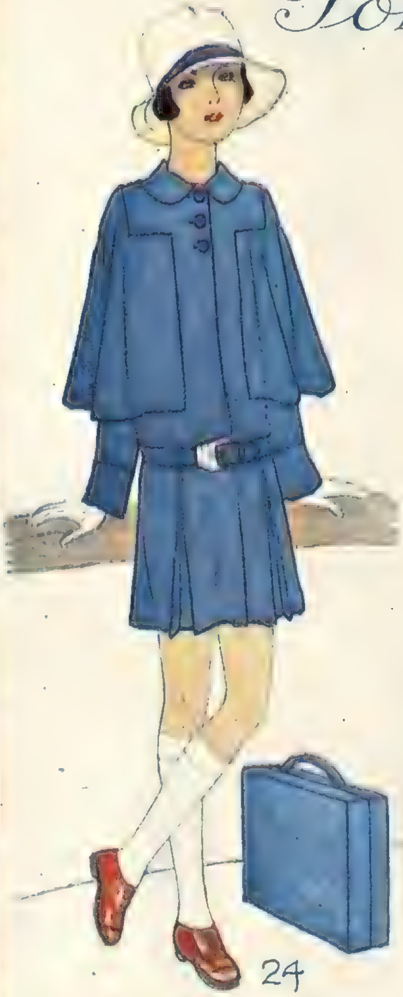


FOR the woman who loves the cool mysterious wispiness of mouse-grey georgette, this frock with its décollete back, its flounced skirt and its graceful floating-away effect is certainly in tune with the present season's feminine trend. (Model by MAGGY ROUFF.)

CHIFFON, white and ethereal, is ideal for the debutante's summer dance. Here, the hem of the skirt drapes down at the back, thus adding a sense of grace and elegance without undue sophistication. The solitary jewel clasp is worn at the neck. (Model by MARTHE and RENEE.)

CHARTREUSE-GREEN crepe satin fashions this slimming evening gown, which is typical of what the smart woman is favouring now. The effect is both cool in colour and graceful in line, the flared skirt coquetting with every breeze. (Model by LUCIEN LELONG.)

Holiday Frocks For the younger set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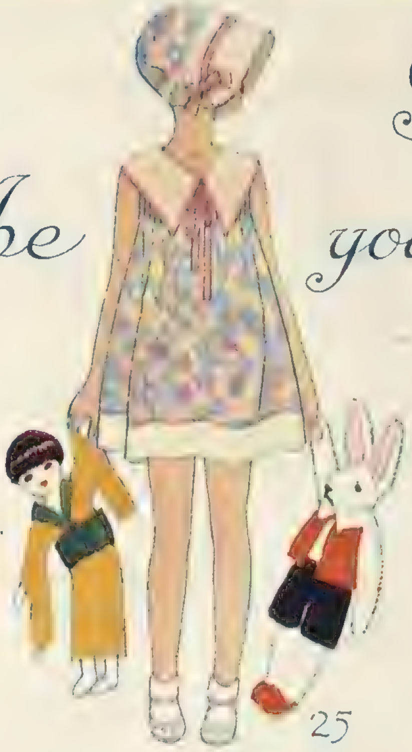
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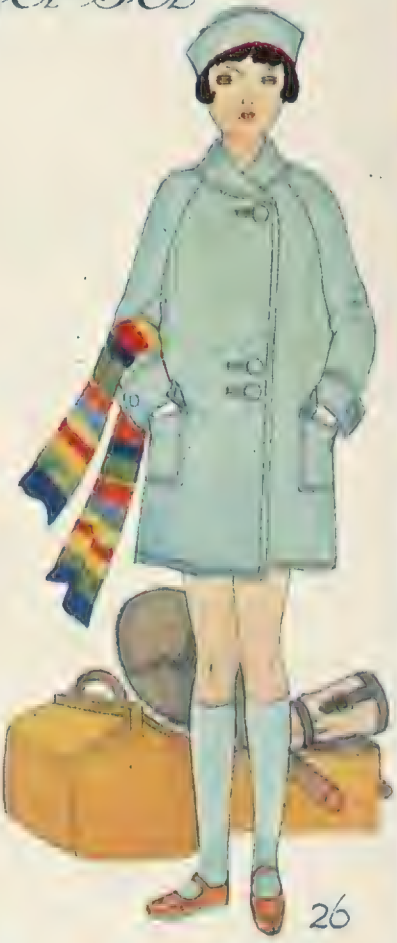
25.—While Playtime welcomes this simple little frock of plain and printed cotton voile, so essentially demure with its quaint, pointed collar!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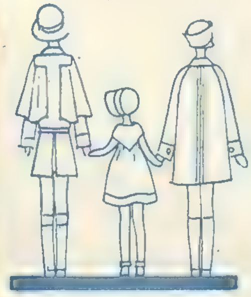
28.—Below: Bathing-time says, "The one-piece, please!" In black and white woollen jersey braided in a rich tangerine, becomes a very gay affair indeed.

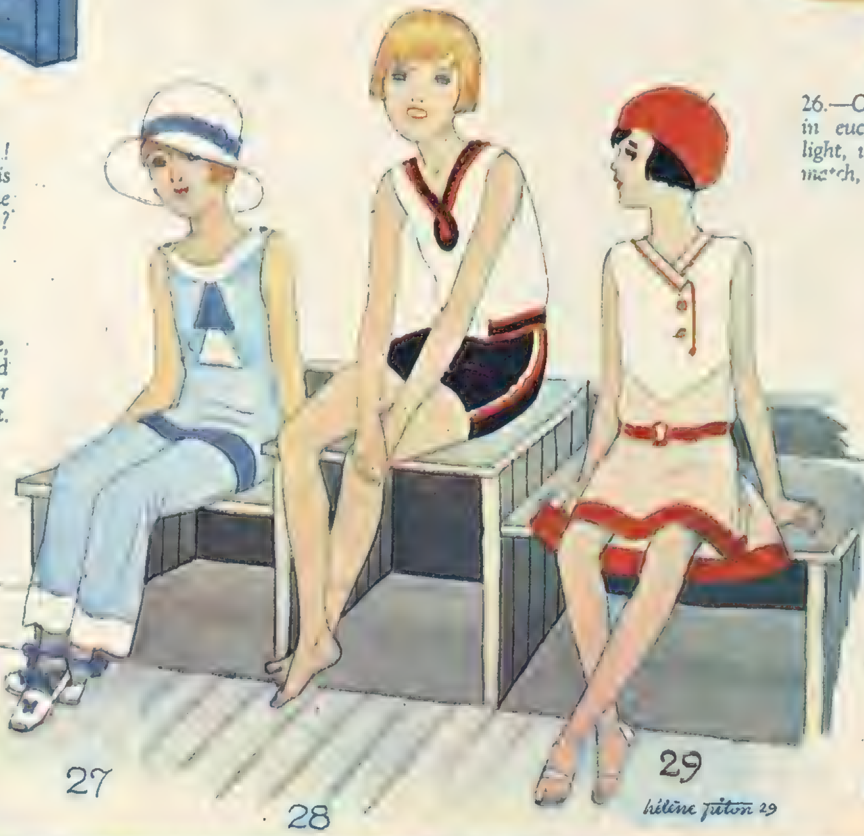
24.—Ready for the Holidays! What more charming than this cape-coat, of corn-flower blue Kasha, topped by Panama hat?

26.—Or this Raglan coat of tweed in eucalyptus-green, warm and light, with a comfy little cap to match, is also ideal for travelling.

27.—Right: For Beach-time, pyjamas in blue jersey appliqued with tussor in white and darker blue, and a trim little linen hat.

29.—And (left) a beach frock can be delightful too, when, as here, expressed in natural tussor and finished in red and white.





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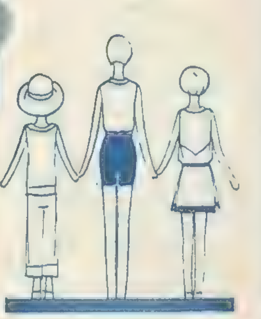
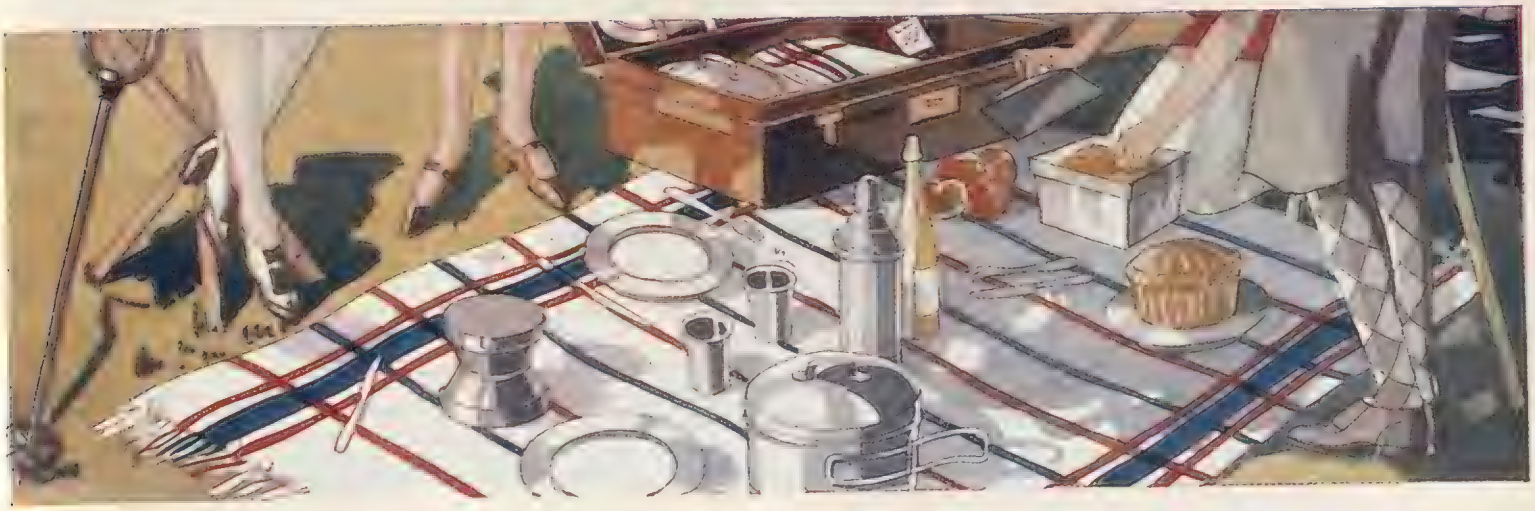


PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN THREE SIZES, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 162.

SIMPLE PLEASURES



Concerning PICNICS . . .

and GUESTS Unexpected and Missing

By GERMAINE BEAUMONT

With three French dishes specially created for this issue of "BRITANNIA & EVE" by Madame RAMILLON

PICNICS are delightful parties where there is always an unexpected guest and a missing one. The unexpected guest is a caterpillar and the missing one is the salt. Caterpillars have excuses for walking into the feast, because they are lonely creatures with little or few distractions of their own and great longing for society Were they bigger, they would look like sealyhams and be petted. They are small—thus misunderstood. Of all the means of dealing with a caterpillar, the best is to sneak away with the dishes and start the picnic all over again, this time in a house, with proper servants round the table, and people sitting in proper chairs instead of lying on wet grass.

As for the salt, the matter has been long discussed but the problem never solved. Why does one always forget salt?—is what Thomas Hardy calls delightfully one of life's little ironies.

THE amount of indifferent food people can swallow in picnics is also a mystery. The nearest approach to an explanation is that people are so intoxicated with the fatigue of preparing the picnics that they practically have lost consciousness when they sit down. What happens afterwards is a dream, a very costly one, too, costly to the health as well as to the purse.

Picnics are not easy to organise. For one thing, whoever starts the idea of picnicking should be sent at once to an asylum for mental strain. Politeness preventing such drastic measures, the least one can do is to get over the thing quickly.

In a picnic, everyone is supposed to bring his share of the entertainment, and everybody brings ham. Ham is a tangible proof of a total lack of imagination. Lack of imagination is as much to be feared in picnics as a penchant toward originality. Lack of imagination is monotonous, but excess of imagination is unpalatable.

A PERFECT picnic is a picnic of twelve people at which no more than eight have brought ham and the four others, cherries. Cherries afford distraction because one can do something with the stones, thus filling gaps in conversation. With cherry stones, one can play "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor," or hit the cows, or frighten the farm dog away.

It is always difficult to choose the right spot for a picnic. Trees drop insects and twigs, and leaves, and leafy ham and twiggy custards are more decorative than tasty. Open space is sooner or later exposed to sun and rain and the pensive gaze of the village idiot. In the forest, something always stirs. In the plains, one finds bulls. Hills are slippery. Valleys damp. The babbling brook does away with the bottles. The river swallows the children. The children who fall into the river in the course of the picnic are practically always saved. It is the people who save them who die of intercostal exposure.

IT is no wonder that picnics inspire much enthusiasm. They present an amount of complications, worries, indignities and dangers that is very refreshing to people used to comfort; good food, good servants and dignified meals. For the same reason that one rushes to tiny theatres in far-away suburbs to sit on benches and listen to actors expressing themselves in Zulu dialect, one leaves a lovely house, a beautiful flat, to rush to the fields with hampers, to eat anything, anyhow, and catch a cold at the very least.

There is also an inevitable feature of the picnic that one should, in all impartiality, mention. It is the ant. An ant in itself is an atom. Many ants are a plague. How is it that one always spreads the napkin over an ant-hill? To what end? For what reasons? In response to what instinctive entomological genius?

But enough on that subject. The reader must feel now that nothing has been spared in the way of encouragements. It would not be fair by too much urging, to transform into a duty what has always been considered as a natural and healthy pleasure: picnics.

Three FRENCH Dishes

By Madame RAMILLON

Salade Diplomate

SALADE DIPLOMATE

3 very large artichokes. 1 small bunch of green asparagus.
5 oz. York ham. 2 or 3 tomatoes. A few truffles. 1 Lemon.

1. Pull the leaves off the artichokes, leaving only the centres. Clean well, rub with lemon juice and boil in salt water. Then strain well.

2. Scrape and wash asparagus. Boil in salt water, strain, and then cut into small cubes all tender parts.

3. Cut the ham into small cubes.

4. Peel, seed and slice the tomatoes.

5. Take a crystal cup or bowl, place a few slices of tomatoes in the middle. Ring the tomatoes with a fairly thick layer of ham. Then around the ham place the artichoke centres, filling them with the asparagus heads or various small vegetables cut into cubes.

6. Make a small quantity of vinegar dressing and sprinkle over. Before serving, spread minced truffles over centres of tomatoes.

CHERRY-ALMOND DAINTY

7 oz. of sweet, well-ripened cherries
7 oz. of fresh biscuits ("ladies' fingers" or sponge cake).
9 oz. of shelled almonds.
11 oz. of fine sugar.
9 oz. of good butter.
2 dessert-spoons of Grand Marnier.
2 dessert-spoons of fresh or whipped cream.

1. Peel cherries and remove stones. Put them in a bowl with 3 oz. of powdered sugar, and the Grand Marnier and soak for 2 hours, stirring from time to time.

2. Put the almonds in boiling water for a few minutes, then remove the skins.

3. Dry them in the oven or by rubbing with a cloth.

4. Crush them or grind them in a machine.

5. Put the butter in a bowl, slightly warmed, in warm water. Mash the butter, and then stir in the sugar and almonds with a fork. Whip for about a quarter of an hour.

6. Add cream, or whipped cream, cherries and Grand Marnier

7. Take a plain mould, place the biscuits or little sponge cakes at the bottom and round the sides, in close formation. Pour in mixture, press down and cover with biscuits according to taste.

8. Press for 24 hours in a cool place.

9. Turn out and serve as a cake or as a sweet, garnished with cream or custard.

The mixture can be divided in two before stirring in the cherries. Colour one half light rose, the cherries and liqueur being mixed in afterwards. The other half is left plain.

In this case place a piece of cardboard in the middle of the mould and fill each half with a different mixture. Press well, and then remove the cardboard. Stand in cool place. Turn out and garnish with gooseberry jelly.

(Cold sweet: for 7 or 8 people)

Cherry-Almond Dainty

Stuffed Veal (Hot or Cold)

STUFFED VEAL

(Hot or cold: for 5 or 6 people.)

½ lb. or ¾ lb. of fillet of veal (cut in a large collop). ¼ lb. of sausage meat. ½ lb. of raw smoked ham. 3 eggs. A dessert-spoonful of butter. About 1 pint of st . Salt, pepper, spices. A few mushrooms. 2 dessert-spoons of Madeira wine.

1. Boil the eggs hard. Shell and cut in thick rounds.

2. Take the collop of veal (cut rather thin) and "beat" it, to make it tender. Spread a thin layer of sausage meat over it, then slices of egg, placed together in rows.

3. Finally, cover the eggs with the ham, cut in thin slices. Salt and pepper lightly from time to time.

4. Roll the collop longways, truss it carefully so that it has the form of a large sausage.

5. Put the lump of butter in a deep pan on the fire. When it is warm put the collop in, and brown it on all sides. Then moisten with warm stock, still adding lightly, salt, pepper and spice (a pinch of powdered allspice), and the Madeira.

6. Cover the pan and let it cook for one and a half hour, turning the meat at half time.

Skim the fat off the gravy half an hour before it has finished cooking, and then add mushrooms or truffles to taste. Add a little more stock if necessary

7. Take meat from pan, removing string and decorate with mushrooms, or truffles and gravy. This dish is better cold, and is then served with a dressing of meat jelly.

Cutting down COOKING TIME

No reasonable person wants to spend an unnecessary moment over the kitchen stove during the summer months, and no one who arranges the menus and the moment for cooking them carefully need do so

By CATHERINE IVES

NO reasonable person wants to spend an unnecessary moment in the kitchen during the summer months. There are occasions when the cook of the household is forced to stay indoors far more than she could wish, but it is very often possible to arrange the menus of the week so that she need only do so at intervals

The two principal ways of reaching this desirable state of affairs consist in choosing dishes which need very little cooking, and in arranging the menus of the week so that several things can be cooked at the same time.

On the day she bakes a joint (if she must do so at all), she might also bake a dish of grey mullet which will be cool and delicious for next day's luncheon—a dish or two of stewed fruit, which can be done in separate casseroles at the same time, if the oven is fairly roomy.

Also, while some of these are cooking, and as she will need to stay in the kitchen, she could make one or two sauces, or do several odd jobs like preparing extra quantities of vegetables, sieving breadcrumbs, and making a mayonnaise or a batter.

Another day, when extra cooking is indicated, might include a casserole of chicken and another of beef; one for consumption on the same day, the other for the next; and besides these it would be possible to make two kinds of custards and the sauce for a fricassee or soufflé on the same morning.

But, apart from these pre-arranged culinary mornings or afternoons which allow the cook to prepare the foundations for several meals at the same time, she may remember the dishes which demand a really limited time for their complete preparation.

If she has decided upon a soup which takes half an hour from the time it began till the time it is finished, a fish course or entrée which needs anything from fifteen to thirty minutes and a sweet which takes about three-quarters of an hour altogether, she need not spend more than an hour cooking the dinner.

Grilled chops are interesting with walnut sauce. This must be made in a fireproof casserole and kept from contact with metal

A Spanish soup made with white stock and tomato purée, an excellent vegetable consommé and a fish soup can all be made in about thirty minutes; several delicious methods of cooking fish take even less time; and among the quickly prepared meat dishes there are grilled steaks, chops with different garnishes, and brochettes of veal; while the sweets which need very little cooking are innumerable.

The fish soup is a particularly useful recipe because it enables the cook to make good use of the Court Bouillon in which she has cooked some fish.

It is made as follows:—

FISH SOUP

For four or five people. Time: about thirty minutes.

Ingredients.—1 Quart Fish Stock. 1 Tablespoon Cornflour. 1 Egg. ½ Pint of Milk. Salt. Pepper

Cold grey mullet with slices of orange and lemon, and strawberries patricia are excellent hot-weather dishes and easy to prepare

Utensils.—1 Saucepan. 1 Strainer. 1 Wooden Spoon. 1 Egg Whisk or Fork. 1 Small Basin.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Strain the fish stock and put it into the saucepan. Put the cornflour in the basin and stir the cold milk into it very gradually. Add the salt and pepper, but remember that if the stock is very salt it will not need more. Stir the cornflour mixture into the soup and simmer for at least a quarter of an hour. Beat the yolk of an egg in a soup tureen or large basin and pour the soup on to it, stirring well, but taking great care that the soup is some way from boiling, otherwise it will curdle.

The recipe for Cold Grey Mullets is one of the many excellent ones in Mrs. Leyel's "Gentle Art of Cookery," and valuable not only because it is so attractive, but because the grey mullet is an inexpensive and neglected fish.

COLD GREY MULLETS

For four people. Time: about ¾ hour to prepare.

Ingredients.—Three or four Grey Mullets or two large ones. 1 Bay Leaf. 6 Leaves of Gelatine. 1 Gill of White Wine. 1 Onion. 2 Oranges. 2 Lemons. Pepper and Salt.

Utensils.—1 Oval Saucepan or Fish Kettle. 1 Fish Slice. 1 Strainer. 1 Knife. 1 Basin.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Peel the onion and cut it up. Place the fish in a pan in which they can lie flat, with enough water to cover them, the onion, the white wine, the gelatine and the bay leaf. If you have no white wine, use half the quantity of French vinegar instead. Cook the fish till tender. Take the fish out with a fish slice, draining well, and arrange in the dish in which they are to be served. Cut the oranges and lemons in thin slices, removing the pips. Arrange them over the fish. Strain the juice the fish was cooked in over the fish and let it get very cold before serving.

PATRICIAN STRAWBERRIES

For four people.

Ingredients.—1 lb. Strawberries. The Juice of half a Lemon. ¼ Pint of Cream. 1 White of Egg. 1 Teaspoon Castor Sugar. 1 Teaspoon Maraschino Syrup.

Utensils.—Lemon Squeezer and Strainer. Tea Spoon. Egg Whisk. Two Basins.

INSTRUCTIONS.—Stalk the strawberries. Arrange them in a glass or silver dish. Squeeze the half lemon and strain the juice over the fruit. Whisk the white of egg. Whip the cream with the sugar, but not too stiffly, and add it to the white of egg with the maraschino. Pour over the strawberries and leave in a cold place as long as possible.

Asparagus salad may be made with fresh or tinned asparagus, and lends itself to various kinds of decoration besides cucumber flowers

SUCCESS in SALADS

A good salad has intrinsic excellence, both as an accompaniment and as a separate course; it is also one of the most potent decorators of the dinner table

By CATHERINE IVES

SALAD making is quite one of the most amusing branches of the culinary art. There is no chance of feeling bored with it, because there is no end to its variety, and in households where there is little time to spare for the elaborate garnishing of dishes, salads stand out as the most potent decorators of the dinner table.

As cold menus are naturally more popular in the summer than in the winter, it is obvious that the opportunities for serving a variety of salads is greater at this time of the year.

A successful salad may be almost absurdly simple, with very few ingredients and no complications; or definitely elaborate, containing many different things and entailing a good deal of preparation.

The dressing mixed with the salad is a powerful factor.

For a simple green salad to go with chicken or game it is impossible to improve upon the traditional French dressing.

For a salad of mixed vegetables or of fish, chicken or meat there are mayonnaise, American boiled dressing, vinaigrette, tartare, remoulade or ravigotte sauces; the last three are merely variants of mayonnaise.

The recipe for a real Russian salad is invaluable in households where there are often scraps of fish, meat or chicken and vegetables left over. It is easy to remember, because although you may include a variety of different vegetables and use chicken, ham, tongue or partridge, you must include some fish as well. You must certainly use anchovies, you must see that all the ingredients are in equal proportions, and the dressing must be mayonnaise sauce.

Carrots, turnips and potatoes designed to appear in a salad of this order should be cut into rounds and cooked separately, the carrots with a little salt and sugar added to the water, the turnips and potatoes minus the sugar.

Green peas and beans, cauliflower, beetroot, mushrooms, asparagus points, hard boiled eggs, olives and gherkins are among the number of permissible ingredients. Thin slices of cold sausage may be included as well as the anchovies. Fish and meat are cut into neat dice; anchovies and fillets of herring into slender strips; sausage into the thinnest of slices; and olives into spirals.

When all the ingredients are prepared you mix them thoroughly with mayonnaise sauce, and turn the salad into a charming bowl.

A green salad is always more interesting when the leaves are sprinkled with very finely chopped chives, chervil, parsley or a mixture of all three.

Finely minced raw onion adds a great deal of interest to very many salads.

If you are sure of the tastes of the company you can mix it in with the other things; if you are not you can tuck it into thick slices of hollowed out beetroot, or into tomatoes with some of the centre scooped out.

Rings of tomatoes, of cucumber and of radish, a fine sprinkling of paprika or the sieved yolk of a hard-boiled egg are all useful decorators for salads, especially for those covered with mayonnaise, which are apt to be dull to look at.

A cherry salad is delicious with roast duckling and peas. One pound of cherries, and two lettuces. The lettuces washed, dried, and torn into small pieces; the cherries washed, dried, stalked and stoned. The salad bowl rubbed with garlic, the lettuce put into it and mixed with a French dressing. The cherries are added just before serving.

Cooked asparagus is most excellent in a salad which is to appear as a separate course. It may be made with fresh or tinned asparagus.

Cut the asparagus into short lengths, cut the pulp of a grape fruit into dice with a silver knife, arrange the grape fruit on the asparagus, cover all but the tips round the edge with mayonnaise sauce, add some little balls of cream cheese and any decoration you like.

A salad of cherries, lettuces, finely mixed tarragon, chervil, chives, and a simple French dressing is remarkably good with roast duckling

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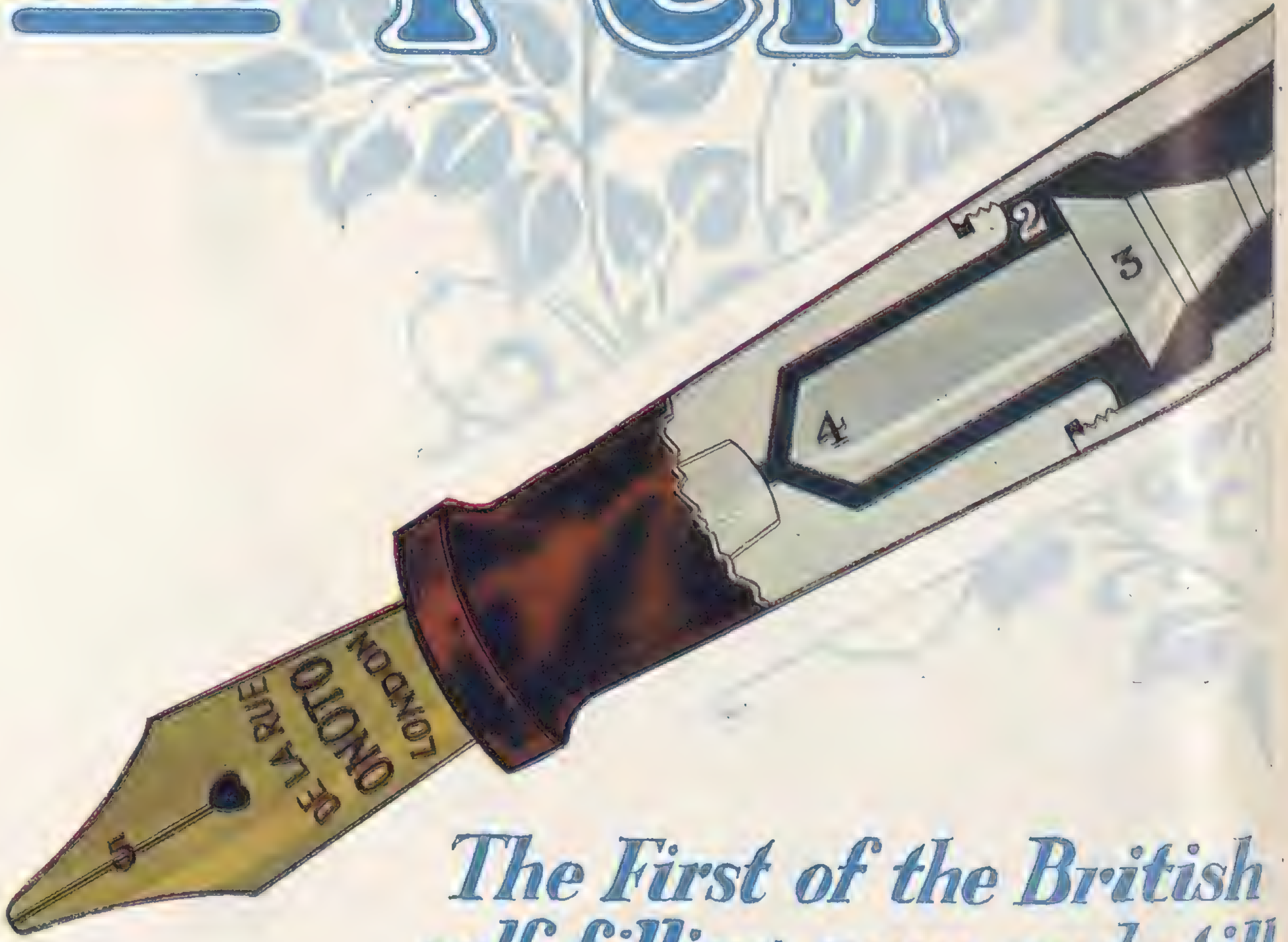
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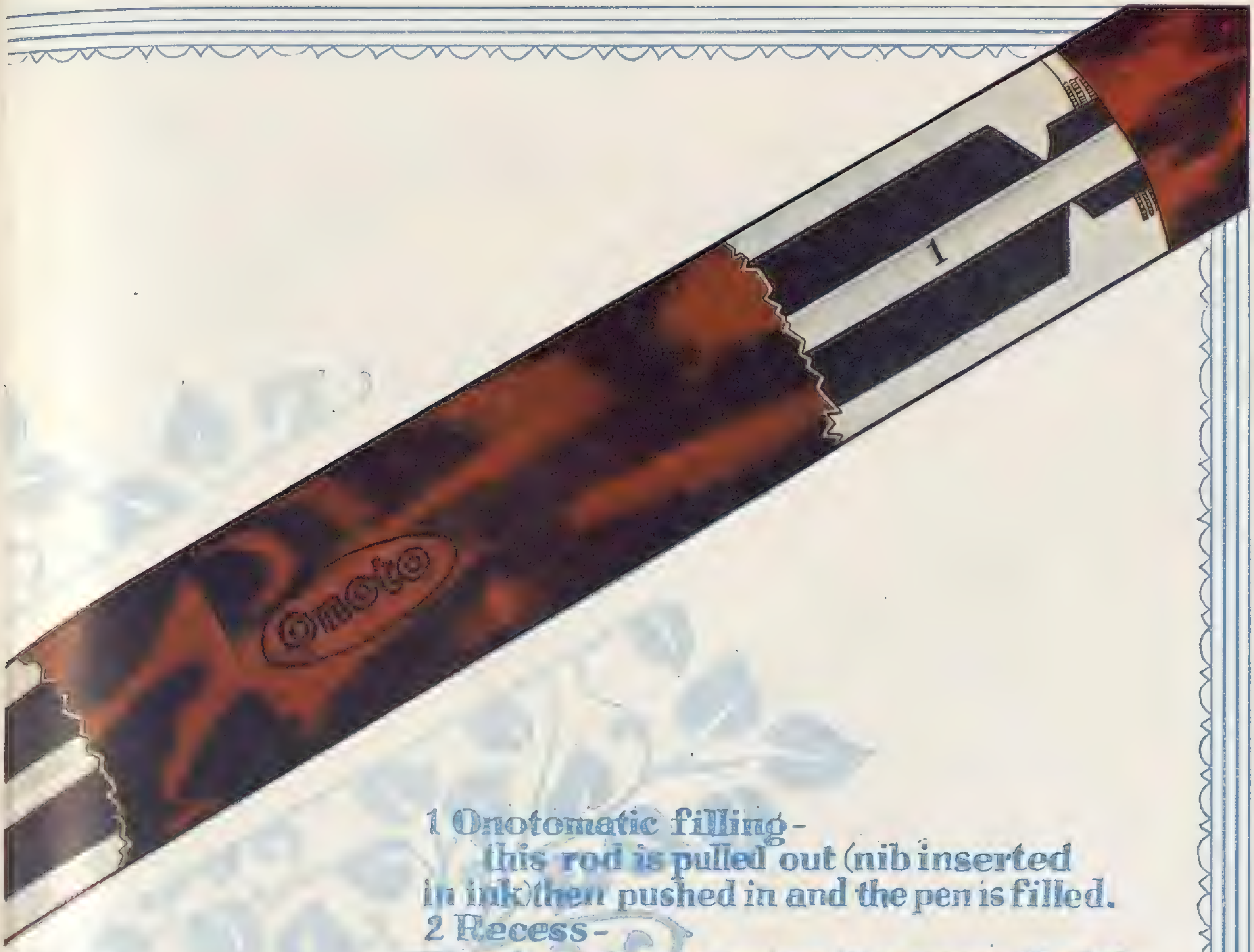

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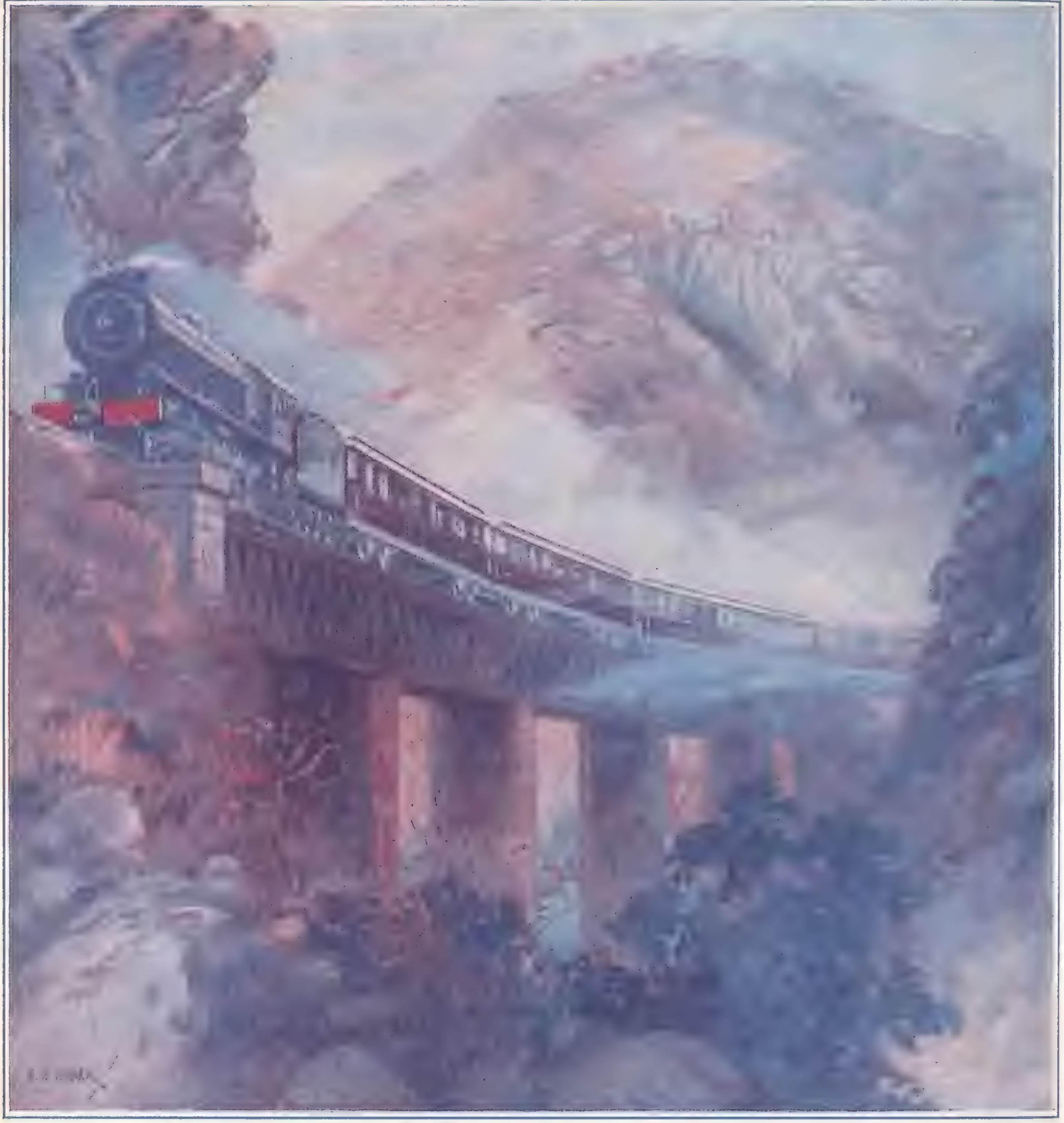
FROM LOBITO BAY THROUGH ANGOLA TO CENTRAL AFRICA.



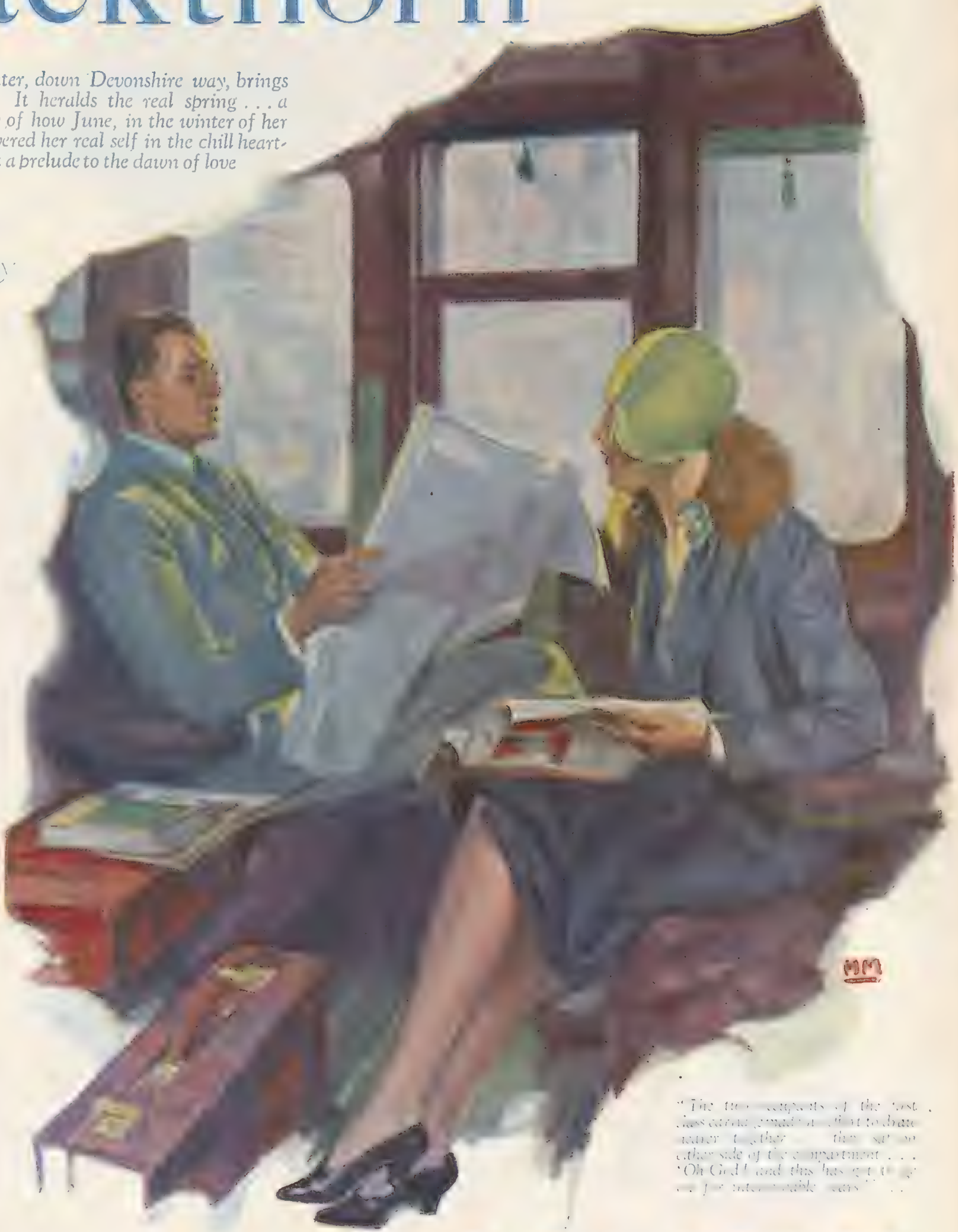
Up through majestic mountain scenery to the great plateau which lies above—in a few hours those who travel by the Benguela Railway to Central Africa, rise from the tropical verdure of beautiful Lobito Bay and Benguela, traverse the parched sands and thread the mighty gorges of the arid coast-belt, and enter a landscape and climate suggestive of England in June. The highly fertile plateau region, embracing most of Angola, the southern Belgian Congo, all of Northern Rhodesia, and much of the country beyond, is nearly as large as Europe would be with Russia left out. Its herds of big game are just beginning to give way to the plough and the cattle, sheep, pigs and other farm animals of the pioneer white settlers. Central Africa's wonderful plateau region had previously been reached from the Cape and the East Coast, over railways which had crept northward in stages from older to newer mines; but when Union Miniere du Haut-Katanga started to work the richest of the world's great copper ore deposits in the south-eastern Belgian Congo, an outlet for its production to the West Coast became essential. This company, already one of the world's largest producers of copper, had been formed under the auspices of Sir Robert Williams, who was created a baronet in 1928 in recognition of his achievements in African development. Realising promptly that Lobito Bay, a great natural harbour twenty miles north of Benguela, was the key to a direct route thousands of miles shorter than those then available to the markets of Europe and North America, he, with Portuguese co-operation, formed a company known as the Caminho de Ferro de Benguela, to build the Benguela Railway across Angola to the Belgian Congo border. This objective was reached last August, and there British guests will attend the opening ceremony in June. The extension of the line, now in construction through the Belgian Congo to join up with the Katanga Railways system, gives Africa coast to coast railway facilities from West to East, gives Katanga and Northern Rhodesia a direct outlet to the Atlantic Ocean for the export of their minerals and other products, and gives the rich and fertile heart of the "Dark Continent" to civilisation.

Blackthorn WINTER

Blackthorn Winter, down Devonshire way, brings one consolation. It heralds the real spring . . . a honeymoon story of how June, in the winter of her discontent, discovered her real self in the chill heartache that was but a prelude to the dawn of love

Illustrated by

M. MACKINLAY



"The two occupants of the first-class carriage made no effort to draw nearer together . . . they sat on either side of the compartment . . . 'Oh God! and this has got to go on for interminable years'" . . .

THE guard had locked them in at Paddington with a benevolent smile, and the assurance that they would have the carriage to themselves, at least as far as Exeter. They were so obviously off on their honeymoon that they showed themselves newly married as a day old baby is newly born, or an egg still warm from the nest is newly laid. There was something a little helpless about it, a little crude, and their constrained manner seemed to the guard to be the result of their own self-consciousness.

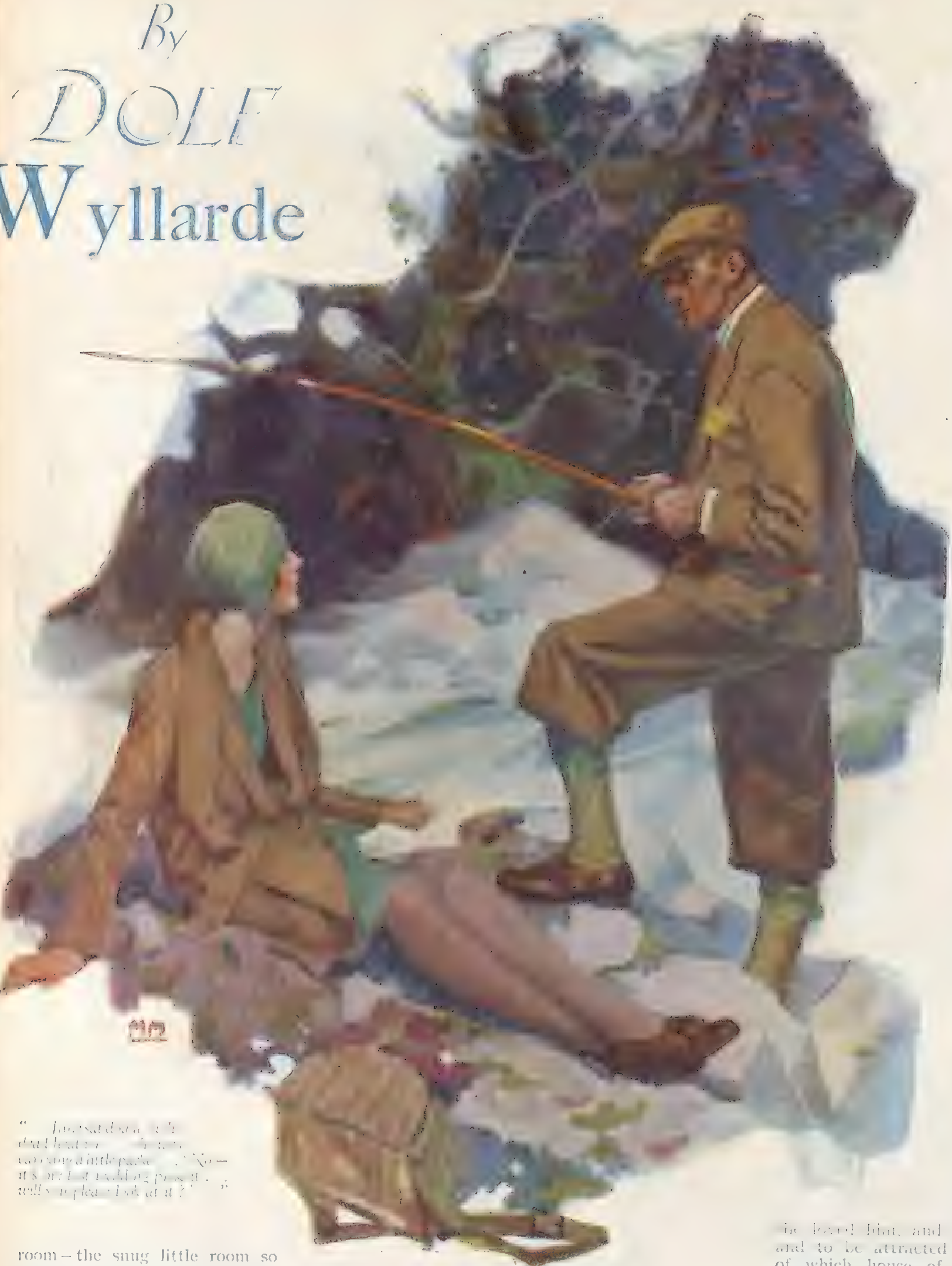
But, as the train steamed out of the terminus and gathered pace in open country, the two occupants of the first-class carriage made no effort to draw nearer together and did not even look at each other with the wonder of a new belonging, an opening phase of life. They sat on either side of the compartment — the girl had chosen to ride with her back to the engine, as being less dusty and looked listlessly at the illustrated papers which the man had painfully selected from the bookstall.

"If I were a criminal or a lunatic and he in charge of me, we could hardly be more uncomfortable!" reflected the girl. "Oh God! and this has got to go on for interminable years!"

THE man was less concerned with the future and more retrospective. Something had happened, a shock, a jar in his smooth life, that seemed to have unhinged it for the present, and made him vaguely angry with the girl he had but just married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. It was when they were saying good-bye yesterday, after he had dropped in to tea as usual at her people's house in the Square—saying good-bye till he met her at the church on the morrow, for he had a bachelor dinner party that night and they would not see each other again. He had felt a little funny, suddenly realising that the thing was practically accomplished as far as the ceremony went, but he was utterly unprepared for her astounding proposal.

Quite suddenly she had asked him to come into her own sitting-

By DOLF Wyllarde



“ . . . June sat down . . . [illegible] . . . carrying a little parcel . . . ‘No—it's our last wedding present . . . will you please look at it?’ ”

room—the snug little room so sacred to her private hobbies and fads, that even he was not always admitted—and there she had asked him to release her from her engagement. She did not wish to marry him on the morrow—she did not wish to marry at all—it was all a mistake and she was very sorry—very, very sorry, but she couldn't. At that point, she had broken down and gasped, and the tears had come, proving to his masculine comprehension that she was a little hysterical. Perhaps it was the anger in his eyes that had shaken her composure, and made her appeal the more desperate, but whatever it was she lost her chance of liberty (did she really desire it) by that betrayal of unreason. He had said peremptorily that it was impossible. They had been engaged for some months, and if they were unsuited to each other they would have found it out before. They could not alter everything at the last moment. It would make them ridiculous—he reddened at the mere memory. No, they must go through with it, and talk this out afterwards.

“I can't,” said June in despair. “I should never say another word about it.”

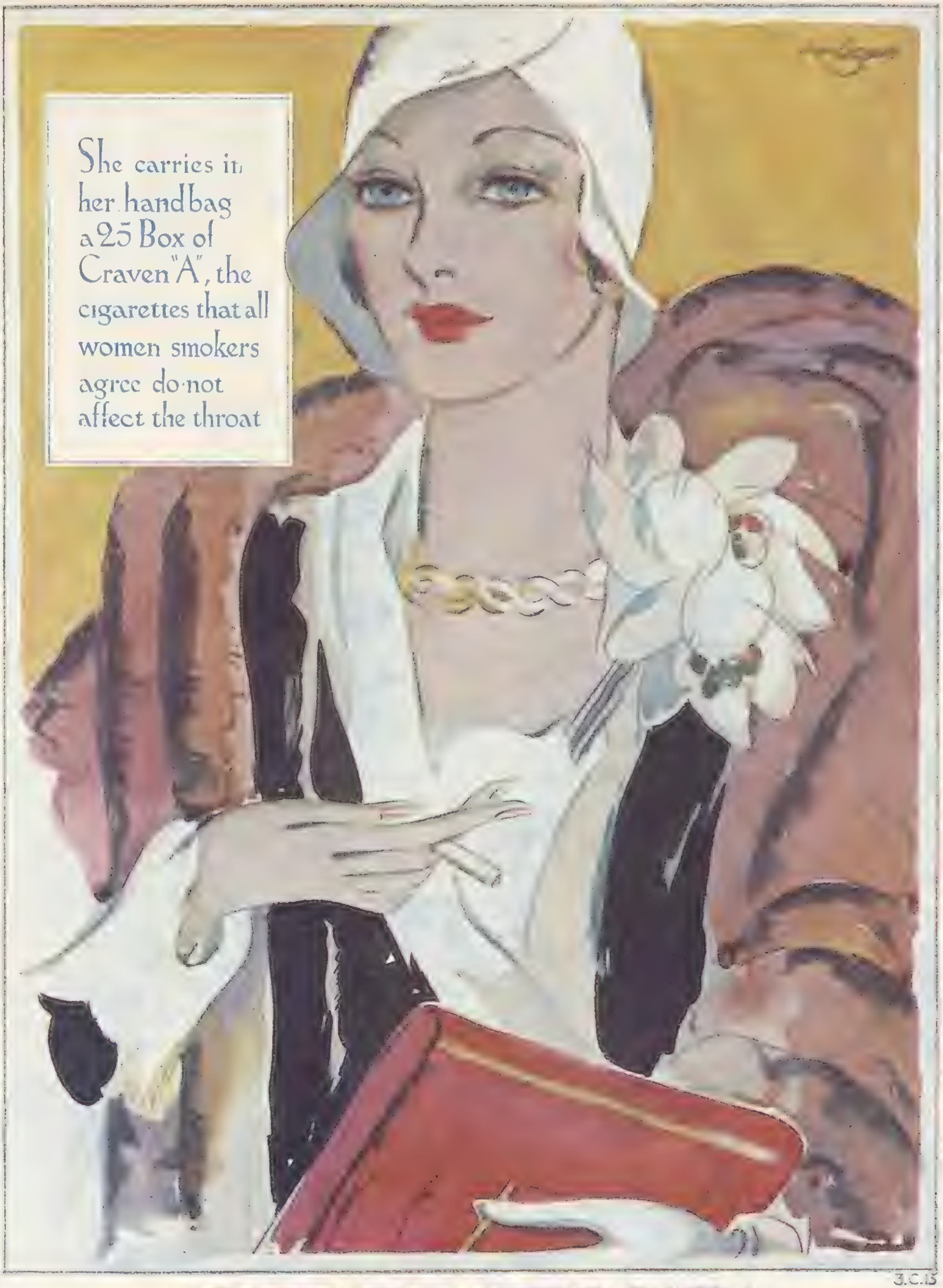
“Well, it seems to me a pity that you said one now,” he had retorted angrily. “Since you can't back it up with any reason. What's come to you? Have you anything against me?”

“I don't want to be married at all,” said June hastily. “It was mother's fault.”

YES, and it would be her mother's fault if her life was made unbearable to her should she refuse to marry him at the last minute. In spite of his smarting vanity, the wound to his feeling for her, a little streak of pity mingled with his common sense in insisting on going on with the marriage. He had no doubt that Mrs. Wentworth's hard commonsense determination to get her girl well and comfortably settled in life had been a large factor in bringing him up to the scratch. Looking back, he saw with humiliation that she had very cleverly adopted an honesty with him that was really nothing but a trap. June had fallen in love with him, she said, and was making rather a little donkey of herself over the matter. She, the mother, regretted it both for the girl's sake and his; but it did not matter: let her get over it, she was very young, and this was her first serious fancy. He remembered that she had almost urged him to go away, sympathised in his embarrassment, and frankly confided to him that she found it a great nuisance. The girl did look unhappy, and—here was the sting!—he had really thought she loved him, and began to notice her and to be attracted in consequence. All of which house of cards had tumbled about his ears with June's sudden revelation of reluctance.

“IF I don't ask anything more of you than that you should live in the same house with me, and be my wife in name, will that satisfy you?” he had asked bitterly—more bitterly than he knew. It meant the sacrifice of his hopes of children to inherit after him, let alone his fondness for kiddies and the secret satisfaction he had felt at the idea of having one of his own. But he had no fancy for a woman's loathing. He could not force her to be wife and mother in the real meaning of the words, if she revolted from it. They would

(*Continued on page 97.*)


She carries in her handbag a 25 Box of Craven "A", the cigarettes that all women smokers agree do not affect the throat

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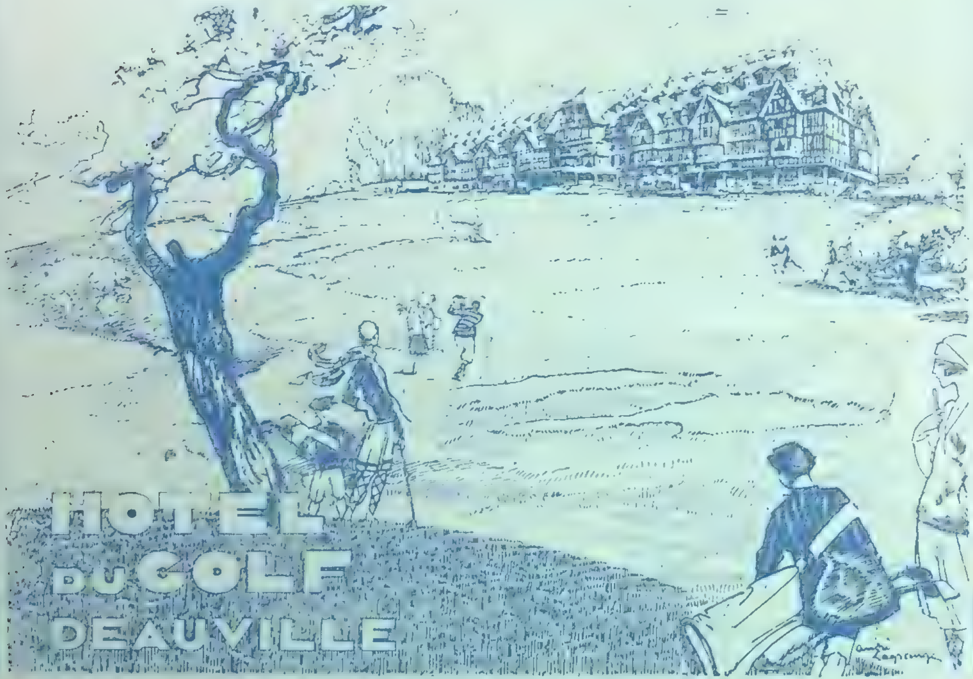


drift apart, of course, and he would find consolation elsewhere, and she must go her own way and discover her mistake—too late. She had made some sort of a confused answer to his offer that was an acceptance, and then she had cried again bitterly for a few moments and reiterated, " But I don't want to be married at all ! "

" You've got to ! " he said brutally, and that was the end of an unpleasant matter save forhis sense of hurt and injury and dismay.

He remembered her frightened face when he left her, and wondered if she had realised her mother's power to make life impossible. How had she explained her tear-stained face ? Glancing at her across the railway carriage he saw that she was rather pale and very grave, but there were no traces of last night's storm.

" WELL, I suppose we've got to make the best of a bad business ! " he said, tossing the *Sketch* across the carriage, and speaking his thoughts aloud.

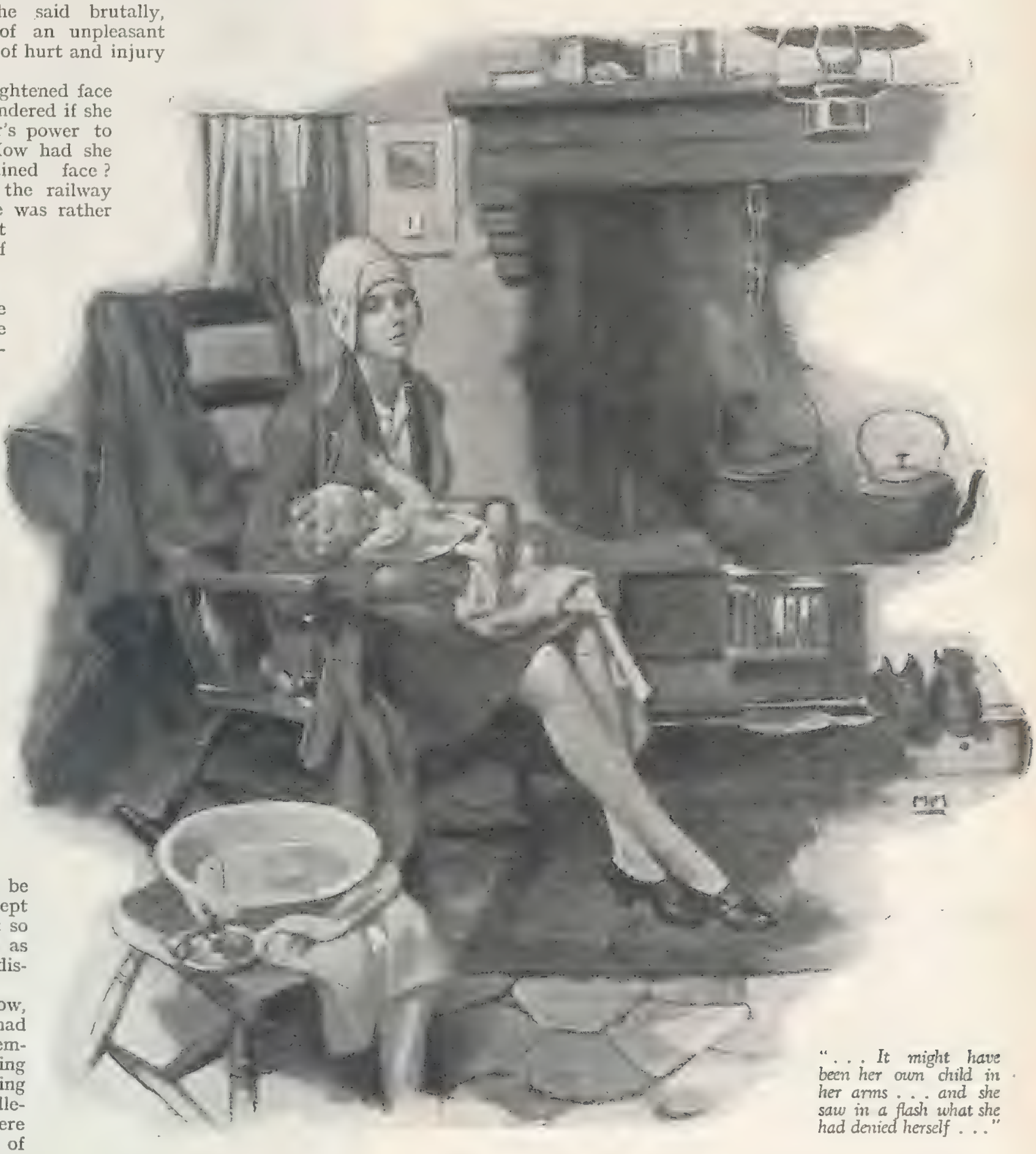
" I will do my best—— " said June, almost inaudibly.

" What sort of best ? " His smile was a little cruel.

" To keep up appearances, I mean," she said with more spirit, as if his manner stung her. " No one need ever know."

" Oh my dear child, of course they will know—the servants will talk, and when we go and stay anywhere it means a certain amount of explanation. But I don't suppose anyone will be surprised, nowadays—except that we have fallen apart so soon. I'm afraid that is as much or more to your disadvantage as mine."

Her face was troubled now, almost dismayed. She had not thought of the embarrassment of requiring separate rooms, or of ensuing gossip. Even at Chaddlecoombe, where they were going for the honeymoon, of course the servants would take a certain intimacy for granted. It had seemed such a private thing, a matter affecting no one but Ethert Ruthven and herself, that the world's point of view had not impressed her as anything to consider.



" . . . It might have been her own child in her arms . . . and she saw in a flash what she had denied herself . . ."

" WHAT is this place like ? " she asked abruptly, with a panic desire to avoid the question of marriage any further.

" What place ? "

" This place Mr. Gregg is lending us—Chaddlecoombe."

" Oh. It's rather a nice place, on the edge of Dartmoor. The river runs through it—the Cad—and there's some fishing." He added in his own mind " Thank God ! " for it offered him occupation.

" Isn't it rather early to fish ? " she said, with a dubious glance out of the window at the surly April weather and a bleak landscape.

" I daresay. But I shall have to, all the same." His resentful tone suggested dangerous ground again, and she flinched.

" Is there a town near, a village ? " she asked despondently. The prospect of living estranged in a large house, with nothing to do with herself while he was out fishing, was appalling. Had things been more normal between them they might have explored the country (she loved a tramp), he would at least have taken her with him and taught her to fish ; but that was out of the question in the circumstances. She had got far enough in her new experience to realise that one of the drawbacks of his forbearance was that she must make her own occupations and live a separate life.

" There's a small hamlet—hardly a village. No post, I believe, or inn—or church," he added grimly, and relapsed to his reading of the papers.

JUNE sat still and looked at the landscape with unseeing eyes. She was just so miserable that she wanted to cry, but in spite of the breakdown of last night she was not a crying girl. Mrs. Wentworth had seen to that. Nor did she long for her mother, as even the most independent bride is apt to do a few hours after marriage, because Mrs. Wentworth was not a woman to long for at any time. The necessity for relying on her own resources had made June a harder character than she would have been amongst sympathetic people, and had given her a kind of resentment of Life rather than of any individual in it.

At Exeter the carriage was invaded by other passengers, much to the relief of the bride and bridegroom. June began to see that her married life would be more tolerable the more its publicity, and she resolved to surround herself with friends as a barrier between herself and her husband, without realising the tragi-comedy of it. They did not reach their destination until it was dark, and then there was a drive of some miles from the little junction to Hal Gregg's house—a dreadful drive, during which they had to sit side by side and ask each other politely if they were tired, and hope the belated dinner would be a good one. " If we were only going to a hotel ! " was in both their minds. " Somewhere where there were other people to talk to, and something to do." But June's revolt at the eleventh hour had made it impossible to change the plans of many months before.

IT was a very cold night in mid-April, and the house looked cheerful inside at least, with its many lights and big fires. Chaddlecoombe was one of those square, unlovely, early Georgian houses that abound in Devonshire and are better to live in than to look at. Mr. Gregg had left them an excellent staff, and the dinner was good. Ethert began to revive and to look on life from a less gloomy angle once he was well fed and housed, after the manner of a man; but to June creature comforts meant less. She was acutely conscious of the veiled interest taken in her by the staff, from the butler downwards, an interest that changed to curiosity when Ethert had made some alteration in the arrangement of their rooms. The situation was beginning to get on her nerves, and she found it difficult to keep up an appearance of ease and friendliness with him as she had promised, so that she began to copy her own manner during their engagement, and to wonder if it would ever be less awkward when the raw edge of their relations to each other had worn off. He made a better actor than she, and his good-night to her was exactly what she had heard it to other women who were nothing to him—pleasant, almost joking, supremely indifferent. For the first time a blank feeling came over her, and she remembered that he had made love very nicely, with a tenderenss that she missed. . . .

HE was out of the house before she had breakfasted the next morning, to see the keeper about the fishing. The butler told her that he had packed a basket for Mr. Ruthven who would lunch out, as he was going up stream some miles on the Moor. If Mrs. Ruthven liked to join him later the keeper would tell her where to find the place.

But June had no inclination to tramp out alone after a man absorbed in congenial occupation. She felt as unhappy as a twenty-four hours' bride could well be, and a sense of injury possessed her because she had no distraction to equal his. After a late breakfast she put on her hat and went for a walk, but the weather was as unpleasant as only an English spring can be, and alternated with delusive sunshine and spiteful pelting showers. Even the country was backward, and there was not a sign of green in the bare trees and very little in the hedges. June, being a Londoner, had somehow fancied that the country would be full of sweetness and singing birds, having little experience of it so early in the year. But there was nothing to be seen but a pretty little white flower on a sharp thorny bush which she mistook for hawthorn and was disappointed that it did not smell. She had broken a spray of the dainty thing and was carrying it in her hand when an unusually sharp shower drove her to take shelter in the porch of the nearest cottage, and she stood cowering from the hail until a pleasant Devonshire woman came to the door and asked her to step inside.

" — if you would leave the blackthorn in the porch, miss," she added simply. " We don't like it in the house."

" Is this blackthorn? It is so pretty I meant to take it home. What harm does it bring?"

" Death, my dear. Don't take it home with you. Are you the lady tu Chaddlecoombe?"

" Yes —"

" We heard as Squire had let the house to a lady and gentleman on their honeymoon, but you look such a young lady I did not think you were married." She laughed kindly, and set a chair by the old fireplace with its Devon grate. A child of two or three with a sunny, tumbled head clung to her skirts and looked up at the lady with unwinking blue eyes that were yet full of shyness, and, on a low couch by the window, lay a baby half asleep.

"WHAT dreadful weather!" said June, holding her wet skirt to the friendly fire to dry. " I went out in bright sunshine, and in two minutes there was a sharp hailstorm. It's so cold, too!" she added with a shiver, unconscious that half her chill was mental.

" 'Tis Blackthorn Winter—we always have it when the blackthorn is out. It comes before the real spring."

" And how long does it last?" asked June with a dubious glance at the wet window.

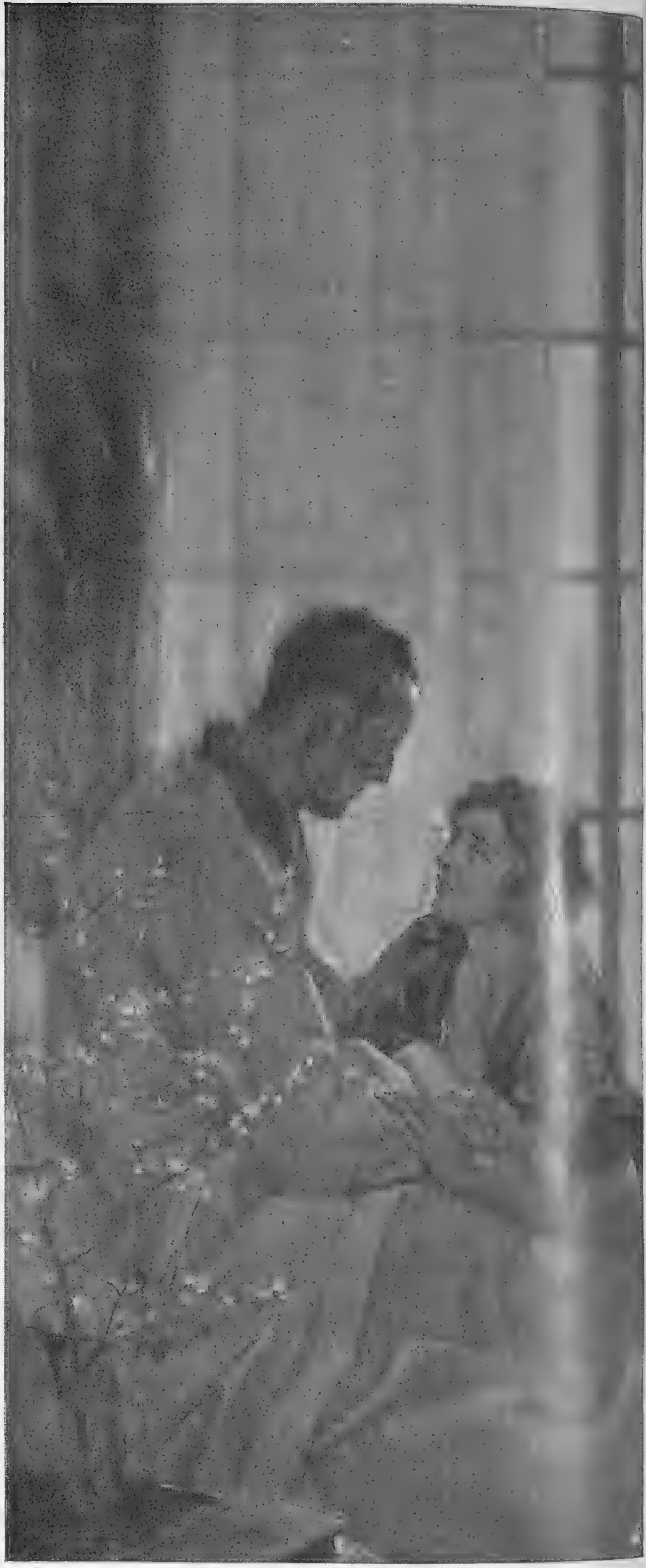
" Not too long—a week or so," said the Devon woman consolingly. The baby on the couch began to fret, and she took it up and hushed it against her broad, motherly breast. " I think I see your gentleman go by thicky way with Mr. Trinaman, early."

" My husband has gone fishing—he loves it!" said June with a faint laugh. " But it was too cold for me."

" Iss, 'twas a proper cold morning. But you'll be going with him later. Mr. Trinaman was telling that the fish is gude this year, though 'tis early."

" Is Trinaman the keeper?"

" Iss, fey! Trinaman have bin with Squire for thirty years, and knows Dartymoor like as if he were tu home. Your young gentleman will be safe with Trinaman."



" . . . But a minute later her former cry had reached

She was so obviously reassuring a young wife, fretting for her husband's absence, that a kind of shame made June's cheeks burn more than the fire. She was thankful that the older child created a diversion by tumbling over the fire kerb in his fascinated stare at the lady, and breaking into a roar of grief at his chubby grazed knee.

he was really awake, and his understanding . . . "

"THERE! there! Johnnie—'tis nothing. A dab of lard will right un, my dear. What will t' lady think of 'ee?" But Johnnie would not be comforted without his mother's arms, which were already laden with the baby, and in her difficulty the good woman turned simply to June and laid the sleepy white bundle in her lap.

"Will 'ee mind un a minute, my dear, while I see tu Johnnie?" she said, with the smile that somehow made the young wife a partner in maternity.

For a minute June sat still in utter surprise and some embarrassment. She did not think she liked very young children, and she was a little afraid of them. The baby on her knee, resenting the loss of his mother's comforting arms and the warmth of her breast, raised a little whimper and puckered his face. June glanced at her hospitable hostess, already busy with Johnnie, whom she was leading into the room behind the kitchen, and, being desperate, lifted the baby in her own arms and began to hush him by instinct. He snuggled his downy head into her neck and stretched a tiny miracle of a hand to her face. And the little cottage room was empty save for themselves.

All in a moment it seemed that something awoke and dominated June Ruthven with a force that would not be denied. The wife who was so only in name felt the yearnings of motherhood, whose rights she had denied herself, and her arms trembled with love as she pressed the little life to her slight, unformed bosom, kissing the small face and the fluff of faint gold on his head, and feeling him respond to her with a sense of ecstasy. The baby was accustomed to being cuddled and kissed, and took his foster-mother's adulation as very proper behaviour, though only the attentions of a passing stranger. But to June it was far more. It might have been her own child in her arms, satisfying the yearning of her empty heart, and she saw in a flash what she had denied herself as well as Ethert in snatching her freedom from him. She was too young to think that things might alter with time, that they might still come together. The breach looked irreparable, and Ethert was not the type of man who easily forgives.

WHEN the woman came back with Johnnie, very proud of his damaged knee now that it had had his mother's full attention, young Mrs. Ruthven was still sitting by the fire, nursing the baby with a curiously absorbed face.

"Let me keep him—just a little longer!" she pleaded when his real mother would have taken him, and the woman, well pleased, laughed and left him in the girl's arms, talking of her husband and the children, and the little hamlet that made her world, except for an occasional visit to the larger town of Buckfastleigh. She was a Mrs. Hamley, and her man worked for one of the farmers (a tenant of Squire Gregg's). He was often up and out by five o'clock and in winter-time it was cruel. Cold for the children to go to school so early, too. Her neighbour, Mrs. Pudner, had two, and they were always catching cold, poor mites. The nearest school was a mile and a half away, and she was glad Johnnie wasn't old enough to go as yet. So she chatted while she cooked her man's midday dinner, and June sat still and drew new emotional life from the sleepy baby.

When the treacherous sunshine was once more pouring in through the cottage windows Mrs. Ruthven rose reluctantly, and slowly—very slowly and tenderly—put baby back into his mother's arms.

"YOU'RE fond of children, m'm?" said Mrs. Hamley, comprehending. She had respectfully changed the former "miss" to "m'm," but the tragedy was that the unmarried title suited best the slim girl with a new maternity in her eyes.

"May I come and see him again?" was June's only answer. "I should like to talk to you when—when my husband goes fishing."

"For sure, m'm—but he'll take you with him on a better day!" Mrs. Hamley smiled consolingly.

This time June did not answer. But she felt a new indifference to Ethert's pursuits if she could have the child and experience that strange, mysterious sense of motherhood. She did not mind the solitary luncheon—she was glad that her husband was absent and that she could day-dream as she would. The sleepy warmth of the baby was still on her breast, the touch of the tiny fingers made her face tingle.

In the afternoon, too, she had company. Some neighbours of Mr. Gregg's came to call on the newly-married husband and wife under the modern and rational assumption that they would be the better for a little outside society after twenty-four hours of a tête-à-tête. They were, perhaps, a little surprised to find Mr. Ruthven fishing at such an early stage of the marriage, and his wife left behind. But June's laughing explanation of the horrid weather and that she should apply for a divorce on the grounds of desertion, raised an answering laugh. It was too bad—the weather was really execrable, "Blackthorn Winter," as the country people called it. Anyone but a fisherman would have been home hours before.

"Oh, my husband does not mind it if he has March Browns and a few pools to play with!" said June easily. "I see a great likeness between the man and the small boy with a nice, rainy gutter and a bent pin!"

SHE found to her own amazement that she could joke. But it was the baby who had wrought the change. And as the days went on, and she made friends in the neighbourhood as she had hoped,

(*Continued on page 170*)

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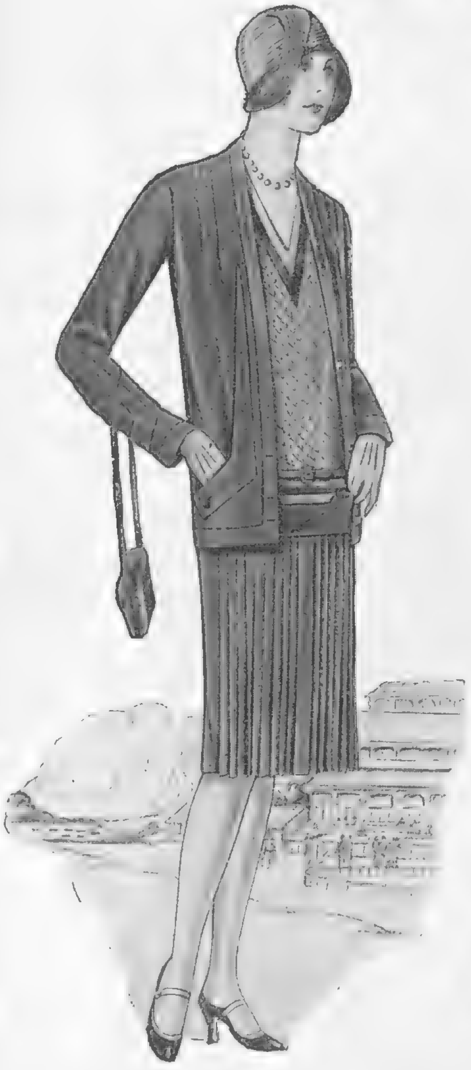

SMART THREE PIECE in flecked stockinette with becoming jumper in lace wool to tone, border and belt of stockinette to match. Skirt well-pleated in front. In Navy, Brown, Bottle, Black and Natural.

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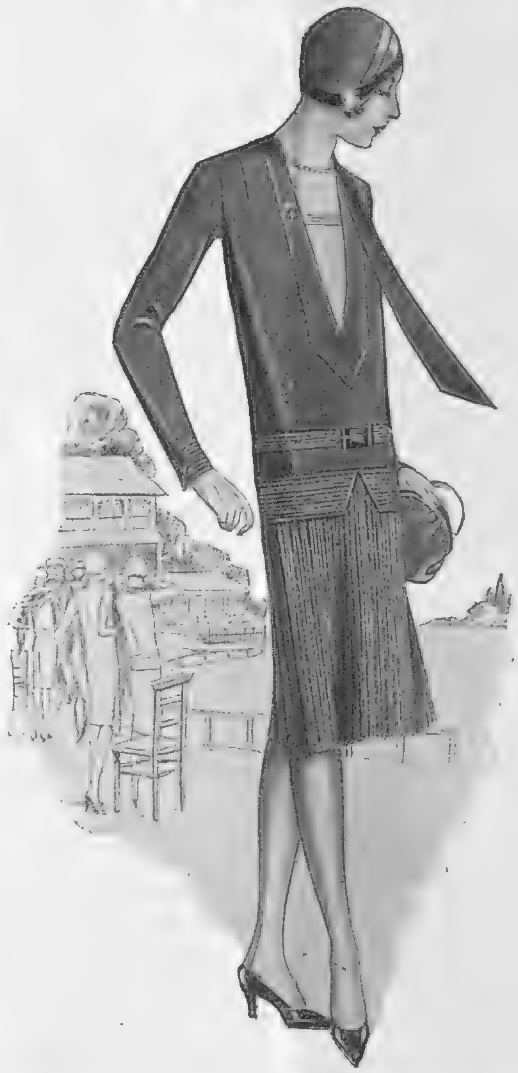

SMART JUMPER SUIT in super quality stockinette. Skirt is finely pleated. Jumper is cut on the newest lines with long becoming V. The hem, belt and cuffs of jumper are finely stitched. Good range of colours.

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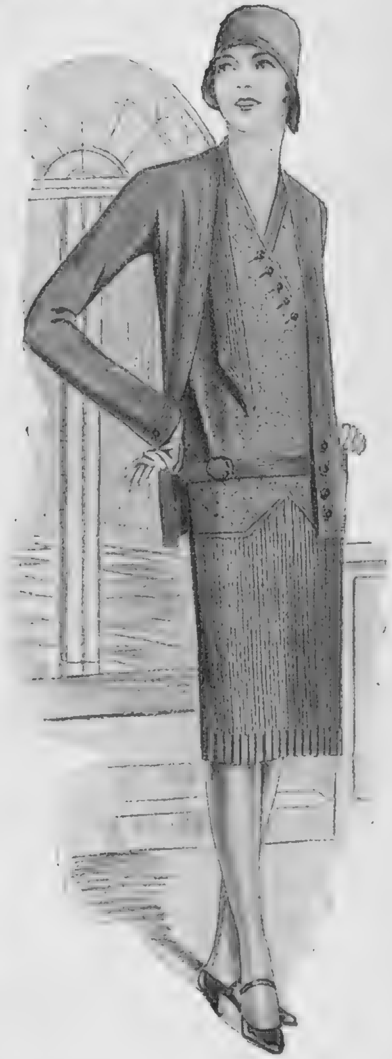


ENSEMBLE in stockinette, exclusive to Harvey Nichols, with smart jumper in new woollen lace, edged with fine binding of stockinette, finished at neck with buttons. Well-tailored cardigan faced with stitching, and skirt is very finely pleated.

PRICE **15½ gns.**

Reforming *the* Difficult House

THE average house which has been standing for some time has certain evils which almost invariably need reforming. Ingenuity and taste can turn these to excellent uses without exorbitant expense

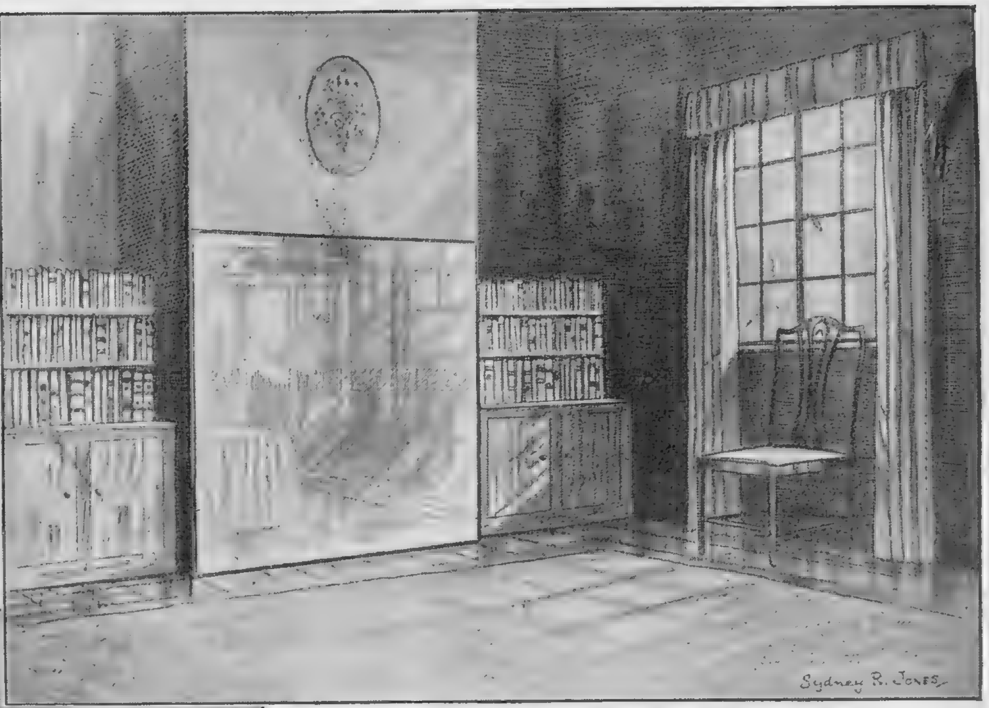
By Elizabeth Ashley

THE perfect house is as elusive as the perfect person; and in the average house which has been standing for a number of years there are certain features which almost invariably need reforming.

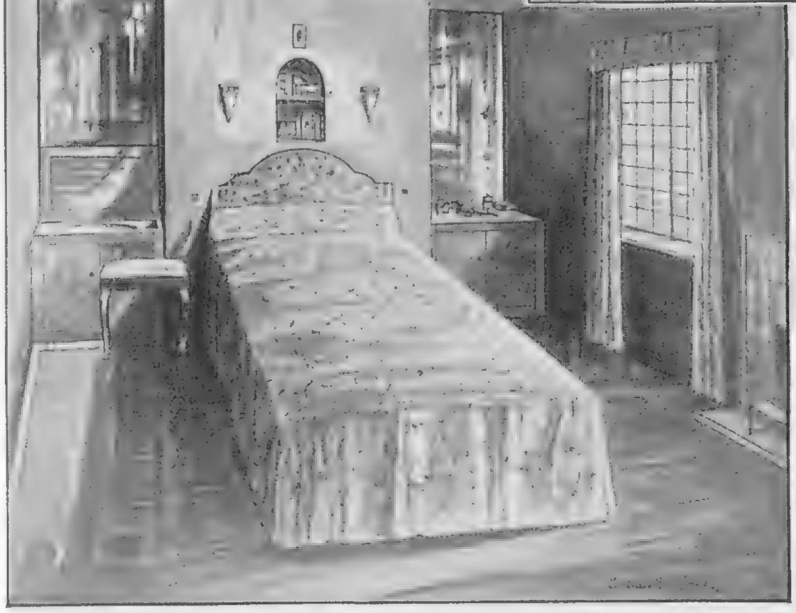
Mouldings are usually too numerous and fireplaces are seldom good. Doors are frequently at fault, windows can rarely be cleaned from the inside, and kitchens are only too apt to fail in the matters of lighting and arrangement. There is seldom enough inside plumbing, and what there is shows too much; while outdoor pipes are insufficiently protected, as a rule, as was proved in a large number of cases last winter.

Well-laid floors are invaluable; but it is the exception to find them except in expensive houses and flats, and a sufficiency of cupboard space is distinctly unusual.

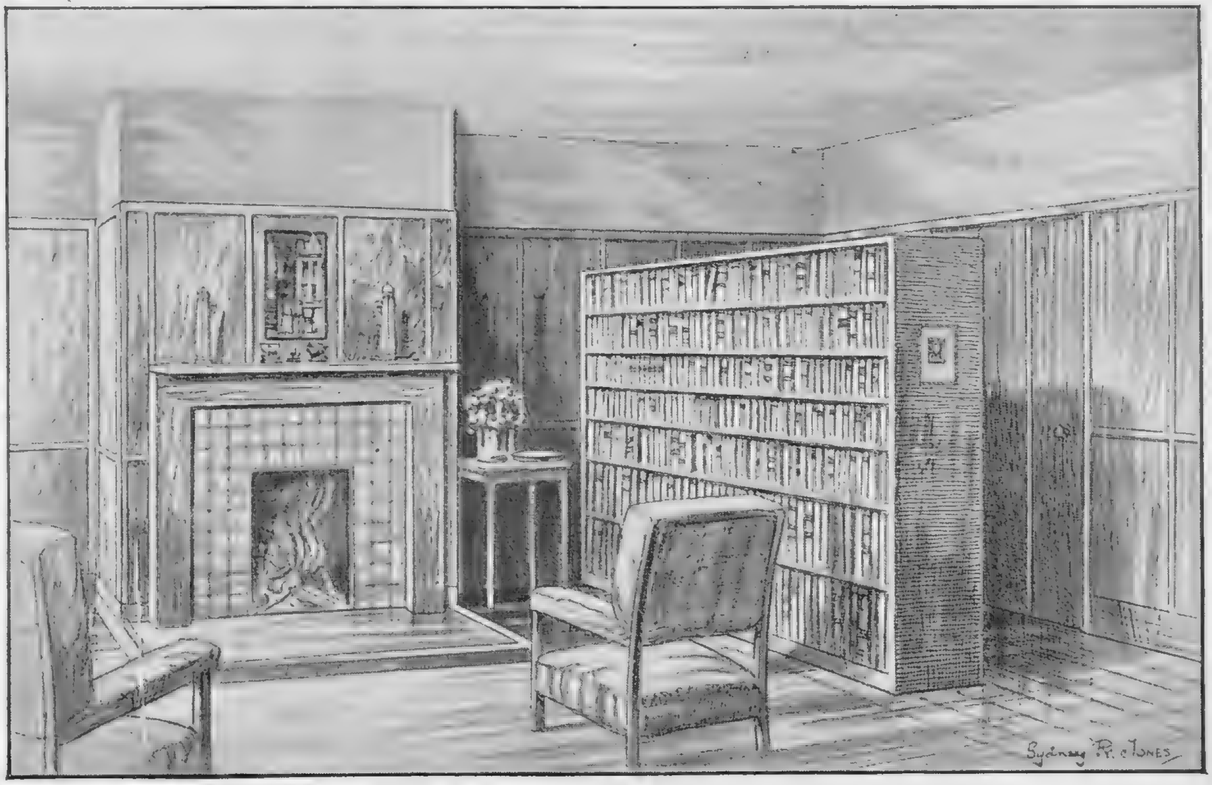
(*Continued on page* 102,)



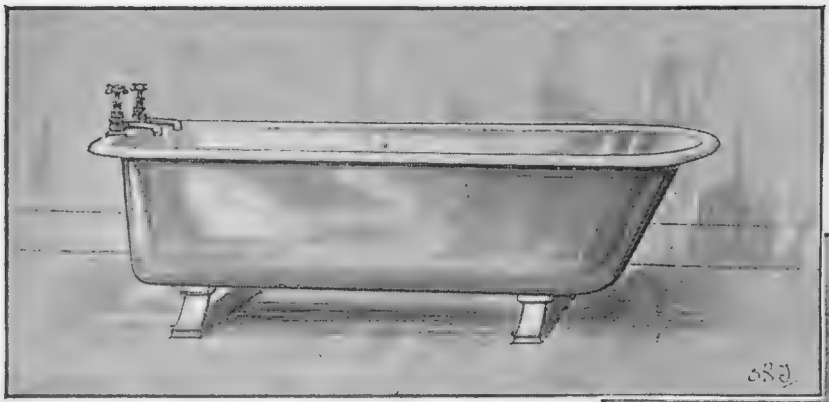
When it is possible to dispense with a fireplace the wall may be made good and covered with a mirror and the chimney breast recesses used as cupboards and bookshelves



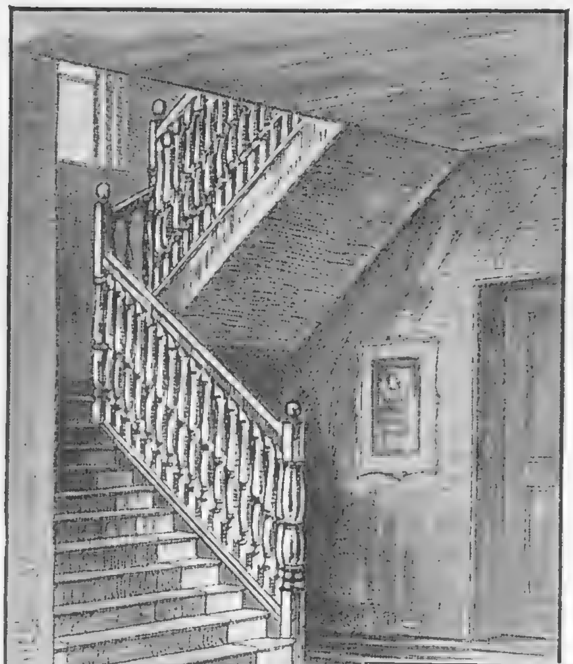
Another discarded fireplace has a recessed bookshelf let into the former flue space above the head of the bed. The recesses are utilized to hold a fitted washstand and a dressing-table



Right: The draughty room and the ugly marble fireplace are some of the commonest difficulties that face the would-be improver. Here, in a scheme specially designed by Mr. Sydney R. Jones, the illustrator of this article, the marble surround of the fireplace is shewn completely boxed in with woodwork, the interior being faced with impressive Dutch tiles. Bookshelves placed at right angles to the wall prevent the draught from the door, at the same time adding to decorative effect and convenience. Stained three-ply panels may be applied to the walls—for panelled walls can be very delightful—and once they have been adopted there are no further costs of painting or papering to be met



The ordinary old-fashioned bath (above) may be boxed in with three-ply and marbled, or covered with a marble paper and varnished (right). This produces a pleasantly finished effect



The ordinary staircase (above) with turned or carved banisters cannot be properly cleaned in a short time, but it is a simple matter to have it boxed in and painted in the manner shown on the right

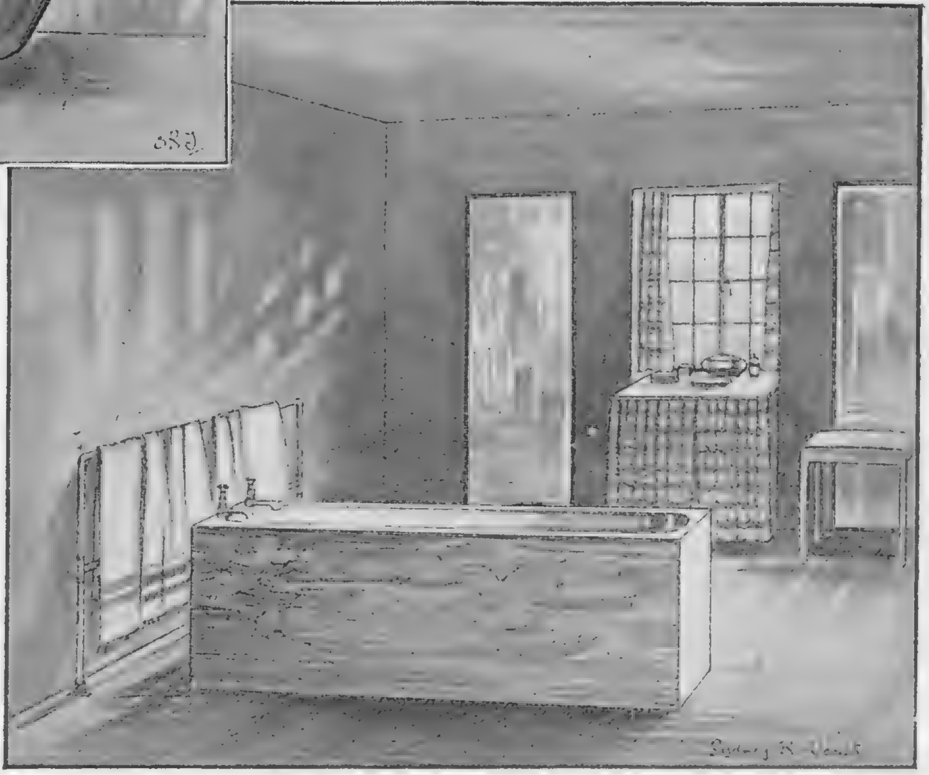
HOW are these problems to be met? The answer in a large number of cases is three-ply.

It is not difficult to have the banister rails completely boxed in, and doors may have their mouldings removed, be faced with three-ply and painted.

It is nearly always wise to have fitted basins in at least some of the bedrooms, and quite possible to do so without spoiling their appearance. A fitted basin may be set in one of the recesses which so often occur on each side of the chimney breast and entirely enclosed with a door. In other rooms a decorative curtain may be better than a door; and in some it may be more satisfactory to conceal the plumbing beneath the basin in a cupboard and cover the top with a hinged lid.

There are numerous ways of dealing with fireplaces.

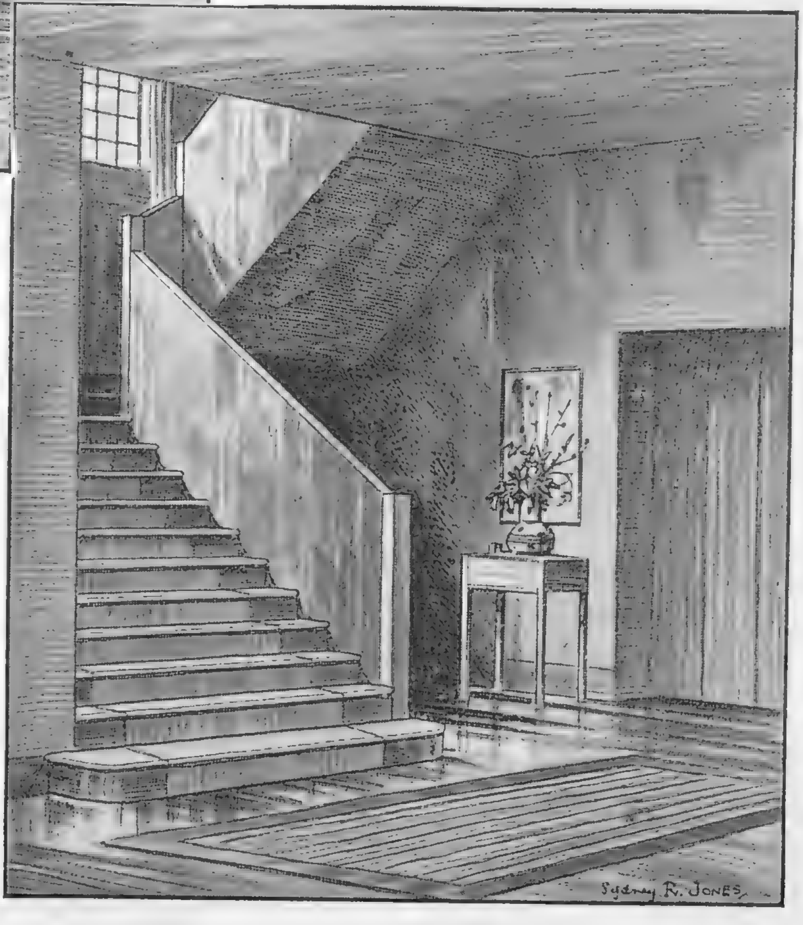
The simplest and least expensive is to paint them the same colour as the walls.



When gas or electricity is used instead of coal the fireplace may be enclosed with three-ply lined with asbestos, and a space left open just the size of the radiator and finished with an attractive metal grille.

It is also possible to remove the overmantel altogether and surround the square opening of the grate with a simple bolection moulding painted like the walls.

In a small bedroom one may dispense with the fireplace altogether and rely on an electric radiator for warmth. This gives scope for using the fireplace area in several different and delightful ways once the mantelpiece and surround have been removed and the wall made good. It may be covered with a mirror; or the fireplace opening may be fitted with shelves and a door and used as a shoe or medicine cupboard.



BATHROOM fittings have become exceedingly attractive. Both baths and basins are made in delicious colours, and so is American cloth (which makes excellent bathroom curtains) and rubberised silk, which is a good alternative for the windows.

Where it is advisable to make do with the old bath it is still possible to improve its appearance enormously without lavish expenditure.

Here, again, the useful three-ply comes to the rescue. The sides of the bath are boxed in and marbled; or (and this is cheaper still) covered with marble paper and varnished. The bath then presents that square and finished effect which is so pleasing, and it is no longer possible for any dust to accumulate beneath it.

"However rich I were, I would never seek any better method of skin-care than Pond's. Their creams have been good friends to me, all the time I have been striving to 'come to the top'—and I am convinced that not all the money in the world could buy anything better."

Marjorie Mars.

MISS MARJORIE MARS

Miss Marjorie Mars, who is remembered for her performance in the "Silver Cord," played a leading part in Matheson Lang's production of "A Chinese Bungalow" at the Duke of York's Theatre. Miss Mars lays particular emphasis on the indispensableness of Pond's preparations with regard to the hands. "It is so easy to protect the hands from the harsh effects of work and exposure," she declares.

"Pond's Skin Freshener alone is very useful in making the hands white and fresh looking, but I think the real foundation of lovely looking hands is the daily cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, finishing off with Pond's Vanishing Cream. That is the method I depend on to prevent the skin of my hands from getting rough or harsh."

Miss Mars also spoke about the usefulness of Pond's Vanishing Cream in keeping powder on the face and preventing shiny patches. "It gives your skin an even, exquisite tone."

Pond's dainty Cleansing Tissues have completely won Miss Mars' approval. She likes their generous size and their filmy softness. "They wipe away and absorb in an instant all the dirt-laden cream," she says.

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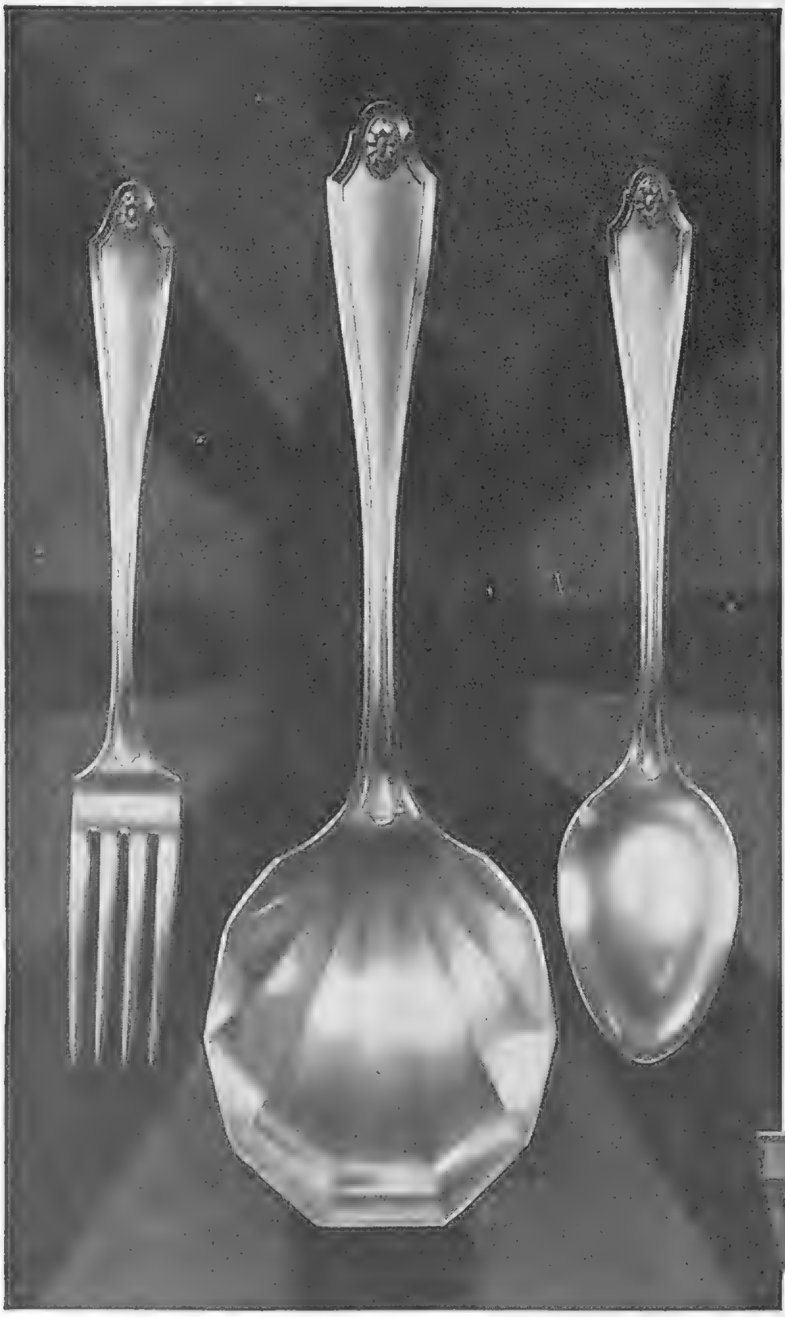

"PEGGY and John to marry? That means Community—there's nothing better for a wedding present."

The classic beauty of the Period designs and the superb quality of the silverware ensure Community an honoured place in any display of gifts.

The beauty of this Hepplewhite Design, for instance, is only the more appreciated because of its endurance. And so with all the Period Designs—Hepplewhite, Patrician Moderne, Grosvenor, Adam and Sheraton as shown below.

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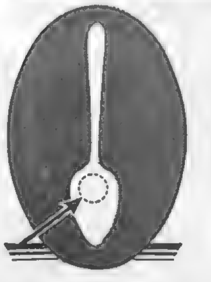

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This Solid Oak Canteen of distinctive design contains 67 pieces of Community Plate—a full service for six persons. Most acceptable as a wedding gift or presentation, and incomparable value at the present price (with Ivorine handled Knives) of £12 12s. 0d.

Small Gift Sets from 3s. 6d.; Teaspoons, 10s. 6d. half-dozen. Table Spoons and Forks, 22s. 6d. half-dozen. Always the same superb quality.

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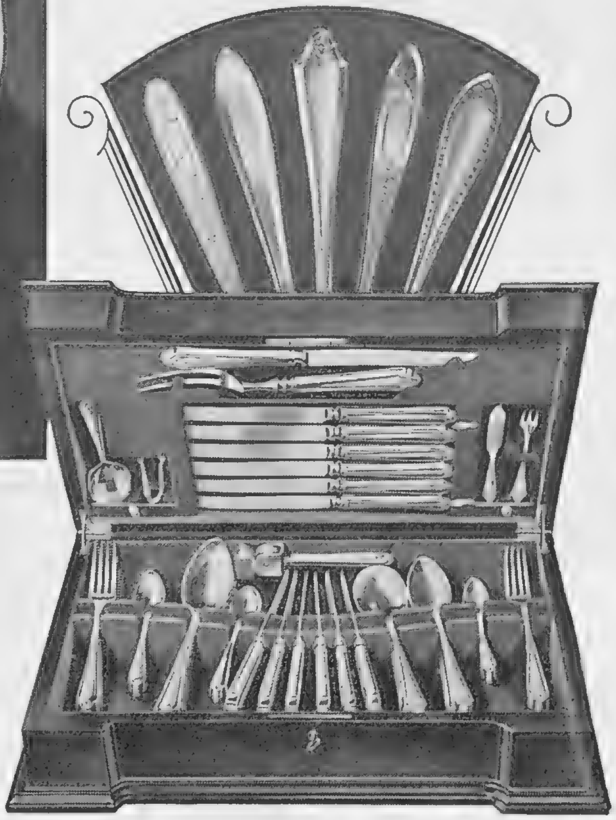
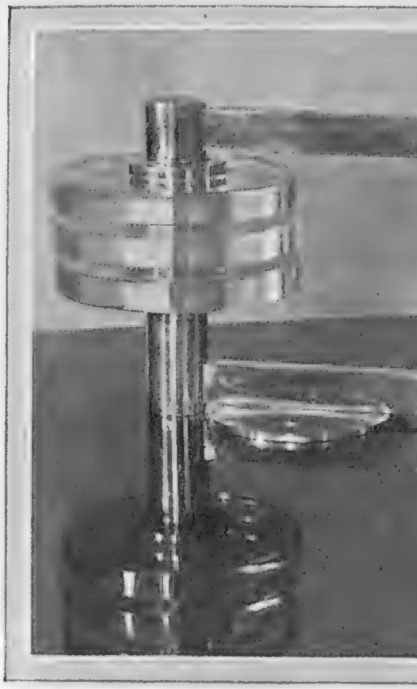


WINDOW SHOPPING

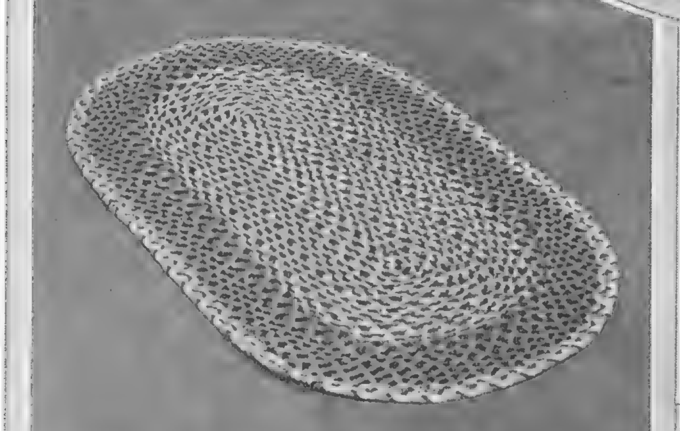


Above : A very modern table lamp for essentially modern rooms is made of three circles of plate glass three-quarters of an inch thick, and nickel-plated metal. The glass looks green owing to its thickness, and when the lamp is placed on a polished surface, as in the photograph, it reflects remarkably well

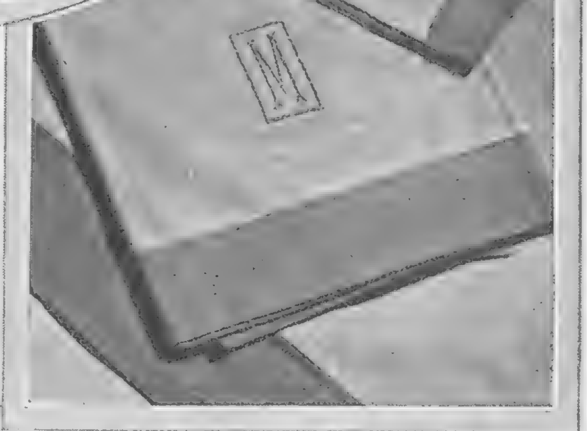
Photographs by E. J. Mason, Millar & Harris, and G. F. Green

Above : These unusually neat travelling cases are made in two varieties. One contains a thermos, a sandwich tin, a bottle for milk and a cup. This one is £4 18 6. The only differences in the other are a bottle of soda water instead of the thermos, a flask instead of a milk bottle, and a glass instead of a cup. £4 9 6

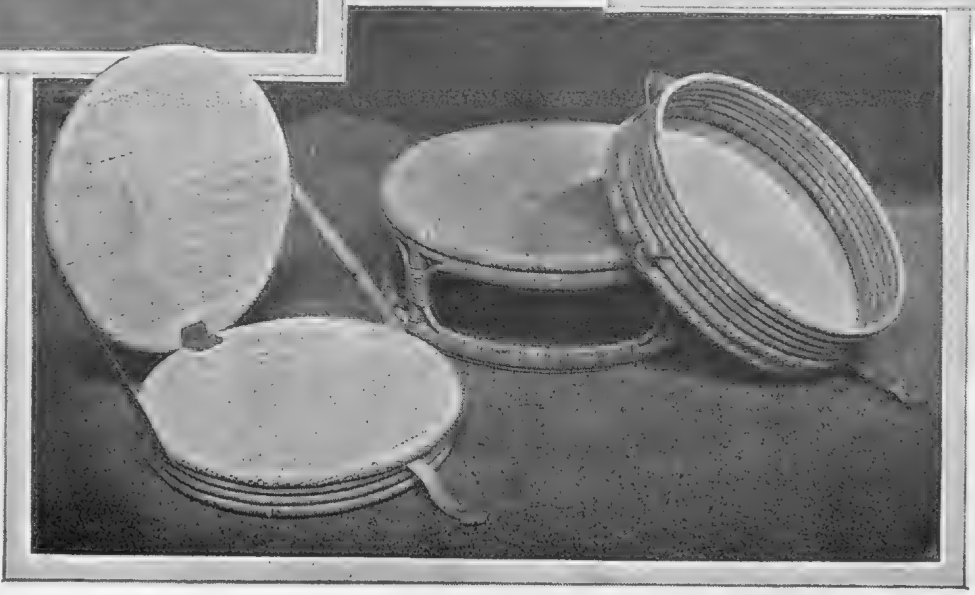
Above : Glass cigarette holders (tall, blue, 4/6 ; short, tortoiseshell, 6/-) for the dinner-table. Black and red enamel cigarette case, £3 17 6. Ashtrays—game-bird, 7/6 ; set of four red lacquer and metal, 15/-. Green chrysoprase necklace



Above : An amusing rug of woven cotton suggests itself for the bedside or to set in front of a washstand. It is made in gay combinations of colours and would be especially good in cottages where the floors were tiled or painted. These rugs measure 29 × 16 inches, and cost 5/6



Above : These new towels are decorative to look at and agreeable to use. They are made of hand-woven cotton in interesting colours with borders in a deeper tone. The ones in the photograph are soft green. The bath sheet costs 35/-, the hand towels £6 10 0 a dozen, and the guest towels £3 15 0 a dozen. Monograms are 2/6 extra

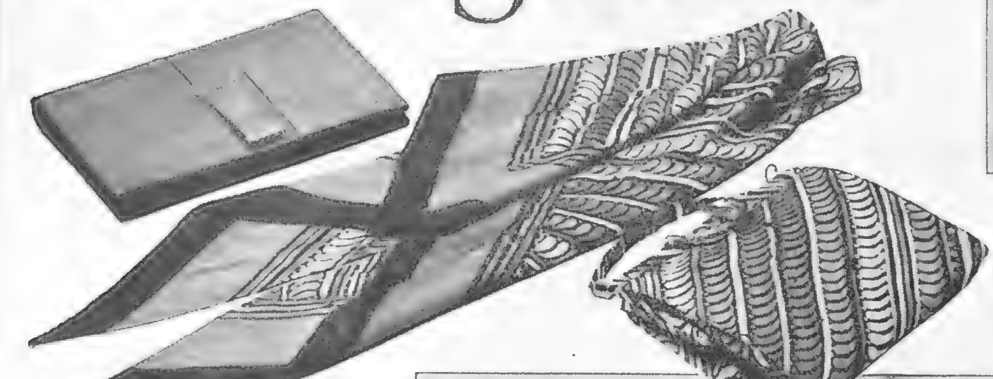


Right : An ingenious and useful picnic table with two seats is made of wicker. When the seats are not in use they fit inside the table and are fastened in a moment by the straps which slip on to hooks. The table is seven inches high and nineteen inches in diameter. The complete set costs £5 12 6

Left: Engraved glass jars with tightly fitting lids for biscuits, bath salts, or water softening powder. The tall one in a lovely sapphire blue costs £2 12 6, the smaller one in amber is £1 10 0. Both would be equally good for the dining-room or the bathroom

Above: A well-designed example of small modern occasional tables is painted the colour of coral and costs £5 15 0. An exquisite smoking set is in turquoise coloured Japanese cloisonné inset with carved plaques of white jade. The cigarette box is £7 7 0, the ashtray £2 2 0, and the matchbox £1 1 0

WINDOW SHOPPING



The close alliance (above) between the scarf and the bag is one of the most interesting notes of current dress. The design of this set is in red, black, deep yellow and white, and the price £5 10 0. The other bag is in dark red leather and is remarkably neat looking. £3 5 6

Above: A very complete bag for the lady who likes to be prepared for rain but dislikes having extra things to carry. Both the bag and the umbrella are in dark blue, the bag in morocco and the umbrella with a silk cover. The bag is thirteen and a half inches long, the umbrella a little longer, and they cost £3 9 6

Below: An easy and delightful way of serving ices and iced fruit or sweets is to place them in this new container. It is made in white or jade green glass; the inner bowl is separate and is surrounded with crushed ice when in use. The price is £1 17 6

Below: This long-handled basket is for the gardener who finds that the business of making things grow provides more than enough opportunities for stooping, and likes to be saved from doing so whenever possible. The basket is painted green, lined with white enamel, contains four of the most essential gardening tools, and costs £2 9 6

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Attractive Tables

THE table-linen and glass which are available to-day and the fashion of using either mats or tablecloths and any colour one likes best endow the occupation of table-laying with enthralling possibilities

Right: A corn-coloured cloth in artificial silk, a pale gold vase filled with irises, pale gold tumblers, green china cruets and green-handled knives and forks

THERE is a most agreeable catholicity of taste about the dressing of the luncheon or dinner table at the present time.

If you are tired of mats, or not too pleased with the surface of your table, you cover it with a cloth of fine white damask, or with deliciously coloured artificial silk with a damask-like pattern, or with linen.

If you like a cloth for luncheon but prefer to see your glass and silver, your candle flames and your flowers reflected in the polished surface of your table at night, you will use one of the innumerable varieties of mats.

The loveliest mats I have seen for years are oblong in shape, are made in a fabric which is very much like organdie muslin except that it is softer and more silky, and have their corners decorated in marvellously fine shadow embroidery. This and the tiny scalloped edging is their only decoration, and although they are expensive to buy it would be quite possible for a clever needlewoman to carry out a similar idea successfully.

LACE mats are as much used as ever. The round mats shown in one of the photographs are made in a skilful imitation of needle-run lace, with small pink roses in embroidery which looks like petit point.

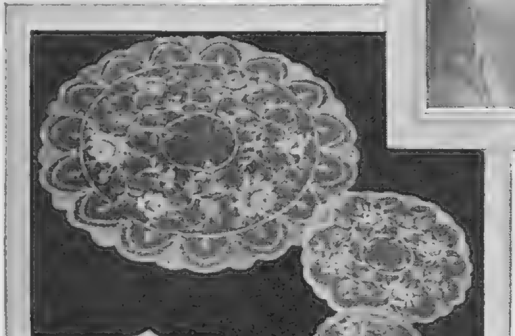
The coloured table-cloths make a particularly good setting for summer luncheons, because of the charming cool schemes they make possible.

The artificial silk cloth used in the photograph is almost the colour of maize. The vase in the centre is in that glass which glows with a slightly metallic effect, in pale gold, and it is filled with water, three rocky lumps of glass in aquamarine and white, a few mauve and yellow irises, and the green spikes which belong to them.

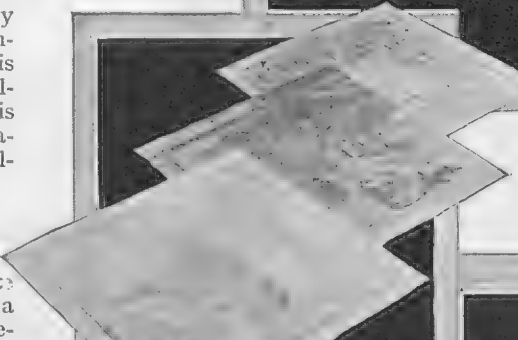
Green-handled knives and forks and green china cruets repeat the cool note struck by the iris foliage, and the tumblers repeat the colour of the centrepiece.

These cloths are made in several excellent colours and a mauve one would be lovely with a centrepiece of yellow and maroon sweet peas.

Photographs by E. J. Mason



Above: Pink roses in a stitch resembling Petit Point on mats of reproduction needle-run lace



Above: Artificial silk cloths in white, corn colour and blue. Most of these are sold with table-napkins to match

THE less formal tablecloths are charming for country cottages, small flats, and very simple modern rooms. Many of the most effective consist of plain linen in two or more colours joined together with hemstitching.

The catholic taste over table coverings has also spread to glass, and nobody minds now if your tumblers do not match the other glasses, provided that they provide a harmonious effect, although a table set with a complete array of glass which is finely cut or engraved has a perennial charm.

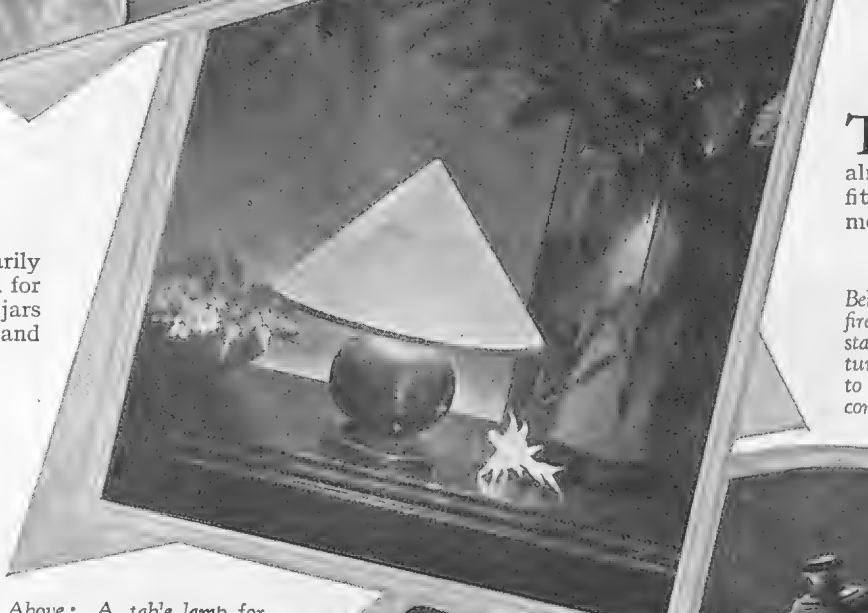
CATHERINE IVES.

Below: Deep crimson roses in an opal glass dish, fine white mats, and glasses and dessert plates engraved with a grape vine pattern on a dark polished table

Madam, did you KNOW?

Practical paragraphs for Home Consumption

Right: This ingenious paper can be used for hermetically sealing bottles and jars. It is airtight, germproof and waterproof, as clear as glass, and exceedingly strong



Above: A table lamp for the bedside or an occasional table has a ball-like wooden base, stained to represent mahogany, and a cone-shaped parchment shade

Below: The new English fireproof china which withstands extremes of temperature and is unusually easy to clean is made in many convenient shapes and sizes

THAT there is an extraordinarily clever paper which can be used for hermetically sealing bottles and jars filled with preserved fruits, jams and pickles?

It costs a shilling a packet, which will cover thirty jars of normal size; it is airtight and waterproof; germproof, transparent and exceedingly strong.

When this paper has been placed in position on the top of a jar it is actually as clear as glass, although the light has caught it in the photograph so that this fact is not apparent in the upright jar.

The paper can be used several times, because it is easily removed after having been moistened with a wet cloth, and when it has been washed and dried it is ready for future occasions.

People who have bowls stocked with glass fish will find it useful to keep the water clean.

THAT there is a new and English fireproof china on the market? It is in stone colour tinged with blue and with a simple blue design round the edges, and will withstand sudden changes of temperature.

Large marmite shaped casseroles for stews, small ones for soup, round and square casseroles, entrée dishes, custard cups, oblong dishes for bread and shallow ones for fish and *au gratin* dishes are all made in the same ware.

The glaze is very soft and matt in appearance, which makes it far easier to remove the marks of burnt food or oven spills, and the general appearance of the fireproof china is distinctly pleasant.

THAT a reliable shoemaker will dye light coloured shoes black for a very small charge? This is invaluable when a pair of pale shoes has become unwearable, owing to black marks round the toes and heels.

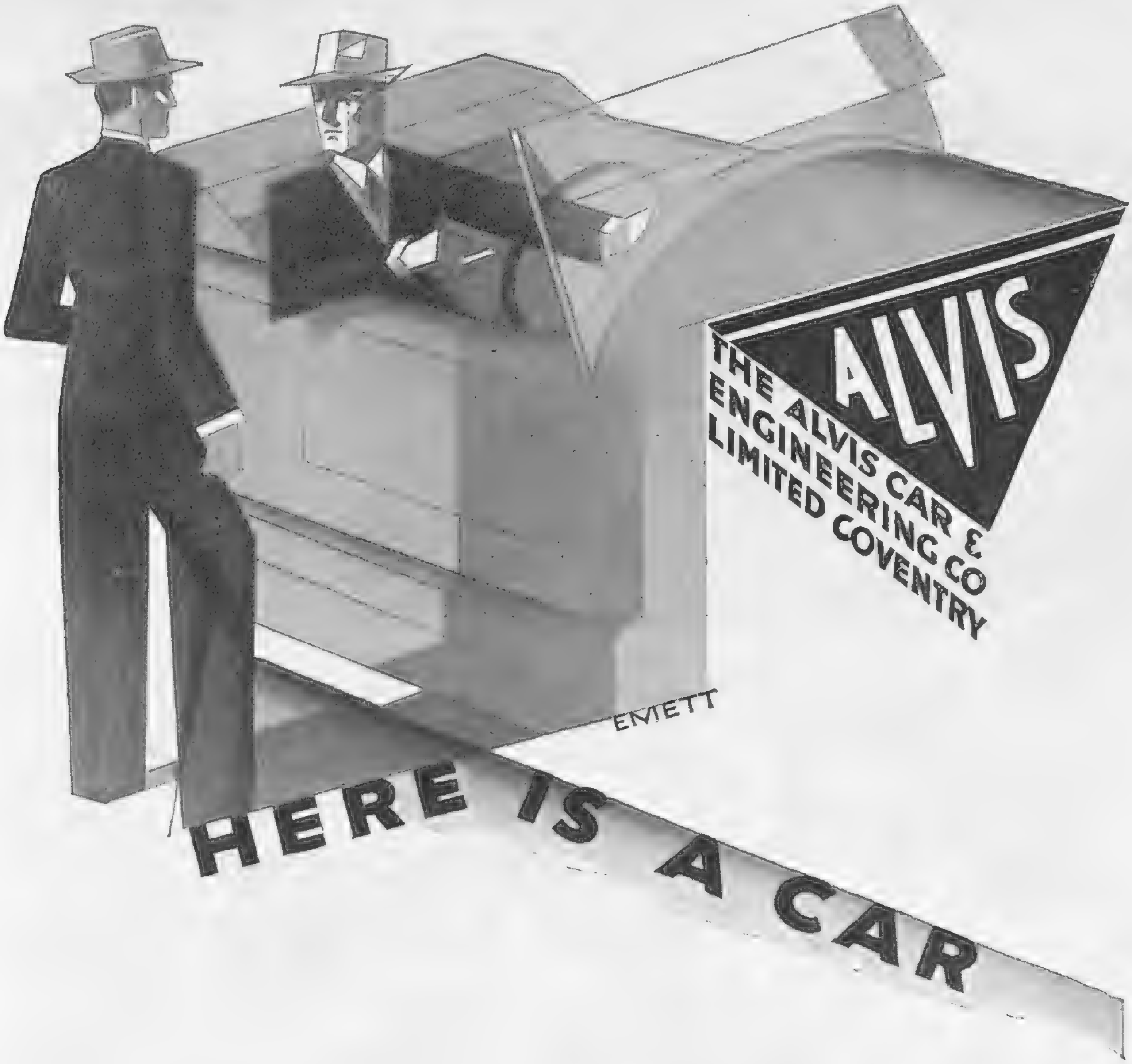
THAT if you have a garden, and salsify is among the things you grow, it is well worth while to let a few of the plants run to seed? These giant balls of fluff make unusual floral decorations.

THAT one of the best possible places for a shaving mirror in a small bathroom is the window itself, if this has panes and is a convenient height. One pane can be taken out and the mirror inserted in its stead.

THAT it is unwise to hang a mirror where a strong light can fall upon it, as this is apt to affect the mercury?

THAT a fairly deep cupboard can be made almost as efficient as fitted wardrobe at a very moderate cost?

Photographs by E. J. Mason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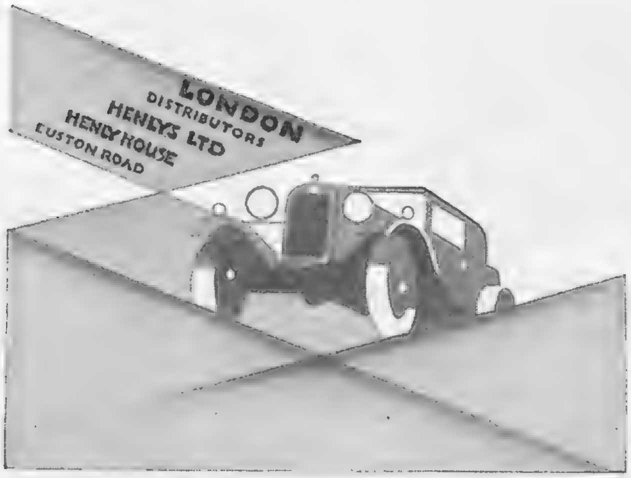
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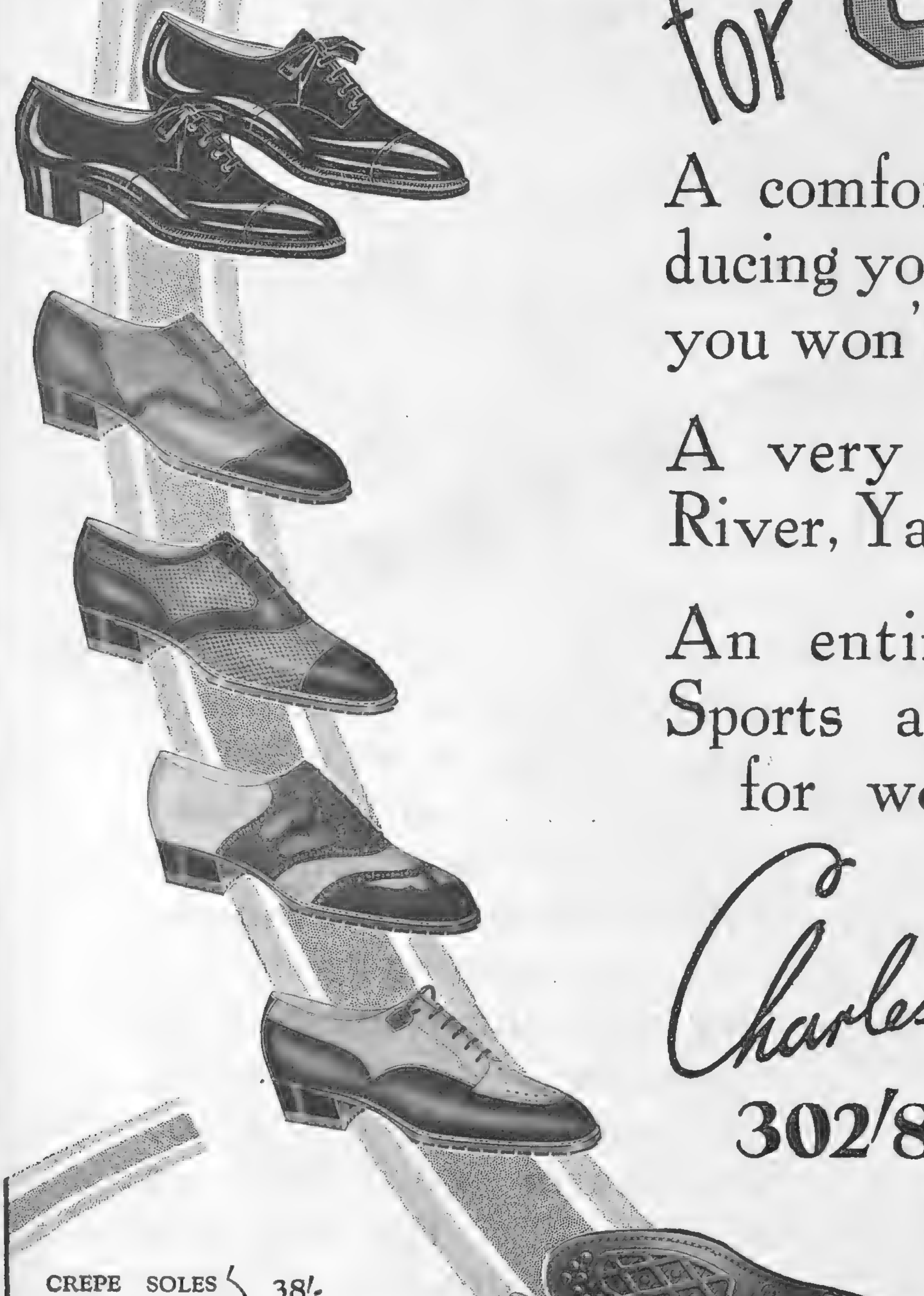

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TRADE MARK

WOMEN'S GOLF *SECTION:*

Conducted by ELEANOR E. HELME

The Eve SPRING MEDAL Foursomes

Described by ELEANOR E. HELME

Prize winners with their trophies: (L. to R., top row), Mrs. Herbert Guedalla, Miss Sim, Mrs. R. C Smallwood and Mrs. R. E. Potter; (in front centre), Mrs. Percy Garon and Miss Dorothy Pearson

Miss S. Hern and Mrs. Hern—the winners of the Handicap Aggregate prize

HOW can we describe Eve's Spring Medal Foursomes this year when the holders, Mrs. Percy Garon and Mrs. Guedalla held on to their trophies at St. George's Hill? Medal play is never easy to report. For one thing you are almost certain to watch the wrong couple. After a morning spent industriously trudging after Mrs. A and Miss B, in a touching belief that they will head the list, you inevitably find that Miss Z and Mrs. Y have done better. Or you fancy that the famous one of a pair must be doing the good figures, ignoring her opponent, so that it comes as a shock to find that the unconsidered trifle is in the prize list, that you cannot recall one shot that she has played, and that your notebook shows an unpleasing blank.

Is it better then, or worse, to have to sit down and try to write about St. George's Hill, where it was naturally impossible to see a single shot played? When there are two hundred handicap certificates to be seen, two hundred cards to be given out correctly marked with that handicap, to be checked on return, put up on a board, whilst all the time one hundred and one questions relevant and irrelevant have to be answered? when the right change has to be given to that couple who only want to go in for three-quarters of the sweep (or half or one quarter), when the correct adjustments of handicaps have to be made, since ninety-nine per cent. of the competitors seem to have come down since entering, how is the poor correspondent to get out and see how magnificently people are playing?

THE club, ever hospitable, had done all that was possible in providing an efficient starter for each course, but the fact remains that Eve's place was, not to go out and see, but to glue her nose to the cards and the returns. So the day can only be described as the news came back to her amongst the cards and the certificates and the questions. For the first couples out were coming in before the last were going out, and were going out again for their second round before the last were coming in from their first. And if you, dear reader, are muddled by that sentence let me assure you that your confusion is nothing to what Eve's might have been if she had gone out in search of material for this article instead of attending strictly to business.

Miss Faraday, Miss Skinner, Miss Beard and Miss M. Hamilton. The latter pair won the Handicap prize, Old Course

Miss M. Hollins and Mrs. Ronald Garrett (U.S.A.), with Mrs. Dudley Charles and Mrs. Alec Gold

Miss Cecil Leitch, Mrs Kennedy, Mrs. H. Satchell and Miss T. Ramsden

Local members began to come in first. They had nobly started early as being nearest to the scene of action. They had not much to say except that they had played badly. Then the visitors began to arrive, most of them overcome by the difficulties of the New Course. It is short, certainly, but the long drought had made the ground so hard that some of the pitches on to the small, sloping and fiercely guarded greens were apparently past the ingenuity of anybody to achieve.

People on the Old Course did not seem to be faring very much better, but news of the New was the more exciting as this was the first competition that had ever been played over it. There Miss Leitch and Mrs. Kennedy, for instance, could not do better than 81, the same score as Miss Firebrace and Miss D. Stanhope. Then complaints about the difficulties were somewhat knocked on the head by a card of 77 scratch from Mrs. Garon and Mrs. Guedalla, not to mention a 78 from Mrs. Potter and Miss Pearson, and a 74 net from Mrs. Smallwood and Miss Sim, who showed again the worth of the partnership which had taken them to the semi-final in last year's Overflow Foursomes.

On the Old Course Mrs. Ernest Hill and Miss Joy Winn had the best morning round with 85, Mrs. J. B. Walker and Mrs. Cautley were 86, and Mrs. Alec Gold and Mrs. Dudley Charles 87. There were only about two more pairs under 90, these being Miss

Mrs. I. Gow and Mrs. R. Shand with Mrs. Finlay and Miss Beryl Brown.

Miss M. B. Gregory, Miss Lyon, the Hon. Mrs. O. Scott and Miss Lord on the 18th (Old Course).

Fowler and Miss Lobbett and Miss Lyon and Miss Gregory. As for handicap on the Old, Mrs. Hern and young Miss Shiela Hern had a splendid start from everybody with 92 – 14½=77½.

THE real excitements began with the appearance of the first afternoon cards. Amongst these were Mrs. Graham Jones and Miss Uhthoff, with 83 scratch on the Old Course, and a few minutes later, Miss Mary Beard, who is still in for the Girls' Championship, and Miss Hamilton, with the same score. It seemed pretty certain that these must be somewhere in the prize list, though they would hardly win the cups themselves, for Miss Leitch and Mrs. Kennedy returned 169 scratch aggregate, and people began to talk of a repetition of their 1926 win.

Then in came Mrs. Cautley and Mrs. Walker with tales of a tragedy to melt the hardest heart. With sixteen holes of the New Course safely behind them they only needed very ordinary figures to tie, or par figures to win. Instead, they had an encounter with a bush at the 17th and a collapse at the 18th, and their terrible total for those two holes put them right out of the running. Then the holders arrived with 89 on the Old, and though they were hard chased by Mrs. Potter and Miss Pearson, all these could do was to tie with Miss Leitch and Mrs. Kennedy, whilst Mrs. Garon and Mrs. Guedalla with 166 took the cups home again.

As nobody could take more than one prize the scratch on the New Course went to Mrs. Potter and Miss Pearson, the scratch on the Old to Mrs. Graham Jones and Miss Uhthoff, Miss Beard and Miss Hamilton, with whom they tied, having taken the handicap on the Old, for which Mrs. and Miss Hern were ineligible, having already taken the handicap aggregate.

The handicap on the New went to Mrs. Smallwood and Miss Sim. It would have been pleasant to see Miss Marion Hollins, the ex-American champion, who was partnered by Mrs. Ronald Garrett, taking some of the spoils away with her. But she had only lately landed, and foursome play is a strange form of the game for an American golfer.

Miss A. Firebrace, Miss D. Stanhope, Lady Alness and Miss R. Leetham. The latter pair won "Eve's" Autumn Foursomes in 1928.

Miss E. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, Miss B. Holmes and Miss A. Holmes.

Score Play:

By Miss *Enid Wilson*

(the English Champion)

Miss Enid Wilson.

MEDAL play is very popular with women golfers, and hardly a day passes by without an open meeting or competition of some sort.

A gross return below eighty used to be somewhat of an event, but now scores of seventy-five and better are frequently returned, and plus handicaps are coming into vogue.

Experience counts for rather a lot, and most players have to plod away for some time before they figure in the prize list. Steadiness is essential.

On a strange course distances are rather hard to judge at times, especially so when the bottom of the pin is invisible. To be caught between two minds when playing a shot is absolutely fatal, and it is better to go forward and have a good look at the lie of the land, form a definite judgment as to the correct club required, and make up your mind where the ball is going to pitch. It is impossible to play a good firm shot unless you have a definite object in view.

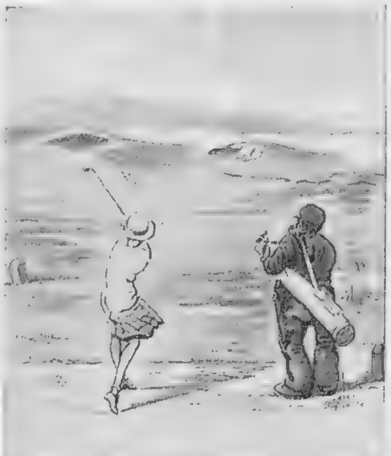
A good caddie is very helpful, though I am afraid I don't often take much heed as to what my caddie says, when I am on a strange course. He may not know the course, and he certainly doesn't know my game, and I like to plan out the shots myself, so when I do get a bad caddie he won't have any effect on my play.

MEDAL play is certainly much harder than match. You are up against par, which never makes a mistake, and this means you must concentrate hard on every shot.

The best plan is to play each hole individually and to completely blot everything else from your mind. If you have had an eight and started to drop shots, don't allow it to worry you, nor upset your game. On most courses there are one or two par five holes which are easy fours for the long hitter, but it is surprising how easy it is to collect a six when going out for a 'birdie."

"Birdies" are generally the result of one putt and it is impossible to do a good score unless you can get the putts in. If you can get the touch of the greens fairly quickly, all will be well.

IN recovery shots from bunkers and the rough, don't try to do too much, and don't be in too much of a hurry to hit the ball. Slashing away with brute force does not do any good and will most probably result in the loss of several valuable shots. Although I have the reputation of being better at medal than match play, I love nothing better than a hard match against a good man player.



The most difficult short hole in the world — the high hole at St. Andrews.

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

FIXTURE LIST

(Exclusive to "BRITANNIA & EVE.")

JUNE

3. French Open Championship at Wimereux.
4. Cheshire (East Side) Handicap Meeting at Sandiway.
4. Moor Park Open Meeting.
4 to 7. EVE's Scottish Foursomes at Nairn.
5 and 6. Wrekin Open Meeting.
6 and 7. Worthing Open Meeting.
6. Porters Park Open Meeting.
8. Eglington Quaich at Nairn.
9. Coupe Thion de la Chaume Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes at Fontainebleau.
10. Scottish Championship Score Competition at Nairn.
10 to 13. Welsh Championship at Tenby.
11. Veterans' Spring Meeting at Coulsdon Court.
11. Lords *v.* Commons at Princes, Sandwich.
11 to 14. Scottish Championship at Nairn.
12. Northwood Open Meeting.
12. Yorks *v.* Lancs at Moortown.
12 and 13. Parliamentary Spring Meeting and Tournament at Princes, Sandwich.
13. United Services *v.* Royal Mid-Surrey at Ashford Manor.
14. Northumberland *v.* Durham.
14. Medical *v.* United Services at Northwood.
14. Stage *v.* Hendon, at Hendon.
14. Yorks *v.* Cheshire at Alwoodley.
18. Langley Park Open Mixed Foursomes.
18. United Services *v.* Legal at Ashford Manor.
18. Durham County Medal.
18. Lancs Co. Northern Meeting at Lancaster.
19. Cooden Beach Open Meeting.
19. Cumberland and Westmorland *v.* Yorkshire at Embleton (Cockermouth).
20. Bexhill Open Meeting.
20. Northumberland *v.* Yorkshire at Hexham.
20. Shirley Park (Croydon) Open Meeting.
20, 21, 22. Norfolk County Meeting at Cromer.
21. Durham *v.* Yorkshire at Ryton.
22. Ladies' *v.* Men at Stoke Poges.
25. Manchester District Cup at Chorlton.
25. Midland Open Foursomes at Copt Heath.
25. Joint Associations' Field Day at Sandy Lodge.
25 and following days. Midland Foursomes.
26. Stanmore Invitation Meeting.
27. Ladies' and Men's Medical Mixed Foursomes at Northwood.
28. Old Ford Manor Open Meeting.

JULY

2. Lancashire Coronation Medal and Open Meeting at R. Lytham and St. Annes.
3. Lords *v.* Commons at Walton Heath.
3, 4, 5. Yorks Handicap Challenge Bowl, Rotherham.
4. Manchester and District "Courier" Cup at Sale.
5. Parliamentary *v.* Legal at Rochester and Cobham Park.
10. Woodhall Spa Open Competition for Institute for the Blind.
11. Divisional Final, Eastern and Western sub-Division of Northern Division.
11. Royal Mid-Surrey *v.* United Services at Mid-Surrey.
16. United Services *v.* Roehampton at Ashford Manor.
16. Durham County Medal.
17 and 18. Parliamentary Spring Meeting and Tournament at Princes Sandwich.

AUGUST

3. Woodhall Spa Open Medal.
5. Woodhall Spa Open Bogey.
6. Woodhall Spa Open Mixed Foursomes.
20. Durham County Medal.

SEPTEMBER

10. Girls' Golfing Society Autumn Meeting at Stoke Poges.
11, 12, and 13. EVE's Girls' Open Championship at Stoke Poges
17. Durham County Medal.
23. Woodhall Spa Open Bogey.
24. Woodhall Spa Open Mixed Foursomes.
24. Lancashire Clubs Qualifying Round Lady Derby Cup at Manchester.
24 and 25. Hayling Island Open Meeting.
25. Notts County Autumn Meeting at Radcliffe.
25, 26, and 27. Worcestershire Championship at Malvern
25. Essex Autumn Meeting at Thorpe Hall.
26. Brocton Hall Open Meeting.
26. Durham County Autumn Meeting at South Shields.
27. Surrey Autumn Meeting and Coronation Medal (Open) at Wentworth.
27. Hendon Open Meeting.
28. Bexhill Open Mixed Foursomes.
30. Medical Autumn Meeting at Northwood.
30. Lancashire Clubs Lady Derby Cup Qualifying Round at Freshfield.

OCTOBER

1. Herts Autumn Meeting (Seniors) at Berkhamsted.
1. Durham Shield Finals.
2. Rochester and Cobham Park Open Mixed Foursomes
3 and 4. County Finals at Broadstone (Dorset).
4. Durham Shield Finals, Bronze Division.
7 to 11. English Close Championship at Dorset.
8. Veterans' Autumn Meeting at Coulsdon Court.
8. Durham Captains *v.* Secretaries Match at Wearside.
9. Herts Autumn Meeting (Juniors) at Porters Park.
12. Guildford Open Mixed Foursomes.
15, 16, 17, and 18. EVE's Autumn and Roehampton Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.
15. Durham County Medal.
16. Glos County Kitcat Finals at Gloucester.
21, etc. Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes Tournament.
23 and 24. Kent Autumn Meeting at Royal Blackheath.
23. Lady Marling Cup and General Meeting Glos County, Stinchcombe Hill.
24. Legal Autumn Meeting.
24. United Services Autumn Meeting at Ashford Manor.
24. Surrey (Bronze Division) Autumn Meeting and Coronation Medal (Open) at Purley Downs.
24. Pearson Trophy Finals in Kent.
29. Guildford Challenge Cup (open to Members of all Surrey Clubs).
29 and 30. Middlesex Autumn Meeting at Crews Hill.
29 and 30. Lancashire County Lady Derby Cup Finals at Hesketh.
30. *Star* Tournament Finals.

NOVEMBER

5 and 6. Lancashire County Scratch and Handicap Shields Finals.
30. Durham County Annual General Meeting and At Home.

DECEMBER

25. Woodhall Spa Open Mixed Foursomes.
26. Woodhall Spa Open Medal.
27. Woodhall Spa Open Bogey.

The Internationals

The Curtain-raiser to the "Open" at St. Andrews: how England beat Scotland and retained the Shield.

By Eleanor E. Helme.

Still in a class by herself: Miss Joyce Wethered at St. Andrews

WHEN the International Matches are over there is always something which sticks in mind after the general impression of fierce struggles has faded. This year it will be the amazing beauty of the first day at St. Andrews, and of the golf played by Miss Wethered. On the second day there was neither the sun nor Miss Wethered. But by then the great match of the week was over, and England had beaten Scotland by 6 to 3: that was really all that mattered. On the first morning England defeated Wales by 8 to 1, though Wales had every reason to be proud of getting a team into the field at all, and especially of that one victory which was gained by Mrs. Rieben at the expense of Miss Gourlay. The putts which the Welsh player holed were stupendous: the ones which Miss Gourlay missed very many and very lamentable. But Mrs. Rieben thoroughly deserved her win, and just to show an admiring crowd how she had gained it she holed a very remarkable putt under the very eyes of Andra Kircaldy and of the interested gallery leaning on the palings round the last green. Miss Enid Wilson was bravely tackled by Miss Pyman in the top match, but Miss Dampney was not only given no chances but quite failed to play her own good game against Miss Wethered, who was certainly no more than approximate fours for her match, which she won by 9 and 7.

SCOTLAND meanwhile beat Ireland by the same margin. It was one thing to play such golf as Miss Wethered had done against no opposition. It was quite another to do it in the afternoon when Mrs. Watson was tackling her with all the courage and conviction of a thrice Scottish champion, and there was a big crowd out to see how golf should be played. Mrs. Watson played golf which would have beaten almost anybody else. She had nothing whatever to regret except the taking of three putts at the 8th, and the failure to get a three at the 11th. For those very little misdeeds she was beaten by 4 and 3, and Miss Wethered's approximate score was only one over fours. That win for England wiped out Miss McCulloch's victory two up from Miss Wilson, and Scotland's only other winners were Miss Kathleen Macdonald, who beat Mrs. Guedalla 5 and 3, and Miss Cochrane, who beat Mrs. Gold 4 and 2. In the meantime Ireland were accounting for Wales. After that match between England and Scotland everything else seemed rather an anti-climax, but there were some good individual fights next day before England beat Ireland 7 to 2 and Scotland Wales by the same margin. Scotland had not perhaps so strong a team as they had when they won two years ago at Newcastle, but they were on their home course, and England, under their youthful captain, Miss Wilson, might well feel proud of their win.

The victorious English team

The "EVE" GOLF CALENDAR

JUNE

August is the month, 'tis said
For Bonnie Scotland. We instead
Prefer to go in June.
It's true you cannot stalk the stag,
And clubs not grouse will fill your bag
Though birdies still may come
Your way in Scottish Foursomes (Eve's
When partner's perfect mashie leaves
You easy putts to hole.

And after quaking over these
There's Quaich in earnest if you please
For Club, and then the Score.
The Championship begins at last:
Too soon the cheery fortnight's past—
What fun those evenings are
With plays and pillow-fights and things:
What figures strange and Highland flings
Delight us at the Ball.

Eleanor E. Helme

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

The "EVE" GOLF Competitions

Results *of the* "EVE" APRIL Monthly Medal Competitions

CLASS I. (HANDICAPS OF 20 AND UNDER)

Name	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. N. Mozey	North Hants	84	15	69	77	8 below
Miss Knight Roche	Milltown	85	19	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. Maxwell Fowler	Burnham Beeches	80	9	71	78	7 ,,
Miss K. Smith	Minchinhampton	87	19	68	75	7 ,,
Miss D. Haimes	Bedfordshire	89	17	72	78	6 ,,
Miss N. Plunket	Alnmouth	87	18	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. G. Bennett	Sandy Lodge	74	4	70	75	5 ,,
Miss D. C. Blaker	South Lodge	83	13	70	75	5 ,,
Miss D. MacDonald	Came Down	86	15	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. H. M. Wilkinson	Meyrick and Queen's Park	93	19	74	79	5 ,,
Mrs. J. Healy	Hindley Hall	87	20	67	72	5 ,,
Miss M. B. Smith	Prestbury and Upton	89	16	73	77	4 ,,
Mrs. N. J. Lewis	Bristol and Clifton	88	16	72	76	4 ,,
Miss G. Farmer	Tredegar Park	90	18	72	76	4 ,,
Mrs. Warren Kaye	Harrogate	80	7	73	76	3 ,,
Miss L. Rose	Olton	83	11	72	75	3 ,,
Miss S. Hern	Liphook	87	15	72	75	3 ,,
Mrs. M. Tucker	Royal Blackheath	89	17	72	75	3 ,,
Mrs. R. J. Major	Crohanm Hurst	78	4	74	76	2 ,,
Mrs. E. B. Walker	Hesketh	81	8	73	75	2 ,,
Mrs. Dawe	Harborne	84	10	74	76	2 ,,
Miss H. S. Walker	Tyneside	87	11	76	78	2 ,,
Miss Fellowes	Ashdown Forest	81	11	70	72	2 ,,
Miss E. Watson	Buckingham	83	13	70	72	2 ,,
Mrs. Robinson	Withington	88	16	72	74	2 ,,
Miss J. D. Withers	Sandwell Park	79	5	74	75	1 ,,
Miss M. Sabine	Harrogate	85	10	75	76	1 ,,
Miss M. Walton	Buckingham	85	14	71	72	1 ,,
Mrs. G. W. Ellis	South Shields	95	19	76	77	1 ,,
Miss A. I. Elliott	Withington	93	20	73	74	1 ,,

CLASS 2. (HANDICAPS OVER 20)

Mrs. A. Bradley	Wigan	93	35	58	72	14 ,,
Miss B. Moxon	Huddersfield	98	35	63	77	14 ,,
Miss K. Lowe	Tamworth	92	36	56	70	14 ,,
Mrs. E. Coles	Western Park	90	31	59	71	12 ,,
Miss L. A. Taylor	Grimsby and Cleethorpes	99	36	63	75	12 ,,
Mrs. E. Davies	Beau Desert	100	36	64	76	12 ,,
Mrs. E. Birnie Reid	Aberdeen	83	28	55	66	11 ,,
Miss M. Couzens	Droitwich	96	36	60	71	11 ,,
Mrs. Ford	North Hants	95	29	66	77	11 ,,
Mrs. L. Thompson	Tyneside	93	25	68	78	10 ,,
Mrs. N. Platt	Crewe	86	23	63	73	10 ,,
Miss B. Strickland	Churston	92	26	66	76	10 ,,
Miss S. Bell	Sundridge Park	98	30	68	78	10 ,,
Miss B. Osbaldeston	Park	101	34	67	77	10 ,,
Miss A. Andrews	Ifield	103	36	67	77	10 ,,
Mrs. Bennett	Worlebury	89	27	62	71	9 ,,
Miss L. Brown	Moor Park	95	27	68	77	9 ,,
Miss E. M. Liptrot	Appley Bridge	87	28	59	68	9 ,,
Mrs. M. Tinsley	Lincoln	98	31	67	76	9 ,,
Mrs. Murgatroyd	Pannal	100	32	68	77	9 ,,
Miss V. Fitter	The Naze	101	32	69	78	9 ,,
Mrs. J. E. Smethurst	Warrington	102	35	67	76	9 ,,
Mrs. Williams	Droitwich	98	36	62	71	9 ,,
Miss M. Halstead	Cocksmoors Woods	92	27	65	77	8 ,,
Miss G. Platt	Thonock	93	30	63	71	8 ,,
Miss E. Hutchinson	Brough	98	32	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. Fairley	Newport, I.W.	99	34	65	73	8 ,,
Miss B. Waller	Minchinhampton	103	36	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. C. T. Lang	Walmer and Kingsdown	91	24	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. E. Burney	Royal Jersey	94	25	69	76	7 ,,

New CLUB Competition

"BRITANNIA & EVE" offer the following CLUB PRIZES in connection with the Monthly Spoon Competition.

I. A prize each month to the Club which sends in the greatest number of cards, *relative to the number of its members*, for EVE's Monthly Spoon Competition.

II. A Challenge Cup to be held for one year by the Club which sends in the greatest total number of cards, *relative to the number of its members*, during the eight months, May 1st to December 31st, 1929. (A memento will also be given.)

III. The three Clubs who have sent in the greatest total numbers of cards, *relative to the number of their members*, during the above period, will each be entitled to hold an EVE Club Competition at their own Club during 1930, for prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE.

"EVE'S" GIRLS Open Golf Championship

at Stoke Poges, September 11-13, 1929. Entries open July 1, close August 26. Limited to first 64 names received.

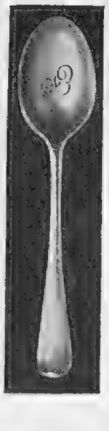
Open to ALL girls of any nationality who will be under 19 on September 10, 1929.

Full particulars and Entrance Forms will appear in the July issue. Entries cannot be received till then, but enquiries are welcomed.

The cards which entitle Clubs to compete for these awards must be sent in to BRITANNIA AND EVE Office for the individual Monthly Spoon Competition, under the conditions of that Competition given on this page.

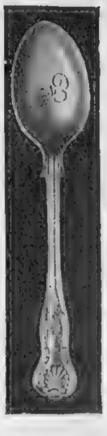
"EVE'S" AUTUMN and ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

Full conditions and entrance form will appear in the July number of BRITANNIA AND EVE. No entries can be received except on that form.



"EVE" SPOONS:

Monthly Medal Competitions



"BRITANNIA AND EVE" Silver Teaspoons are awarded each month for net scores in both Silver and Bronze handicap divisions under the following conditions:

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day Scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

True copies of these must be made by the player's partner, must be signed by the partner, and countersigned by the Club Hon. Secretary, who must also certify the scratch score of the course.

Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations permit them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month.

The Golf Coupon from the current issue of BRITANNIA AND EVE must be attached to the FIRST card sent in by each player in any month.

Cards must be sent to the Golf Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, so as to arrive not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out. The names of the winners, together with the scores they returned, will appear in the next issue of the paper.

The receipt of cards will not be acknowledged.

During April, May, June, July, August and September a spoon will be awarded to each of the 30 best net scores, relative to the pars of the courses on which the cards were returned, sent in each month by players with handicaps of 20 and under.

During the same months a spoon of a different pattern will be awarded to each of the thirty best net scores, relative to the pars of the courses on which the cards were returned sent in each month by players with handicaps of 21 to 36.

During October, November, December, January, February and March the number of spoons awarded will be fifteen in each Division.

In case of ties for last places in both Divisions, the player with the shortest handicap will be considered the winner.

The Golf Editor's decision on all points connected with these Competitions is final, and she reserves to herself the right to refuse to accept any card sent in without assigning a reason for so doing. In the event of any player being found to have competed on an incorrect handicap she will be disqualified, and must return any prize or prizes won. Should ladies be in any doubt as to the exact procedure that is required of them, they are most cordially invited to write explaining their difficulties.

NOTE.—*For the CLUB Awards, cards count for the Club to which the player belongs, irrespective of where taken out, e.g., a card returned at an Open Meeting counts for the player's Club, not for the Club holding the meeting.*

"EVE" BROOCHES *for a* Hole *in* One

An "EVE" brooch will be awarded to any lady who does a hole in one in the course of taking out and returning a card under L.G.U. conditions as given above. The card must be certified by marker and Hon. Sec., and accompanied by a coupon in the usual way.

All entries for EVE's *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards,** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"EVE" GOLF COUPON. JUNE

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* ....

Address ....

....

For Club competition this card to be entered in the total of ....Club, of which I am a member.

Diamonds & Platinum
on 18 carat White Gold Bracelets

£40
On Moiré Silk.

£37 10s.
On Moiré Silk.

£40
On Moire Silk.

£50

£75

£150

£220

£225

Diamonds and Platinum on Cords, £230

Diamonds and all Platinum, £475

Diamonds and Platinum on Cords, £425

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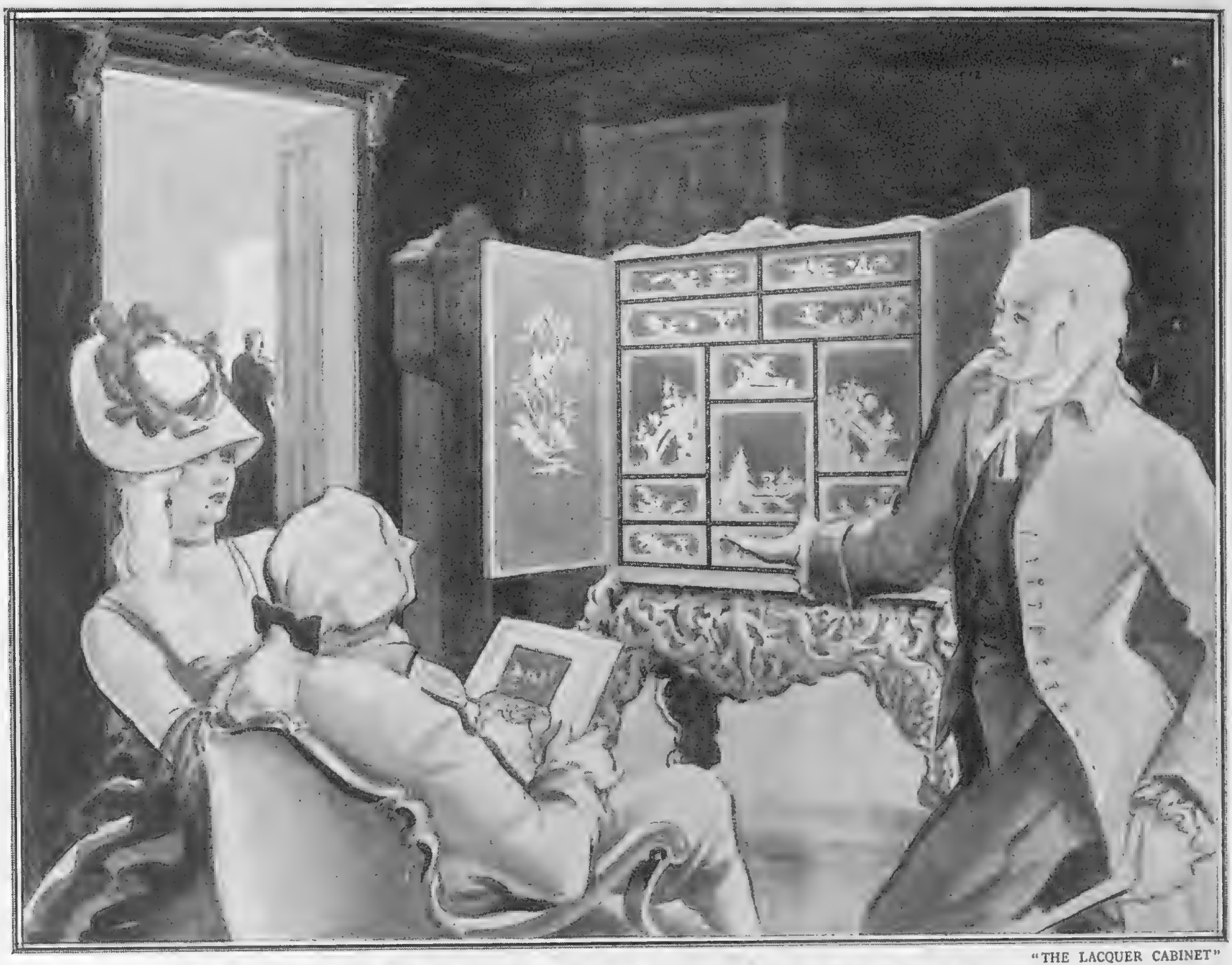

"THE LACQUER CABINET"
By Francis Taylor

THE HOUSE OF WARING AND ITS TRADITIONS

1695 - 1929

IN 1695 the founder of the House of Waring & Gillow, set up his cabinet shop in the City of Lancaster

From 1740, when Robert Gillow engaged in what he called his "Adventure to London," the Gillows, with the other great craftsmen of their day—Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite—worked in the production of those wonderful examples of cabinet-making which are the aim of the collector and the admiration of the world

THE Gillows showed the craftsmaster's pride in his work by stamping most of it with the name of the firm The word Gillow" on a piece of furniture was regarded as the hall-mark of good work

IN 1929, in that same factory at Lancaster, the House is still engaged in the craft of furniture-making

And in 1929, as in 1695, Lancaster-made Furniture is regarded as the best that can be made In the last 60 years the House has hugely extended its operations. Companion factories in London and at Liverpool have been added, which are the largest in the world operating in the interests of one House

FOR over 200 years, the tradition set by Robert Gillow, that master worker in wood, has been followed with a jealous faithfulness, and the Waring productions stand out to-day hall-marked for quality and individuality

As in the past, quality in the making of furniture is of the first consideration. There is no better investment than a piece of fine furniture, carefully made of the best materials. The 18th Century work of the Gillows increases every year in value, and the Waring productions of to-day will be the Antiques of the future

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MANCHESTER

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The Stage Plays and PLAYERS:

By Diana Bourbon

ANY thirty days that yielded us up *Porgy* at His Majesty's, *The New Moon* at "the Lane," *Wake Up And Dream* at Mr. Cochran's Pavilion, that entertaining affair, *La Vie Parisienne* at the now famous Lyric Hammersmith, may fairly be characterised as a fat month in the lean annals of the contemporary theatre.

And I have a sneaking suspicion that a public surfeited on "Production" hankers after the startling individual performance—capable even of carrying an indifferent play without the assistance of a single electric sunset or a piece of super-scenery. Of the two effects, the human performance is the more thrilling.

"Production," of course, is the real star—after Mr. Cochran—of the Pavilion revue. It always is. Quite rightly.

IN *Wake Up And Dream* the scenery and dresses are as important as most of the players. The colour schemes, Mr. Oliver Messel, and the pictorial effects, nearly as important as Mr. Cochran. But that vit gentleman is always his own ace of trumps. Only showmanship puts over this type of entertainment, and the lesser stars twinkle, much as they might hate to realise it, only because the showman keeps their bright side to the public.

Wake Up And Dream has a poor first act, and gets better and better as it goes on. One dance of Miss Tina Meller's, a couple of rather "naughty" songs, the choreography of Miss Tilly Losch, are the high spots; and out of the whole maelstrom emerges one personality—Sonnie Hale. (His skit on Sir Thomas Beecham is the wittiest piece of acting on the contemporary stage.)

Mannell

DIANA BEAUMONT, a niece of Sir Gerald du Maurier, is one of the many bright young people in "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," a merry medley of adventurous nonsense by those two best-sellers, Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse

PRODUCTION scores again in *Porgy*, the all-negro drama that was to have provided a high-brow sensation, and turned out to be a very good low-brow evening's entertainment, its only "sensational" quality being its novelty.

Compared with the published drama, I found the acted version a little incoherent. An advantage perhaps. The sordidity of the poor story is not so relentlessly driven home. The colour, the movement, the singing (authentic negro spirituals authentically rendered—and how beautifully), the dancing—all these things become the play. And for once one does not resent the exaltation of the "Production" at the expense of the individual. *Porgy* isn't individual. It is an orchestral effect. And everyone knows that the conductor is the big noise at an orchestral concert.

Bertram Park

EDNA BEST and HERBERT MARSHALL, in the New York success "Paris Bound," at the Lyric Theatre

Sasha

THE FACE that launched a thousand laughs: Ralph Lynn, Tom Wall's inseparable confederate in many an Aldwych farce

AT Drury Lane one *expects* to find a production lording it over all and sundry. *The New Moon*, therefore, springs a surprise. There is the magnificent ship scene, of course—a little marred to my way of thinking by the unconvincing fight—one never knew two ships to collide with so little damage done! And there are the superb costumes of the first two acts. There is Miss Evelyn Laye. And Miss Laye scores all over the scenery.

To her I metaphorically take off my hat. Time was when a lot of people thought her overrated. Having reached stardom, and being as pretty as—well, as she is—there was little reason to hope that she would improve. She has. Astonishingly. Where most of her generation would have sat back satisfied, she has worked. Now she can take the colossal stage of Drury Lane and dominate it. Her singing voice has improved out of recognition. You can hear every word she speaks in the back row of the gallery. She is prettier than ever.

There are two men in the company who can also really sing. It is unfortunate that neither of them can act, as well; but one can't have everything, and really, they are no more incredible than the plot—which doesn't matter.

COMING out after the first night of *New Moon*, I prophesied that it would run longer than its predecessor. I stick to that. It isn't hampered by so much originality, for one thing. It has also several excellent tunes, reminiscent of every other excellent tune of years past. There is plenty of it—except of poor Mr. Gene Gerrard, who can be so funny, and has literally *nothing* to do. One might pick flaws but I admit I enjoyed it enormously.

"The Movie Finger writes . . ."

A Monthly Review of Current Film Topics

By

SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Pola Negri, who plays Fédora with Norman Kerry in "The Woman from Moscow," is now filming in this country

Left: "The Conquering Power," in which Alice Terry plays opposite the late Rudolf Valentino, has been reissued owing to the demand for Valentino films

Survivals and Sombreros for Summertime

IT is the practice of film renters to reserve the less important films for showing during the summer months. Probably the theory is that holiday audiences are uncritical and that young men who frequent cinema houses in the summer care less whether the picture holds their attention than whether their girl friends hold their hands. A survey of the releases and programmes for June suggests that the American production companies know only too well where the duds go in the summertime.

The best of this month's pictures are reissues of old favourites, featuring stars whose popularity has stood the test of time. In the case of Rudolf Valentino, who appears in *The Conquering Power* and of Barbara la Marr, in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, the players are dead, and one cannot but feel that there is something slightly uncanny about this screen survival of the shadows of shades.

Betty Balfour, Ernest Thesiger and Dino Galvani in "The Vagabond Queen," now in course of production at Elstree

APART from any curious or sentimental interest *The Conquering Power* is worth seeing. It was made by Rex Ingram, who has always been a polished as well as an imaginative producer, and, as it followed *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, he had a reputation to maintain, which is often more difficult than to make one.

The film is based on Balzac's novel, *Eugénie Grandet*, which, in spite of the fact that the heroine's name is used for the title, is primarily the grim study of her father, a miser, who sacrifices his wife's life, Eugénie's happiness, and his own honour to his lust for gold, and the climax shows how poetic justice is satisfied when he is crushed to death by dragging over a cabinet heavy with his hoardings. Ralph Lewis gives a good study of the miser.

THOUGH this picture is exempt from the drab realism of *Riceyman Steps*, the depiction of avarice is inevitably sordid, but relief is provided by the love story of Eugénie, charmingly played by Alice Terry, and her cousin Charles, in which part Valentino had opportunities for his characteristic presentation of a debonair and tender screen lover, and the film provides good sound film fare.

Another Ingram film which is reissued this month and stands the time test well is *The Prisoner of Zenda*. The cast is an interesting one, bristling with now famous names. Lewis Stone, who makes his name afresh every time he has a good part, plays the dual rôle of the King and Rudolf Rassendyl. Rupert of Hentzau is played by Ramon Novarro; Stuart Holmes is splendidly evil as Black Michael, and Barbara la Marr, one of the most talented and popular actresses of her time, who died so tragically of consumption at the height of her career, appears as Antoinette de Mauban.

THIS month also sees the release of *The Woman from Moscow*, the screen version of Sardou's famous play, *Fédora*; Pola Negri is the star. She has shown herself to be a magnificent emotional actress, and it seems a pity that she and her publicity agents do not rely on her talents, which are in no way emphasised by the maudlin recital of her amours. Pola Negri is at present in this country in order to star in a picture under the direction of Charles Whittaker, which should be interesting.

As Fédora she is disappointing. One gets the impression that she is trying out a new method—the static, and it does not suit her. Rages, torments, ardours, and even tears enhance her beauty and are the proper medium for her tempestuous personality. She is not a mistress of mask-like reticence.

Norman Kerry, as the Russian artist who has killed Fédora's dissolute fiancé because he deceived and deserted his sister, acts extremely well. He has a breadth of physique and manner which is a relief from some of the more emasculate screen types.

What a good actor Paul Lukas is! He makes a transitory appearance in *The Woman from Moscow* as the murdered debauchee, but he can be a very quiet and sinister villain.

ONE of the few comedy features of particular merit is the reissue of Harold Lloyd's popular *College Days*. This is one of his best pictures, speedy, with amusing situations, a sufficient love interest provided by pretty Jobyna Ralston and good opportunities for Lloyd's particular brand of fun.

There is always an outcrop of "Westerners" at this time of year—Sombreros for summer wear! Two of the best of the present spate feature animal heroes. In *Fangs of Fate* the very handsome and intelligent Alsatian "Klondike" is a dog detective who brings about the happy ending, and "Rex, the King of Wild Horses," plays a dramatic part in the evolution of the mystery story of *Plunging Hoofs*.

By Appointment.

By Appointment.

Photo by Peter North.

THE "REVERSIBLE."

New roll-up light-weight Sports Hat, which can be worn with narrow or wider brim to shade the eyes, and looks equally well either way, sizes 6½ to 7½. In all the newest colours. Price 30/-

Photo by Peter North

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The Answer to "What is Youth?

by Elizabeth Arden

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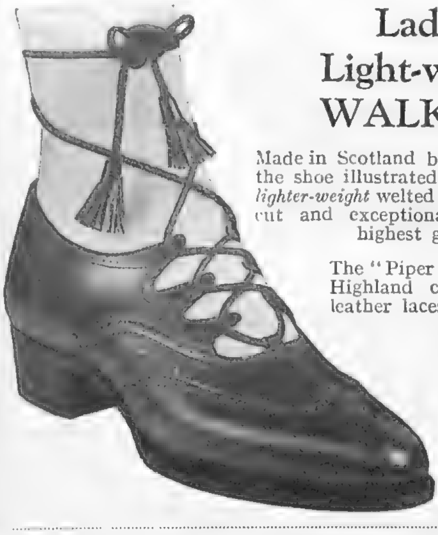

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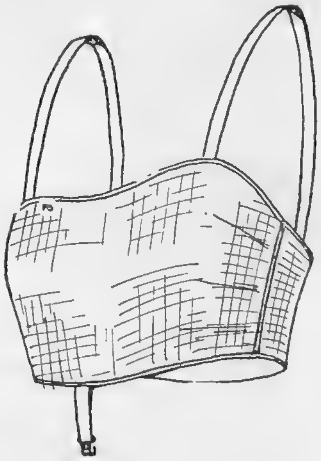

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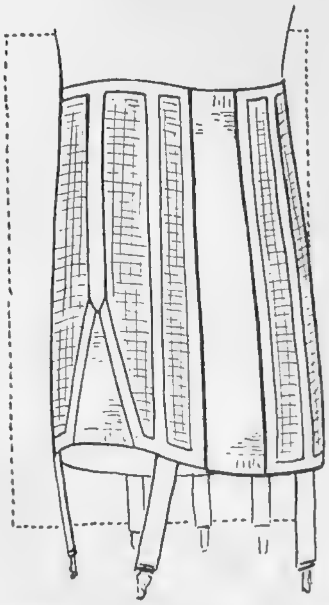

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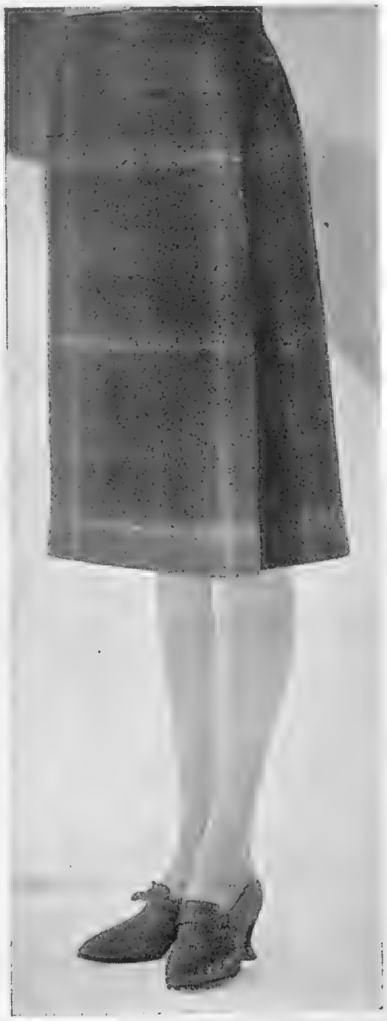

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"Nippies" of the Coventry Street Corner House at practice—upholding the prestige of the British "Lyon(s)"

Women and Athletics

The activities of the W.A.A.A. in fostering sport at home and abroad

By MARJORIE POLLARD

ALTHOUGH athletics for women have not long been organised, it is foolish to suppose that they have not been interested in this form of exercise and self-expression. Some little time ago I bought a book for sixpence in the Charing Cross Road, entitled *Athletics for Women*—and it was published in 1903. There were pictures of starts, jumps, javelin throwing, in fact, all the things that are now seen in field athletics. The only difference was, of course, as regards the costume. I mention this to show that although the actual organising body, the Women's Amateur Athletic Association, did not come into being until 1922, women were keenly interested in, and did take part in, track and field events.

The moment a thing is organised there follows criticism. The W.A.A.A. very naturally did not escape, and no movement worth its while ever escapes criticism when it is being formed.

THE general criticism was that the girls would never be able to compete with men. That was easily answered. They did not want to. They want to run, jump, throw, entirely to their own standards. The next criticism was one rather on medical grounds, that of undue strain.

For years the big schools and colleges have had their annual sports days, which are, as well as sports days, the one summer social function. Girls were allowed to enter for as many events as they liked. In some cases the entry fee was threepence for each event, or a shilling for as many as you liked. I mention this, as these girls, all untrained, unprepared, were allowed to run, jump and take part in relays—in fact, strain themselves to the utmost.

The moment the W.A.A.A. controlled athletics, its members and affiliated clubs were instructed in the right and proper methods of training and what were the events for which to enter. This governing body took real care to classify events so that none should present undue strain for the trained person.

Well over! Miss Ethel Hutchings clears a hurdle in fine style

ALTHOUGH the W.A.A.A. was only formed in 1922, it has now 150 affiliated clubs, which cover thousands of girls. This year the championships will take place at Stamford Bridge on July 13, and anyone who is sceptical about women's ability and methods should postpone further criticism until they have seen these events.

A week later a triangular match will take place—here enters team spirit—between the South, the North and the Midlands, and for this event the W.A.A.A. will have the honour of opening the world-famous Birchfield Harriers' new athletic ground. In August a team is going to Berlin to compete against the largest athletic club in the world, namely Charlottenburg Athletic Club.

AT the moment there is some discussion concerning the refusal to admit women to the Olympic Games. This really leaves the women's organisation unperturbed, as there is in existence a very efficient and competent body solely responsible for the fostering of athletics for women in the various countries. This body is the Fédération Sportive Femme Internationale—and as such governs women's athletics all over the world. If the women are excluded from the Games, this body will arrange a meeting of its own, as it has so often done before. For instance, as long ago as 1921 a series of women's games took place in Paris, and 1930, at Prague, will see competitors from 22 nations competing.

This summer sees the British girl athlete more keen, better organised, more scientifically trained than ever before, and we are well assured that she will uphold the high standard of British sport wherever she goes.

LAWN TENNIS

How to Choose and Coach your CLUB TEAMS

By Mrs. Eustace White

The "tennis face" is an early acquisition of Miss Burgess Smith, a young player of great promise

Miss S. Ramsey's forehand drive is something to be reckoned with, as this action picture shows

THOUGH all tennis players cannot attain to the necessary standard for open tournaments, nor spare the time to attend them, they cannot fail to enjoy club matches. In a club match you have all the thrills of a "needle" game with the addition of that team spirit which makes you anxious to do your best for your club.

Lawn tennis has many times been called a selfish game, and so it often is, but in club matches one gets keenness to win at its best, not for individual gain but for the good name of one's club.

The first step for a player anxious to improve her game is to be asked to play in a club match. She then knows that the selection committee are watching her and she should be encouraged and try hard to improve.

THE selection committee's job is never an easy one, as so many points have to be taken into consideration when choosing a team. Many criticisms are levelled at the poor committee, and one often hears it said that the young players are not given a chance. Well, let these young players look into the matter and find out why the older players are preferred.

I wonder how many players there are who realise that in an average club game 85 per cent. of the points are errors and only 15 per cent. earned points. As the standard of play rises the percentage of errors drops until, in the average high class tournament match, 60 per cent. are errors and 40 per cent. earned points.

HERE then is a very good reason why the older and steadier, if perhaps less brilliant, player is preferred in a team. A player who can be relied on to get the ball back steadily will win more points for her side than the brilliant but erratic player whose winning shot only occasionally comes off.

The importance of keeping the ball in play cannot be too greatly emphasised. Every time you put the ball back to your opponent you give her another chance to miss. It is a good plan to pair your team, if possible, by putting a steady back liner with a good but erratic volleyer. The knowledge that her partner can be relied on to make few mistakes gives the volleyer courage and so steadies her game.

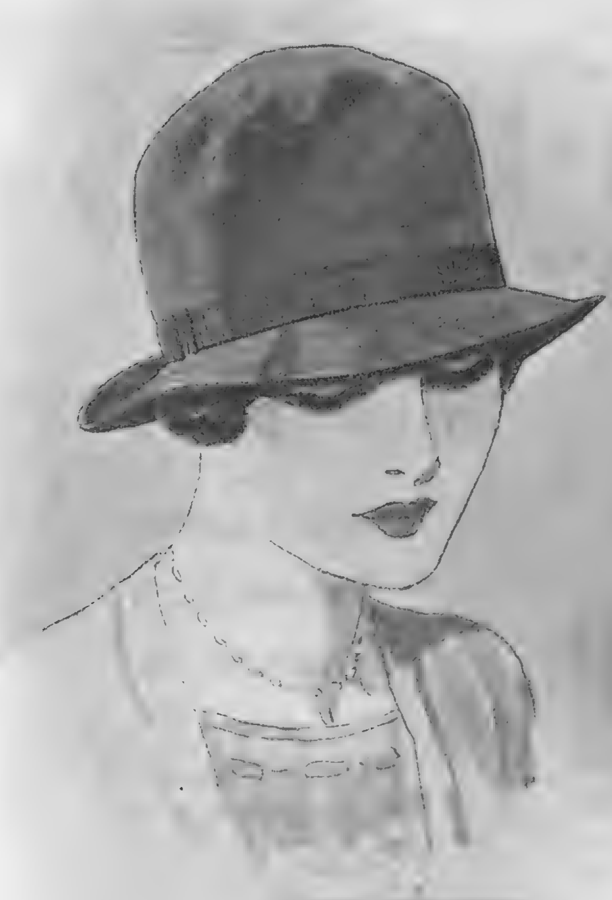
ONCE you have paired your team, play these pairs together as often as possible. If a player falls out of the first couple, do not fill her place by one of the second pair, leave the couple together who know each other's play and bring in another member to fill the vacancy even if she is not such a good player, individually, as either of the second pair. It is poor policy to spoil both couples, as combination and mutual understanding play so large a part in doubles.

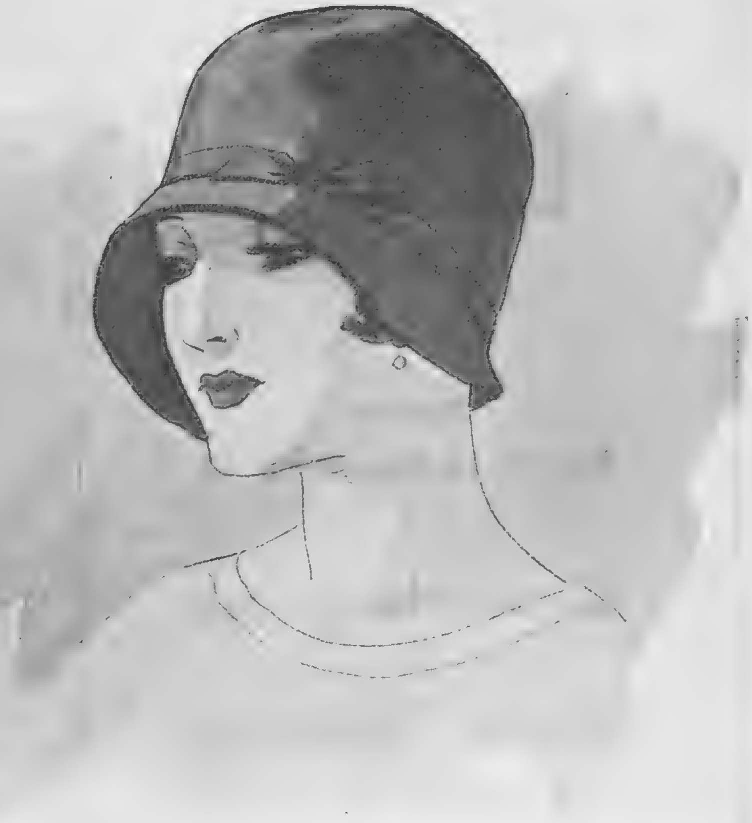
Impress on your team the importance of using their brains in a double. Doubles is a game of finesse. Resource, versatility, and subtlety, more than speed, win matches.

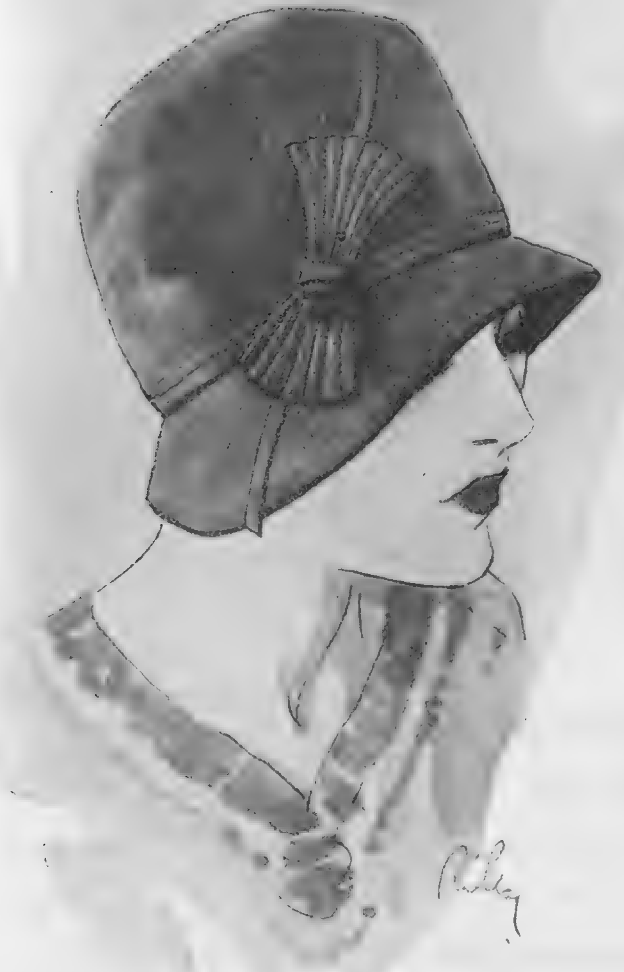
A PLAYER must learn to sum up her opponents quickly and find out their weaknesses early in the first set. Once having decided which is the weaker player, or whether one opponent is stronger on her backhand than on her forehand, centre your attack on this weakness and pound it unmercifully.

It is very important to get the first service well placed in a double; the player who can be relied upon for a good length first service is of far more value to her side than the player with a hurricane winning service that rarely scores a point.

Right: A powerful backhand strcke played by Miss Susan Noel, of whom great things are expected in the near future







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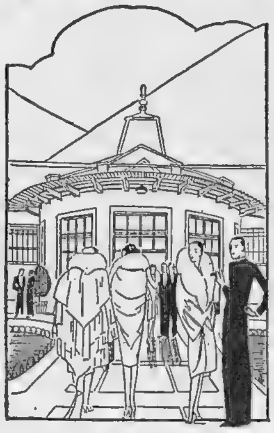

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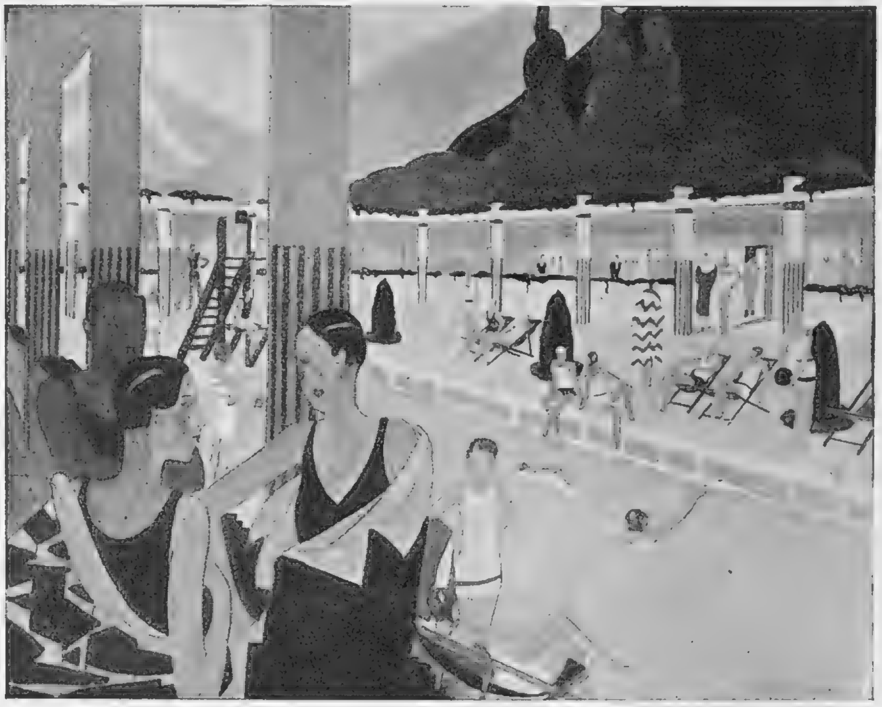

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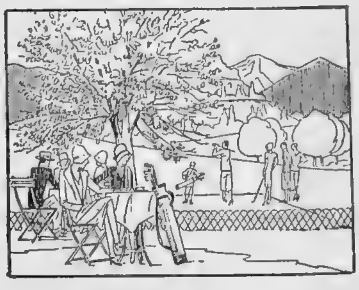


On the Golf Links

Women as "Wet-Bobs"

By Margaret Pike

Inter club and college races and regattas make a full Summer programme for the rowing woman

"*Time and tide wait for no man" but present no obstacles to these moderns of the "weaker" sex*

IN these days of women's activity in every sphere of life barred to them in previous generations, it is not surprising that rowing is becoming more and more popular as a sport for women. It has not yet a long history, but it is, perhaps, longer than many people suppose. F. J. Furnivall, the well-known oarsman, who died in 1910 at the age of 85, and who continued to row when he was well over 80, was an enthusiast for women's rowing. He founded the Furnivall Rowing Club, a mixed club for men and women, and his tall, thin figure with long white beard, was to be seen every Saturday on the towing path encouraging the women in their efforts. As in other forms of athletics, women have received generous help in rowing from their more experienced brothers who have always been ready to assist during the necessary period of apprenticeship.

Below: The mascot and members of the "Ace" rowing club in full war paint

THERE was also some early rowing activity among women in the Universities. Long before the War the Oxford colleges had keen boat clubs, some of whose members reached a high standard in sculling, and at least one college used to send out a practice Four in the Hilary term. Now several colleges and also Universities produce Fours and Eights and they compete against one another.

Reading, Edinburgh, London and Liverpool Universities, and the London School of Medicine have all got keen rowing clubs, and there is also a movement to start a club at Ealing for ex-university rowing women.

It is during the last eight years or so that the sport has increased so greatly—races, regattas, and the starting of new clubs testify to its growing popularity and, at the same time, entail considerable organisation. Like women cricketers, rowing women have their own association, the Women's Amateur Rowing Association, of which Lady Desborough is president, and Miss Gentry, the well-known captain of Weybridge Ladies' Rowing Club, is its competent secretary. The Association has already a membership of fifteen clubs and among its other activities it organises a regatta in June every year.

AMONG some of the best known clubs are the Alpha, the Ace, St. George's, and Helen Smith's clubs, all of which have their headquarters at Barnes. The Alpha club are fortunate in having as their secretary Miss Barff, the ladies' sculling champion, and St. George's ought to do well this year as they have had the advantage of being coached this winter by Bert Barry, the world's sculling champion.

Weybridge, which was founded in 1926, is going ahead rapidly. Their Eight won the race for Ladies' Eights over the University course which was organised in 1927 and 1928 by the Women's Amateur Rowing Association, and in 1927 their Senior Four was never beaten ("Senior" or "Junior" as applied to crews denotes difference in skill only).

A tribute was paid to women's rowing by the secretary of a men's club who stated that the women's style is consistently good. In most games which women now play in common with men, they have shown an intuitive wisdom in accepting the limitations of their physique and concentrating on skill and finesse, with the result that they are often unrivalled exponents of the finer points of a game. So in rowing—they cannot have the same "punch" as men and they therefore concentrate on style.

THERE is no fanaticism with regard to training. The secret of success here consists first, in leading a normal, healthy life with special attention to early hours, plain food and plenty of exercise before a race, and second, in being well taught when learning to row—the whole art of it consists in perfect rhythm, and strain results only when this is badly taught. If the above conditions are fulfilled, it is found that not only do girls who are fit come to no harm, but that those who are not so strong definitely improve in health.

It is, indeed, a great sport for women. It can be practised on Saturday afternoons in winter, and summer evenings, so that the working girl can always find time for it. Bad weather, which spoils so many games, is less destructive here since dense fog or thick snow are the only impossible conditions.

The enjoyment to be found in hard physical exercise, the discipline of steady effort in co-operation with others, the experience in leadership, the opportunities of friendship and the excitement of regattas and races all make rowing one of the healthiest and happiest activities for women.

Side-saddle OR Astride?

An important and controversial question for the novice. . . . "Astride for hard knees—side for soft, and, if in doubt, remember what your horse told you!"

By Martin Gale

ONE might suppose that because it was decreed at the Richmond Horse Show that all riding classes for ladies, both hacks and hunters, must be ridden side-saddle, there is something wrong with the across-saddle method; but it would not be right to assume this, and certainly the powers who have made this condition would agree there is much to be said for either method.

If this article were written for the benefit only of girls who are lucky enough to look forward to a life of hunting in the Shires, then perhaps one might have much to say for one method, and not very much for the other; but my hope is to give some guidance to the young rider whose chances of riding much in the years to come are not too certain, but who wishes to acquire a reasonable amount of skill in what is the most healthful, and surely one of the most enjoyable of all recreations. Shall she ride astride or side-saddle?

Princess Mary, notably a fine horsewoman, strongly adheres to her preference for the side-saddle. H.R.H. is seen here chatting to the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles at the last meet of the Bramham Moor Hounds

BEFORE she considers her own ideas, or mine, why not consult the horse? Believe me, he would be very glad to say a few words, if he could! Pick up an ordinary across-saddle, and then lift up a side-saddle, and you will feel the great increase in weight in the latter. Remember, these extra pounds have to be carried for perhaps an hour or two when you take your horse out for a morning's hack. Think, then, what it means to the horse for a day's hunting.

Many women, owing to incorrect balance and poise when riding side-saddle, set up a continuous though almost imperceptible circular movement of the saddle. In the course of time this begins to scald the horse, and causes a sore back, with consequent pain and distress.

Ask your horse, therefore, and he will say, "Astride, all the time!"

Now let us consult the advocates of the astride method. "It is so handy," they will tell you. If you are riding alone you are so independent; you can slip off easily. Your riding kit is so less "correct" than the side-saddle habit, and how easy it is to borrow a pair of breeches and don a pair of stockings and a pull-over.

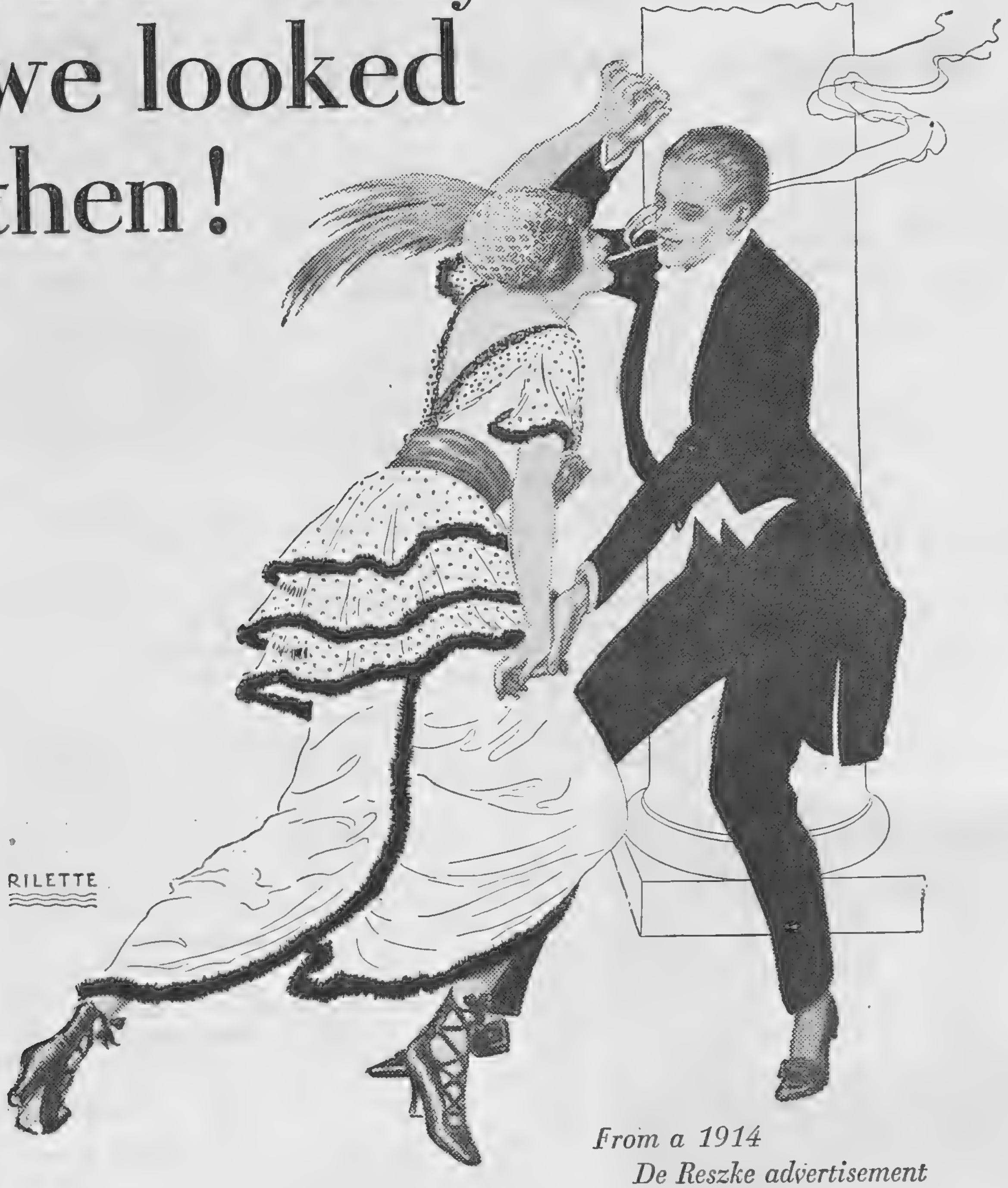
IT is the turn now of the side-saddle girl to state her case. She is firmer in her saddle at six weeks than the astride girl is at six months—a great point this. I speak of the ordinary rider, and I leave out the exceptional girl. She is always *safer* in her seat—whether hacking or hunting. Being more secure, she does not rely on her reins to retain her seat, and consequently tends to have lighter hands.

Two very charming supporters of the "across-saddle," Miss Strutt and Mrs. Dance, at a meet of the Whaddon Chase

Having put these points before you, let me help you, if I can, to a decision. While it is perfectly true that it will take you much longer to learn to ride astride, there is surely great satisfaction in learning what is, after all, a difficult lesson; and really, think of the chances you may get of an unlooked-for ride, if you can borrow a pair of breeches; but the real test which I am going to ask you to apply is: Is the inside of your knee too well covered? You cannot possibly grip the saddle if you have too much fat over the bone of the knee. You cannot keep your knee on the saddle. The grip of the knee is the beginning and end of riding astride, and much too great value is placed on the theory and practice of balance; and so, Miss Novice, please study your knees! Astride for hard knees—side for soft—and, if in doubt, remember what your horse told you!

An unusual family gathering! The six children of Mr. E. Edwards of the Craven Arms, Shropshire, are not only expert riders but do most of the stable work themselves

How funny we looked then!



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A Message of Beauty to every woman

from Helena Rubinstein

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Over thirty years ago, when I commenced my career as a medical student, I discovered that no two skins are alike—all require individual treatment. The science of complexions is a profession with me. If you could come to my laboratory at St. Cloud, Paris, and see my preparations in the actual process of being compounded, you would marvel at their ingredients. Huge bunches of grapes, great casks of honey, urns full of Italian parsley, and, literally, ponds full of water-lily buds, are among the startling ingredients.

Women of the aristocratic and artistic world have always been my clients. Now I have enlarged both my salons and laboratories, so that every woman—no matter how little she is prepared to spend—shall have the advantage of my world-wide experience and research.

Nature provides every woman with good looks. The preservation of them is every woman's duty.

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Helena Rubinstein in her Laboratory at St. Cloud, Paris.

Third.—After cleansing the face with Pasteurised Cream in the morning or during the day, tone and brace the tissues with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion, which will close the pores and tone and brace the skin, correcting and preventing fine lines. 5/-, 9/6

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HELENA RUBINSTEIN

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Physical Culture, Health and Beauty

Muscular *Fitness* and the *Slim* Figure

To attempt to reduce weight drastically by dieting is both dangerous and ineffective. Exercise is the only golden road to a good figure

by Margaret Gaye

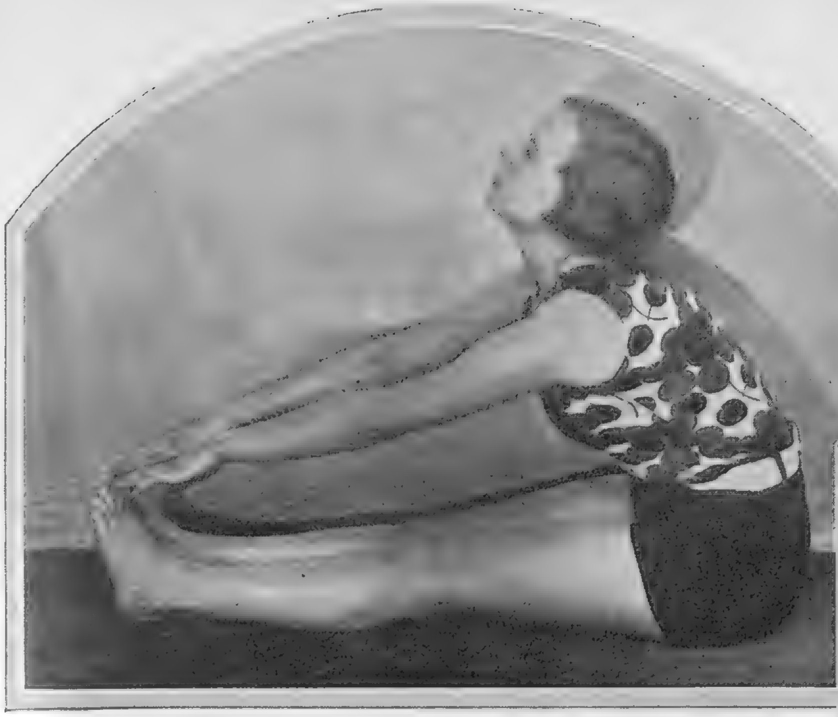


FIG. 1. Stretch the little-used muscles at the back of your legs by doing this. The body that is kept flexible does not age

ONE of the finest slimming exercises in the world—it is especially effective for hip-reducing—is based on a dance common to most primitive tribes, and to-day still practised by the fine-figured dancing girls of the Ouled Naïls.

Stand erect, hands on hips and feet well apart. Bend the knees, and in this position rotate the hips clockwise (on a horizontal line) through as wide a circle as you can manage.

Now, still standing feet well apart, revolve the abdomen, *without* moving the hips (but this time in a circle *vertically*—*i.e.*, to the left, then down, to the right, then up, as quickly as possible). Repeat twelve times and reverse. In addition to its slimming qualities, this exercise makes for the health and fitness of the whole body.

THE exercise illustrated in Fig. 1 this month will strengthen the arm, leg, and back muscles, and increase the general elasticity of the body. It consists simply of sitting on the floor with one's legs stretched out in front. Reaching forward, clasp the toes of each foot, *without bending the knees.* It looks very simple, but few—even among the slim population—can do it without practice. If you *can* reach your toes, pull hard, release, rest a second and repeat—up to sixteen times. If, as is most probable, you *cannot* reach them, stretch as near as you can, as hard as you can. Remember that on no account must the knees be bent.

THE third exercise, illustrated in Fig. 2, is to be recommended to all those who have, or are beginning to have, what is euphemistically termed a "corporation." Women of all ages will find it beneficial in strengthening the abdominal muscles. Stand erect, hands on hips, heels together, and draw in the abdomen as hard as possible. The hollower one can make oneself—without, of course, rounding the back bone, which should remain perfectly straight—the better.

THE next exercise is far more complicated. Take a strong, stout chair and place it in such a position that, sitting on it sideways, the feet can be "hooked" under the bed rail, or the bottom of a heavy chest of drawers. Failing either of these domestic utensils, the lower rail of another chair can be used, but it will be necessary for someone to sit on it, to hold it firm.

Now, with the feet firmly hooked under whatever you have decided upon, lie across the seat of the first chair and let your shoulders, arms and head fall back as far as they will go. (See Fig. 3.) The exercise consists in pulling yourself up into a sitting position without any assistance. The head must not be poked forward to come up first. This will strengthen the back muscles, upon which all the demand is made, and is to be recommended as much for the weak, stooping anæmic as for the unfashionably stout. (It should be emphasised that it is too severe an exercise for the really fat, unless after careful preparation.)

ALL physical "jerks" should be performed not hard—but *violently.* Slackly done they are no good.

Photographs by Maurice Beck and Helen Macgregor, specially posed by Miss Bunty Payne of C. B. Cochran's "Wake up and Dream" production

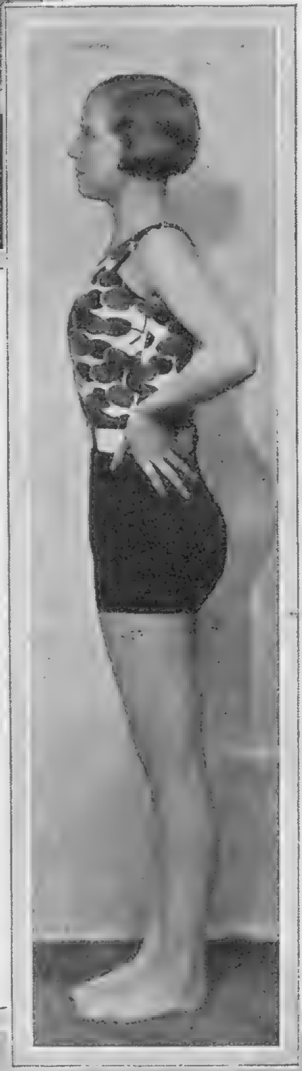


FIG. 2. If men did this exercise, as well as women, we should have fewer complaints about waistlines getting out of hand

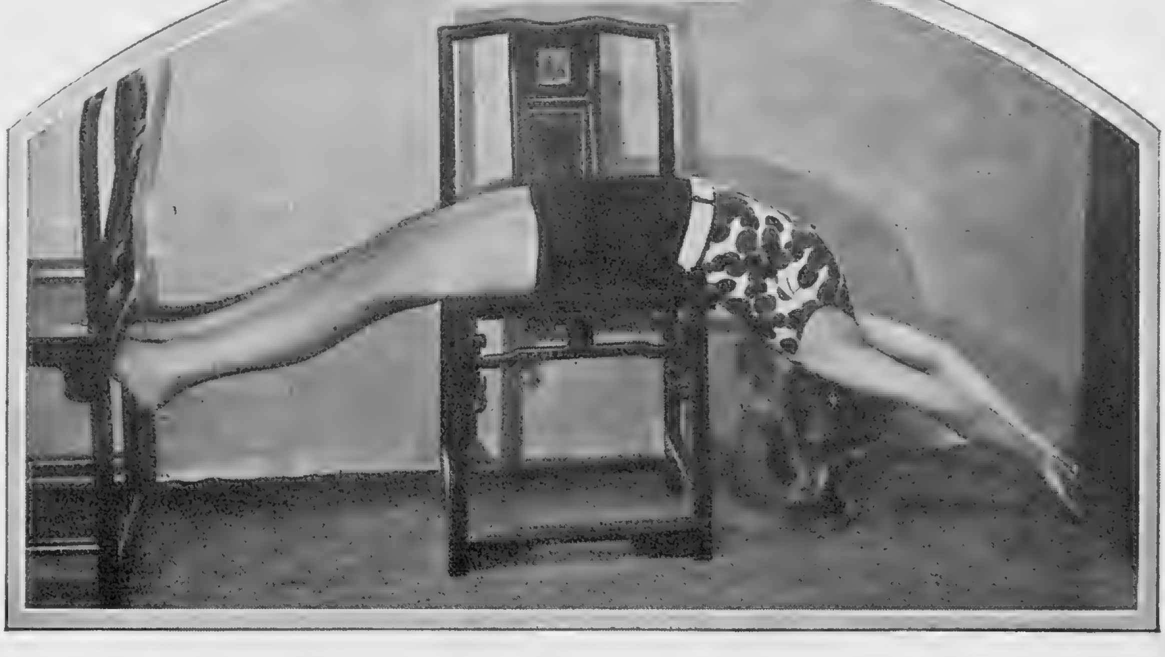


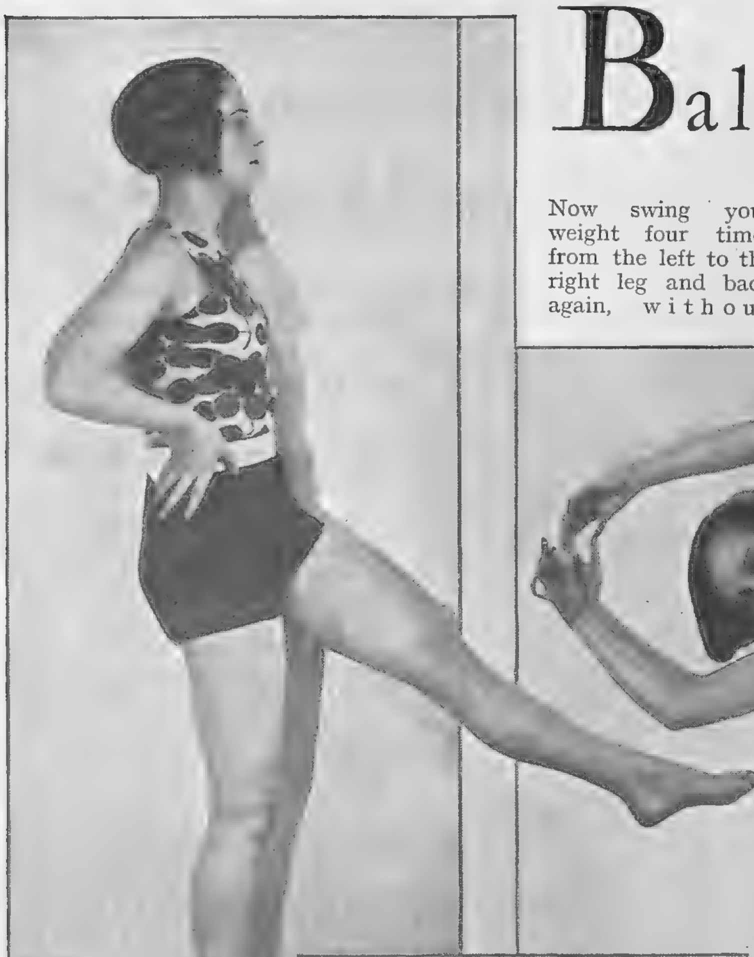
FIG. 3. One of the hardest exercises in the curriculum! Raise the body into a sitting position without any other assistance than the grip of the toes. Hands and arms must not be called into play, and the movement must be straight and clean—not a wriggle

Physical *Culture* Section

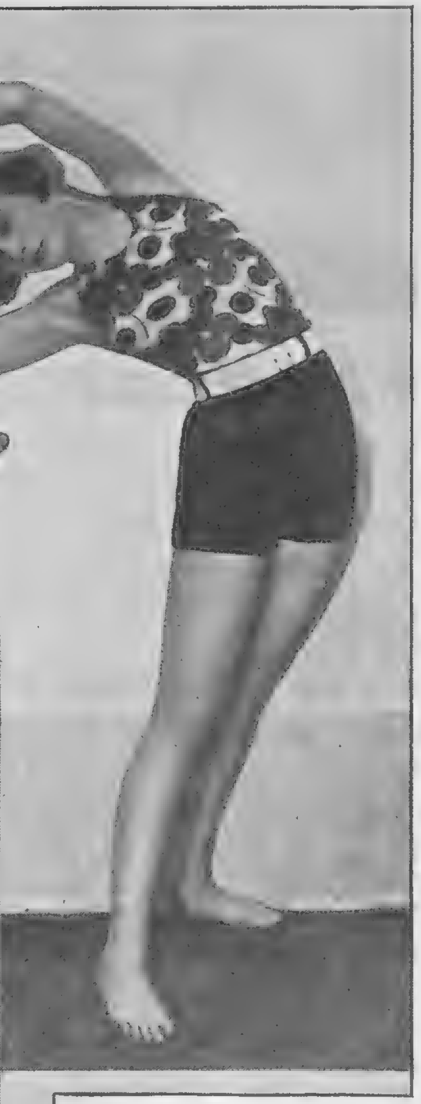
Balance *and* Rhythm

These A B C exercises of dancing will help your performance in the ballroom and your figure

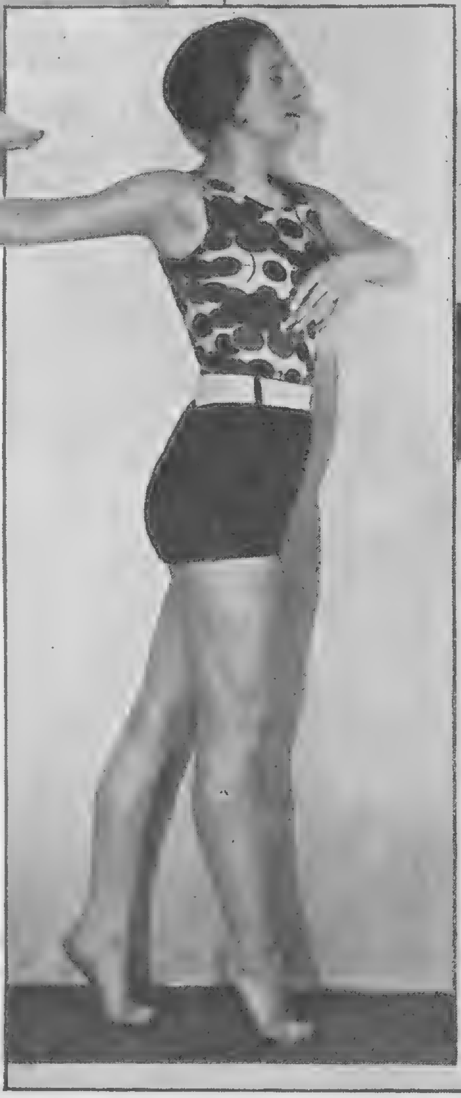
Photographs by Maurice Beck and Helen Macgregor



Simple exercise in balance and rhythm.—"Always point the toe as soon as the foot leaves the ground," is a golden rule in dancing



The body, facing to the left of this picture, is rotated on the hips till it is at right angles with the legs, and then bent into this position



"Running and skipping on the toes, in time to the lilting music." . . . An exercise in improvisation to the strains of the gramophone

EVEN modern dances, like the Blues and the Foxtrot—properly done — are done not only with the feet, but with the whole body. Beautiful ballroom dancing is achieved only by those whose bodies are perfectly drilled and under perfect control.

FIG. 1 shows the beginning of an exercise for control of balance and for precision. Raise the left foot in front of you, pointing the toe. Keeping the leg raised and the toe pointed, rise on to the right toe. Hold this position for a second, and, still keeping the right heel off the ground, step forward on to the left toe, shifting your weight from the right to the left leg.

Now swing your weight four times from the left to the right leg and back again, without allowing either heel to touch the floor. Step on the flat of the left foot. Raise the right leg, point the toe — and repeat the exercise till tired.

Now arch the arms above the head, keeping them gracefully rounded, no sharp angles; feet close together. Jump from "feet together" to "feet apart," and back again, as quickly as possible. Repeat twenty times, or till breathless. Rest.

This exercise must be performed so lightly that not a tremor can be felt in the room. Not the lightest ornament, nor so much as a swinging tassel, should vibrate.

IN Fig. 2 we have illustrated a graceful exercise that has decided slimming properties. Raise the arms above the head as before, but with the legs apart. Without moving the legs, twist round from the hips as far as possible to the right. Bend to the right (without allowing the right knee to give). Raise the body to the upright position, and then, in an entirely separate movement, turn again to the front. (It is important not to allow the body to swing back to the front as it is raised from the bend). Repeat the exercise to the left.

Next, with both arms extended from the shoulders—but not stiffly—skip on alternate legs, twenty times, without a rope. At each skip raise the other leg as high as in the first exercise (Fig. 1) and point the toe.

Stand erect and raise the arms above the head. Bring them down to the right side, sweeping them round with a circular movement and up again on the left. Repeat to the left and up on the right. Continue this till tired—it will encourage a sense of rhythm and do away with awkward carriage of the shoulders.

Now combine the two last exercises. Like all dancing steps or movements, they will be more effective as well as more interesting if done to music. In these days of the ubiquitous gramophone—quite a simple matter.

FIG. 3 shows an attractive exercise to be done to Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." It is a modification, in fact, of Maud Allan's famous dance.

Running and skipping (always on the toes, as shown) in time to the lilting music, fling the arms with a graceful *abandon* from side to side. There is no point in giving more explicit directions—the great feature of the exercise lies in improvising movements on these lines *that will exactly fit the music.* The dancer who, from much practice in the privacy of her room, acquires the gift of fitting steps and gestures to any music, will become that best and most envied of all partners—the one who can immediately pick up an entirely new dance, to an entirely new rhythm, in public, without disgracing either her partner or herself!

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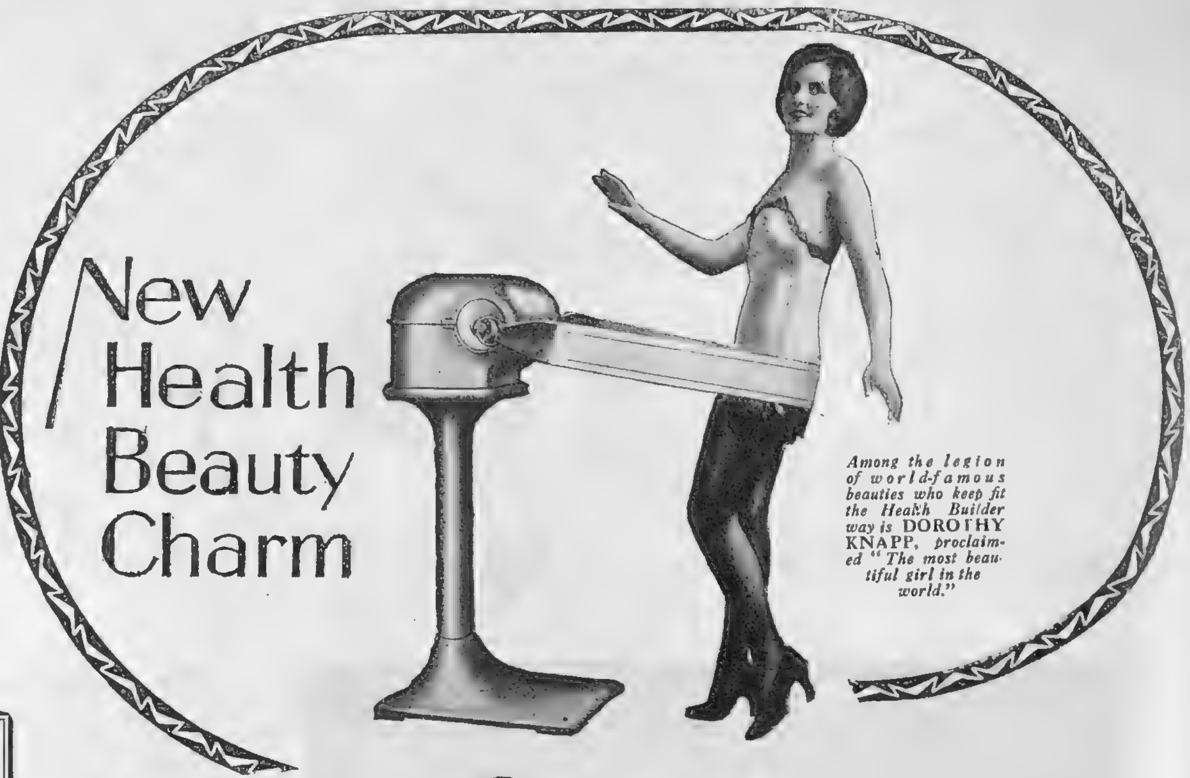
KEEP FIT
The Battle Creek Way!



Among the legion of world-famous beauties who keep fit the Health Builder way is DOROTHY KNAPP, *proclaimed "The most beautiful girl in the world."*

LOOK OUT for the Cinemagazine Ideal Film "TRUNKS CALLING" showing at all the big London and Provincial Cinemas in May, June, July and onwards. It shows the wonderful HEALTH-BUILDER in actual operation.

This 15 MINUTE WAY

NO more fatiguing exercises! No more distasteful dieting! The Battle Creek Health-builder has revolutionised the art of keeping fit and youthful! Men and women the world over have found that with *only fifteen minutes a day* of this new invigorating type of vibratory massage the weight can be quickly reduced in any part of the body desired.

The Delightful Battle Creek Way

The rapidly oscillating girdles improve the blood circulation, tone up the muscles, aid elimination, clear the skin, stimulate metabolism and so keep you absolutely fit and youthful. The Health-builder actually ensures true vibratory *massage*—it does not merely oscillate. Shapely slender limbs, a good complexion and sense of absolute joy in life are surely worth such a little bit of your time each day.

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This unique method was devised in Battle Creek, the world's health centre, and it is the new and completely satisfactory way of discarding that surplus fat on waistline, hips, thighs, leg and ankles.

A Model for Every Purpose

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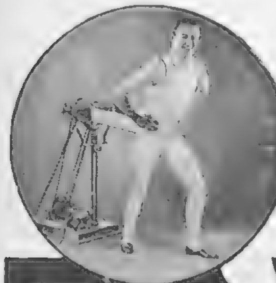
The famous Athletic Model Battle Creek Health Builder used by over 80,000 men and women



15 Minutes from Bedside to Beauty.

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The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Slender!

"Your *very good* Health!"

Continuing a series of practical articles in which modern and commonsense methods of keeping fit will be discussed each month

(2) A Burning Question: ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS

THE therapeutic value of ultra-violet rays has become a disputatious subject. A large proportion of the medical profession subscribe to it. Quartz, sollux, mercury and vapour lamps have been installed in a number of hospitals, private clinics and electrical institutions, and on the advice of Sir Stanley Hewitt, ultra-violet rays were advantageously used for treatment of the King during his very serious illness. But just as public confidence in this form of treatment began to be established came the report of a learned and authoritative research society, which appeared to treat the claims made on behalf of artificial sunlight rather as if they smacked of quackery and faddism.

The report was to the effect that all the rays could do for the enrichment of the blood and the inculcation of the valuable vitamin B could be equally well and much less expensively effected by cod-liver oil, while, for the circulatory stimulation, on which the advocates of violet ray treatment based many of their claims, the old-fashioned poultice was equally efficacious.

MEMBERS of the medical profession whose faith in ultra-violet rays is based on years of experiment and experience remain unshaken. They say that the tests made by the learned society are inconclusive; the children on whom their experiments were made were healthy, and that it is in pathological cases that the changes under the rays and the oxidation of the blood are most marked.

The theory underlying the application of violet rays as curative agents is based on the effect of sunlight not only on human but on plant and animal life. Prisoners and workers who are shut away from the sun become pallid and are either emaciated or acquire morbid fat, and their general health demonstrably deteriorates. A coloured flower kept in the dark will become white. Conversely, tubercular patients and people suffering from anæmia gain weight, and the numbers of red corpuscles in their blood increase when they are exposed for an adequate period to the sun's rays.

DR. ARNOLD LORAND, M.D., of Vienna, who is physician to the famous Carlsbad Springs, has found the use of ultra-violet rays so helpful, in conjunction with the taking of the waters and the mud-packs which constitute the "cure" at Carlsbad, that he has written a most interesting book on the result of his experiences. In particular he has found the rays useful in the treatment of internal and nervous diseases, for auto-intoxication and anæmia in women, for the prevention of loss of colour and falling hair and for the reduction of superfluous fat.

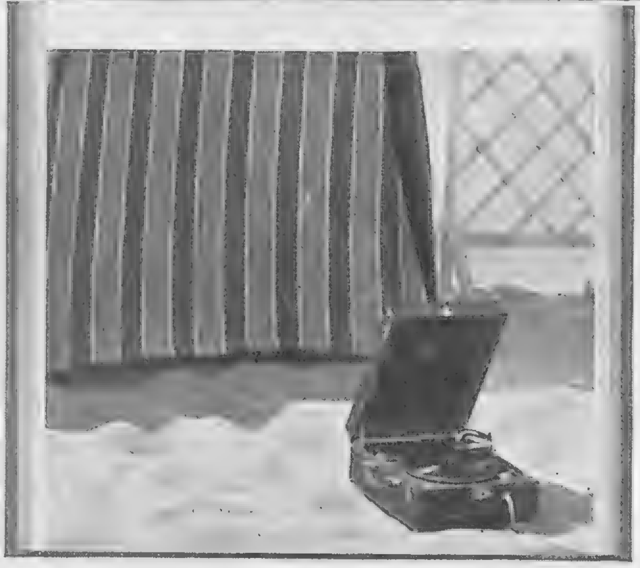
In the last-mentioned cures the results are indirect, as he attributes the morbid accumulation of adipose tissue to the imperfect functioning and inadequate secretion of the ductless glands about which we have heard so much of late, and he claims that this condition, whatever its cause, is most favourably affected by the application of the quartz light, and that the action of the appropriate drugs, such as iodine (contained in thyroid), arsenic and iron is accelerated and intensified when the patient is treated with ultra-violet rays.

Left: The benefits of sunlight treatment, both real and artificial, are now recognised all over the world, and the roof gardens of Miami provide splendid facilities for enjoying the health-giving rays of the tropical sun

BY increasing the number of red corpuscles, improving the circulation, improving the appetite and sleep, the rays also tend to fatten those suffering from emaciation. In fact, it would appear that their action is to restore the natural and healthy constitutional balance.

Dr. Lorand strongly advocates exposure to natural sunlight rich in ultra-violet rays, such as is found in the mountainous districts of Switzerland and the Tyrol, but when this is not practicable, resort to artificial sunlight is obviously indicated.

This treatment should only be given by an expert and under medical advice and supervision, as the length of the exposure, the distance from the rays, and the diagnosis of cases in which it is likely to prove beneficial or the reverse, can only be decided by an experienced practitioner, otherwise serious injury may result.



Exercising to a gramophone in the sunshine at Cannes cannot be enjoyed by all, but at home artificial sunlight provides some compensation

Sasha

Eyes:

The Speedometers of the Years

By "Chrysis"

THE poet has declared that eyes are the windows of the soul, but what concerns modern woman even more is the realisation that they are the speedometers of the years. A woman may be said to be as old as her eyes, and as they are admitted to be the most potent weapon in the armoury of her enchantment, it behoves every woman to avail herself of modern scientific methods to maintain their youth and enhance their beauty.

There are a number of excellent eye treatments given at the salons of beauty specialists which produce visibly salutary effects and leave the patient feeling refreshed and rejuvenated, but the difficulty until lately has been to advise women how best to avert lines, hollows and puffs by means of their home beauty treatments.

BUT the cult of eye beauty has progressed, and special massage movements have been evolved which are practically fool-proof and certainly helpful. The golden rule is only to use the tips of the fingers, preferably the third and little finger, when treating the eyes. Cream should be tapped and not rubbed in, beginning at the outer corner and moving towards the nose under the eyes. The method of applying cream above the eyes is to use a combing movement, upwards, with the tips of the fingers, continued up to the brow and then outwards. The effect of this eye massage is enhanced if a special eye salve, very light and easily absorbed, is used, preceded by the application of herbal sachets, with tonic and emollient properties, steeped in hot water. This is followed by bathing with a soothing extract which is a nutrient and has a mildly astringent action. For use in conjunction with these preparations there is a nourishing, rather heavier, anti-wrinkle cream to be applied at night—again with the tapping and smoothing upward movements.

ANOTHER specialist whose eye treatment is very similar to the one described has, in addition, a very useful preparation for home use in the form of a liquid to be painted round the eyes. No fear of stretching the skin here! This lotion is particularly effective in cases of puffiness. She has also an anti-crow's feet paste which many women have found quite invaluable for the prevention and cure of those insidious little lines which are often the first harbingers of age. This prescription is considered so precious by its proprietor that its secret is protected by legal documents!

EVERY woman should bathe her eyes twice daily as religiously as she does every other part of her anatomy. The beauty specialists have eye lotions of proved efficacy, or a good lotion containing boracic, witch hazel and rose water in the correct proportions can be got from a chemist.

For special occasions there are vegetable eye-drops, made up by a well-known plastic surgeon, which are admirable for brightening and refreshing the eyes.

Long dark lashes immeasurably add to the beauty of the eyes, and there are a number of safe and efficacious creams for their promotion. In the evening it may be permissible to add to the apparent size and lustre of the eyes by a discreet touch of one of the new cream eyelid shades.

Water cosmetic for darkening the lashes should be bought from a reputable firm or bona fide beauty specialist to avoid the danger of any deleterious effects.

Above: Nancy Beard's eyes are a valuable asset to a film career, and the dark lustre of Martha Muhlrad's (left) secured her the lead in "Valencia." Daphne Du Maurier (right) also possesses eyes of great beauty.

Raphael

Maison-Nicol

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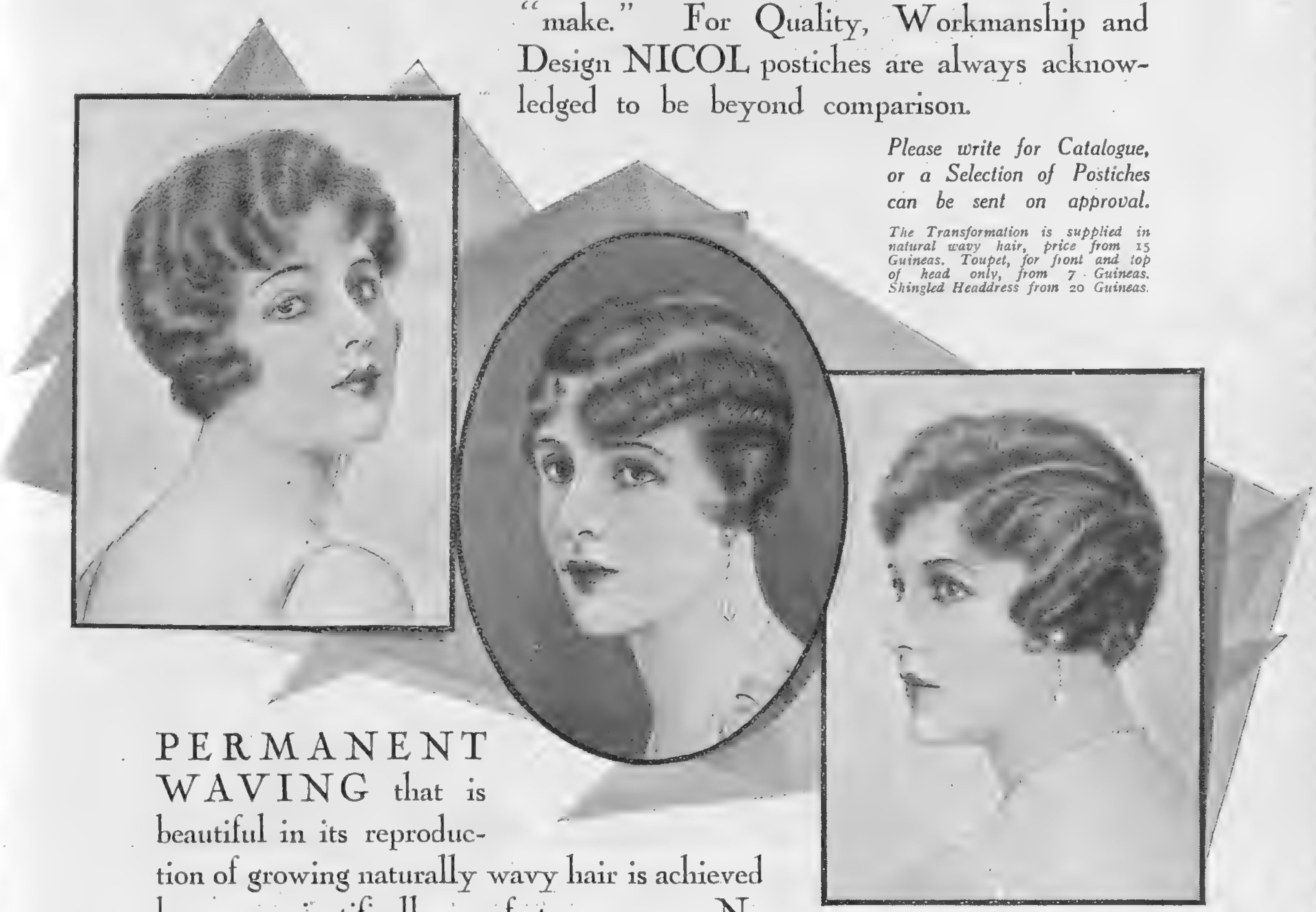

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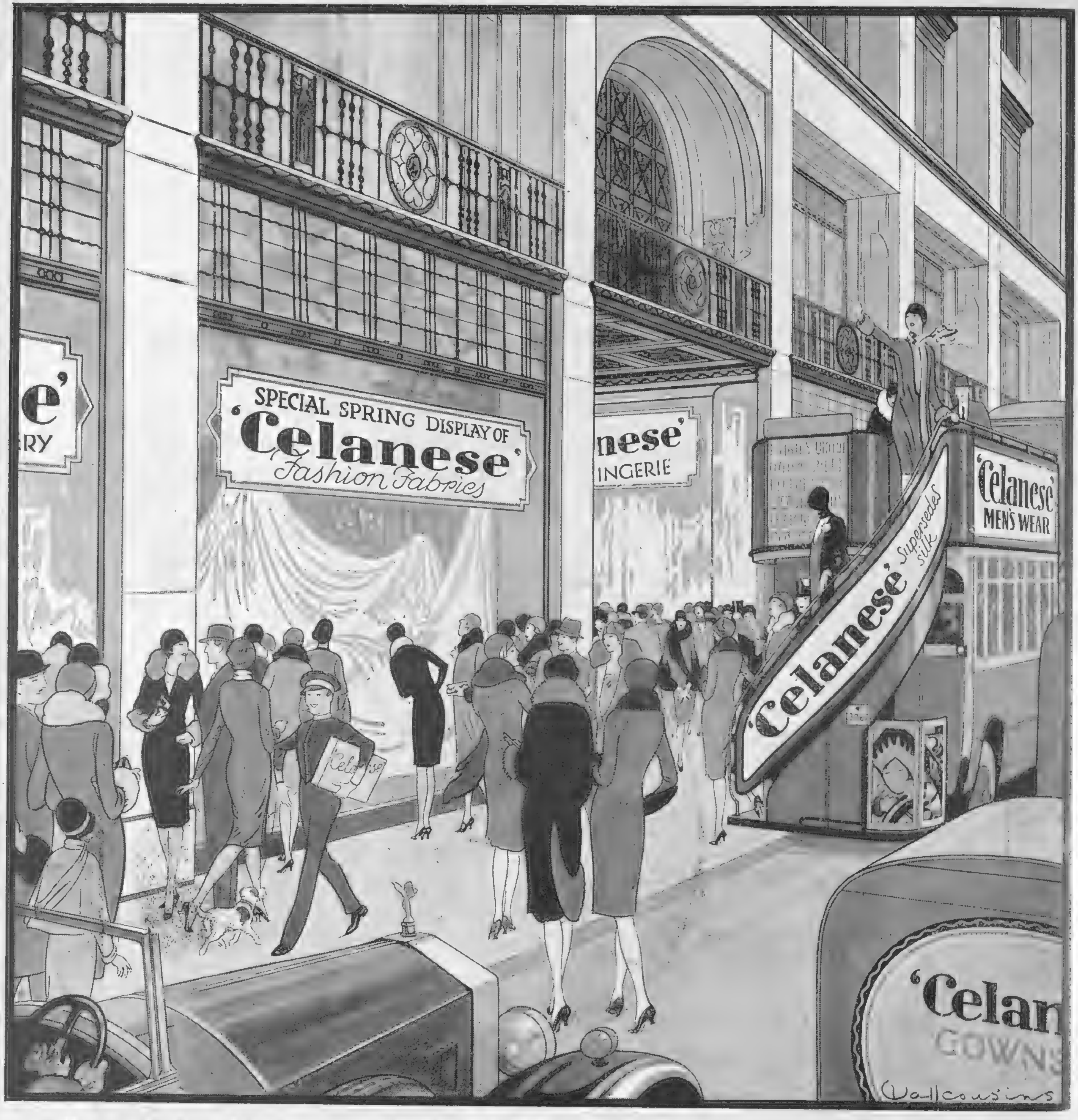
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Conducted by
"LEVANA"

You can join TO-DAY! Fill up the Enrolment Form on page 143

BOYS are now rolling up for enlistment in the Salon's ranks, but we are still without a "clapper"! You see who his rival is, with which he shares the important duty of saving the crops.

and
Competition Circles (Money Prizes)

For GIRLS, BOYS and GROWN-UPS interested in ART, LITERATURE, NEEDLEWORK, PHOTOGRAPHY, etc.

Our 39th Annual Competitions

APART from our popular weekly competitions, the Salon, as you saw last month, also indulges in special annual ones, when members compete in person, before distinguished judges in Dancing, Singing, Pianoforte, Recitation, and French, as well as in the usual weekly subjects.

The 39th celebration of this anniversary will be held on Saturday, October 5th, this year, if the necessary accommodation can be secured for that date. It is a unique and highly interesting occasion, as those who have attended it know, but as there are so many new readers of our pages these days, unfamiliar with such exciting happenings, a few details must be given.

Saloners assemble at 10 a.m. for the different competitions for which they have entered, and on the completion of their song, dance, recitation, art or literature, etc., as the case may be, adjourn while the judges make the awards. The awful suspense of wondering who has succeeded is mitigated by the consumption of well-earned lunches, and afterwards a performance is given by the competitors themselves, prior to the announcement of the awards, and the distribution of the prizes by some distinguished visitor. On one occasion, this was no less a person than our royal patroness, Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, and, of course, we all hope that one day that deeply appreciated visit may be repeated.

Next month we shall publish details of these competitions, and you must then "get a move-on" quickly, and send in your names, for the lists in certain subjects have to be closed early on account of the numbers received.

Some of the distinguished Judges *who have assisted at the* Annual Competitions

Lewis
Miss Marguerite Bennell, B.A., who has judged the French for many years

Georges
Miss Phyllis Bedells, the famous ballerina (Dancing Section)

Yevonde
Miss Margaret Morris, also a dancing judge

Mr. W. H. Squire, the famous 'cellist (Pianoforte Section)

Elliott and Fry
Mdme. Gleeson-White, one of the well-known singing judges

Dorothy Wilding
Miss Flora Woodman, the famous soprano (Singing Section)

Miss Marjorie Bowen, the well-known novelist (Literature Section)

News of the Month

ALEXANDRA Day will be held on Wednesday, June 12th, this year, and the Salon depot will, as usual, be installed here at Inveresk House. I am still in need of further offers of help from anyone over 18 years of age, able to spare a few hours in the early part of the day. Between 9 a.m. and 11.30 a.m. business is very brisk, and if we are to net that £100 we have set our hearts upon we shall need all the assistance we can get during these hours.

* * *

BOYS will notice that their special competition takes a practical form this month. Here, then, is a good chance for masculine ingenuity to be "on its toes." Almost everyone makes something well, so I am expecting a big entry. I once saw an item—I will not divulge what—made simply of paper—and it was so cleverly done no other entry had a chance against it!

(Continued on p. 140.)

Saloners' Portrait Gallery

Iris Scully, M.C.S. 2327, whose skill with pencil and brush has secured her many honours in the Art Competitions

Barbara Macdonald, A.C.S. 508, whose beautiful voice has aroused the special interest of the judges at the Annual Competitions

Children's Salon
COUPON
To accompany All Competition Entries.

The CHILDREN'S SALON *(continued)*

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, April 17th

Art Prize. 10s.—Something Taken from *Eve* and Coloured. Members' Prize divided between Iris Scully, M.C.S. 2,327, and Audrey Tressider-Wills, M.C.S. 2,642. Associates' Prize, 5s. Awarded to Pamela Dean, A.C.S. 203. Hon. Mention: Ena Hollier, M.C.S. 2,679, Norah M. Plunket, M.C.S. 2,469, Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872.

Literature Prize, 10s.—A Short Story. Graduates' Prize awarded to Emmie Bradshaw, G.C.S. 4,467. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4,583.

Needlework Prize, 10s.—Do-As-You-Like. Graduates' Prize divided between Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4,316, and Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4,242. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4,583, Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4,578.

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS

Barbara Craig.

The yellow is in rather violent contrast with the bright blue of the curtain and the crimson of the rose, but the dressing table accessories are very happily treated and technically the sketch is excellent.

Vivien Belben.

Pleasant in tone, and the gayer colour admirably placed and hit off. The work is a little rough, except in the upper picture which is very satisfactorily handled.

Dorothy M. Yates.

The comic vein is rightly insisted upon with comic colour, but even so this is a bit too vivid. A more subdued waiter would have improved the effect, but as a whole this is witty, intelligent work.

Pamela Dean.

Very agreeable colour, truthful and charming. If you had handled your frame more skilfully this would have been first-rate.

Iris Scully.

Both your tintings are very well done. Of the two, that which has only female figures is far the better colour scheme, the other is a bit jumpy in juxtapositions and not quite so homogeneous in effect. The spirit of the work is excellently in harmony with the style of the drawing, and avoids all complexities which would overload the theme. Very well judged.

Ena Hollier.

Charming pen work, and a clever yellow vignette. Gold, except in illumination, should be avoided as it has two effects, and jars the eye. It is not necessary to re-draw, though it gives a surface advantage. On the whole a clever bit of work, with the crimson note rather too much in evidence.

Audrey Tressider-Wills.

A charming colour scheme very cleverly worked. There are a few holidays in the elaborately spotted gown and the gleam on the stockings might be simpler; still this is rather a triumph of brush work, and altogether very skilful and of artistic taste.

Phyllis White.

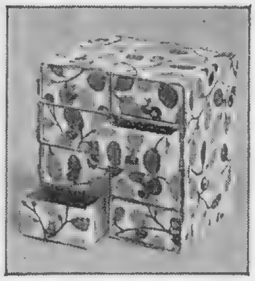
Decorative and in good comedy spirit with the mock heroic skies into which, however, the noble animals, of same tone and near tint, rather melt. Effect, that is distinctness of relief, should be rather more considered. You have invented interesting details of colour throughout, which compete too much to give breadth and repose. Still, romantic and adventurous work.

Diana Wilton.

Remarkably effective in its brilliant border, and with the great charm of simplicity and force of effect. The withdrawn figure might have been a bit more atmospheric with advantage, and the haze of twigs on the tree would not be green, but in spite of these minor defects you have produced a remarkably satisfying colour composition.

Norah M. Plunket.

Delighted to see you competing again, and especially with so good an entry. Trees and grass are rather too much the same colour throughout, but everything else is most successfully treated.



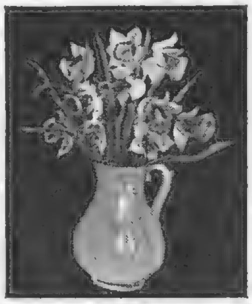
Matchboxes for drawers, shoe buttons for handles, and cretonne for decoration are the ingredients of this interesting piece of doll's furniture submitted by Vivien Belben, A.C.S. 897 for the April Handicraft Competition

Marcelle M. G. Kisch.

Very well suggested, but rather restless in colouring. The knight's armour would have looked much better in the normal hue, otherwise the clean colour is very praiseworthy.

Amy G. Haydon.

One of your most successful efforts; charming in every way. Many thanks.



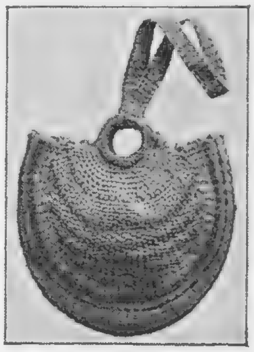
A charming and prize-winning study of "Spring Flowers," by Marjorie Fisher, M.C.S. 2554

Mira Hope Robertson.

Except that the lady's dress is a little harsh in colour, this is clever work, apt, and cleanly handled.

Betty Beazley.

So sorry to hear you have been ill. It was most plucky of you to carry on with your entry just the same. The harmony is very good, and would have been wholly pleasing without the red curtain. Soft blue or yellow would have been better for this.



Patience was rewarded when Priscilla Belben, A.C.S. 895, finished this gaily-coloured wool bag in tapestry stitches

Emily Grace.

The linen is charmingly joined, and the harlequin effect could not be prettier, but a more beautiful result was possible with the embroidery in a single shade. The clever background is a little lost underneath so much superimposed colouring.

Diana Hamilton-Wedderburn.

A very appropriate and delicate scheme, but the posy should have been more gaily treated. It was an opportunity to have

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written* on *all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*

2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*

3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*

4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*

5. *Competitions and correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.*

COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE

Graduates Circle (over 20)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: A Design for a Poster Advertising Ink.

ART COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 28th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 28th.
A Review of a Recent Novel.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: Anything White.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 28th.
Subject: Anything in Crochet.

Members' Circle (over 15)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: A Still Life Study.

ART COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 28th.
Subject: A Design for a Poster advertising Soap.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: A Paper on Bird Song.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 28th.
Subject: A Short Story.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 10s.
Closing date, June 28th.
Subject: Something Knitted.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: A Landscape.

ART COMPETITION 2. Prize 5s.
Closing date, June 28th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, June 13th.
Subject: A Short Poem.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 2. Prize 5s.
Closing date, June 28th.
Subject: A Letter to a Friend acknowledging the gift of a puppy.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 5s.
Closing date, June 28th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

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SNAPSHOT COMPETITION.
Closing date, June 28th
Subject: Any Outdoor Scene.
First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s.

HANDICRAFT COMPETITION.
Closing date, June 28th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.
First Prize, 15s. Second Prize, 7s. 6d.

SPECIAL MONTHLY COMPETITION FOR BOYS.
Closing date, June 28th.
Make anything you like with materials which have not cost more than a shilling.
Prize for June, A Meccano Set.

Correspondence and Criticisms *(continued)*

introduced a little bright colour, valuable as a foil to the restraint shown elsewhere.

Priscilla Belben.

Charmingly worked, and a most seductive scheme, but just a little too much of the pretty silvery pink. Mauve tulips would, for instance, have provided just the necessary relief.

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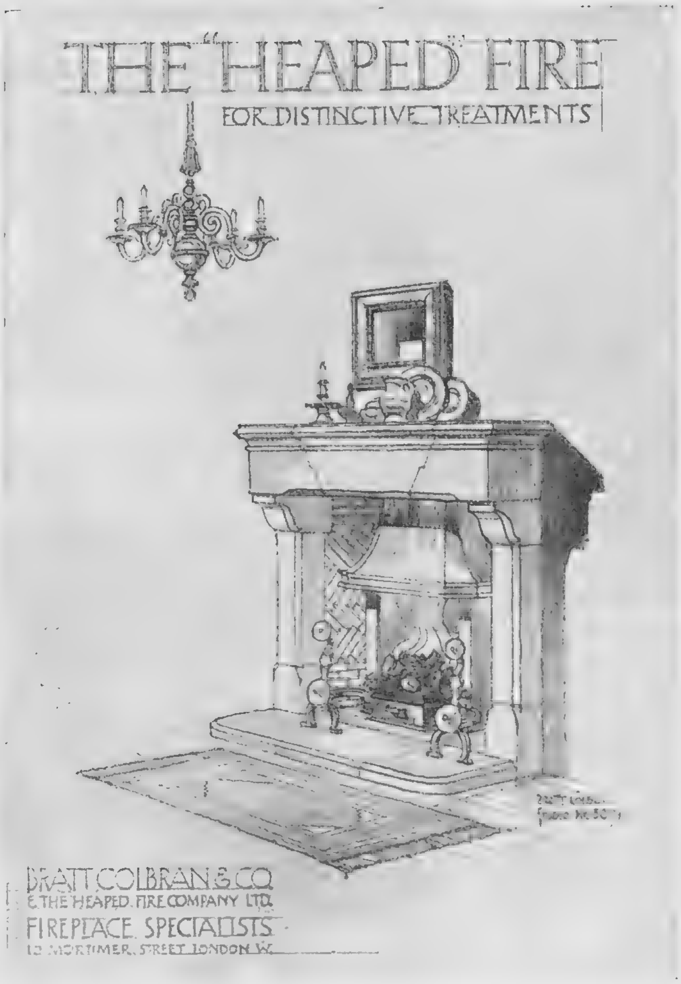
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The CHILDREN'S SALON: *continued*

COMPETITIONS FOR JULY

FIRST HALF OF THE MONTH

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: An Illustration to a line from any well-known poem.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: A Design for a *Cretonne.*

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: A d'Oyley.

Members' Circle (over 15)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: A Paper on "Do I Like Exams?"

Associated Circle (under 15)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: A Sketch of a House.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

BASING BABIES and the 13th SALON COT

Here they are—those babies of Basing which I promised you should find in the page this month. This "bus" is a well-known sight in the village, and these particular little patients from the John Madock's Home are off on one of their last rides before discharge—their cure completed. A very different picture greets Matron the day they arrive. Puny, weak, with deformities often threatening, some babies have been despaired of by the hospitals to which they have first been sent, but the secret of the success at Basing is the individual attention possible in a small institution, plus the untiring devotion of Matron and her staff. In endowing their 13th Cot in a hospital doing work of such vital importance, Saloners could not be active in a finer cause.

THE BASING BUS!

NEWS OF THE MONTH *(continued)*

MAIDA WEBBER, G.C.S. 4,511, known to very many of you for the versatility of her talents, runs a magazine for private circulation, and is in need of contributors. If any of you would like to submit drawings, stories, poems, etc., for it send a line to her c/o this office and I will forward your communication.

* * *

PLANS for sending away our Cinderellas are now being considered, and I shall be grateful if those godmothers who wish to provide their Cinderellas with a week or fortnight at the sea will let me have a line to that effect as soon as possible.

* * *

NOT every godmother, of course, can afford to bear the whole expense, we therefore have a general Holiday Fund, as well, to which all Saloners are invited to contribute, either large or small amounts!

A WEEK'S holiday for one Cinderella costs 25s., including fare, or £2 for two weeks. For Cinderellas over 14 the charge is 30s. for one week, and £2 10s. for a fortnight.

A Quarterly Prize

of £5 is awarded every three months to the Saloner who has shown the most progress in the Competitions

The 12th Quarterly Prize will be awarded on Entries submitted for May, June and July

ENROLMENT FORM

Please enrol me as a *Graduate*
Member
Associate *of The Children's Salon and Competition Circles.* (*Strike out words which do not apply.*)

Signature ....

Address ....

.... *Age, if under 20*................

Cut this out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2., with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon. If you would like to become a Fairy Godmother (see May issue) please say so.

Look out for some special PETS CLUB news next month!

Britannia and Eve's Literary Competition Circle

RESULTS OF 57th SERIES

COMPETITION I.

A prize of one guinea for the best poem entitled "April Woods."

Awarded to "Nae Luck Ava."

The chance to hurl a little deserved sarcasm at the weather was curiously enough missed by everyone. Competitors preferred to assume that April may be fickle, but is never a base deceiver. Honourable mention goes to A. Trotter, Marjorie Hobbs, Mabel Asher, "Phyl M.L.," "Dado," May W. Harrison, Margaret Huxtable, "G.G.," Gwendolen Whitcombe, "L.C.R.," D. Ingamells, Audrey Whitaker, Margaret R. M. Bone, and Sheila M. Steen.

APRIL WOODS.

By "NAE LUCK AVA."

I took my basket, and went forth to gather—
In these dense woods of oak that clothe the hills
Wild pansies, and soft primroses in clusters,
Hyacinths, daffodils.

Upon the branches lay a pale green shimmer
Of leaves the sweet spring air had breathed upon;
Between them with a wavering, golden glimmer,
The April sunlight shone.

But, as I stooped to gather, down the hillside,
Through moss and springing grass, o'er primrose pale,
There writhed a snake with angry head uplifted,
All ringed from neck to tail.

* * * * *

Within the woods December sleet is beating
Upon my hair once warmed by April sun,
Nor spring, nor summer flower, now gives me greeting,
Their day—like mine—is done.

I take the uneven path that bounds the forest—
Above a field once filled with golden sheaves—
Secure, at peace, for now no serpent's rustling
Disturbs the withered leaves.

COMPETITION I.

A prize of half-a-guinea for the best review of a book.

Awarded to M. E. CHUBB.

Reviewing may be roughly divided into two categories, the one revealing the wit and wisdom of the reviewer before all else, and the other seeking to give information, critical if necessary, concerning a certain work. Competitors rightly chose the latter method, but several need to be warned against permitting enthusiasm to rule out criticism. I am sorry the winner's paper on Arnold Bennett's *The Strange Vanguard*, is too long to print here. Honourable mention to "Anne Raine," May Belben, "Dado," M. Huxtable, "G.G.," Alice Trotter, Margaret R. M. Bone, and Esther Home.

An Offshoot of The SALON

BRITANNIA & EVE'S

Literary Competition Circle

This Special Circle was formed last year to enable Salon members who had become professional writers to continue to enter for contests of this type. It is also open to all members of the outside public. See page 160 for this month's Competitions.

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Garden Section Edited by Marion Cran

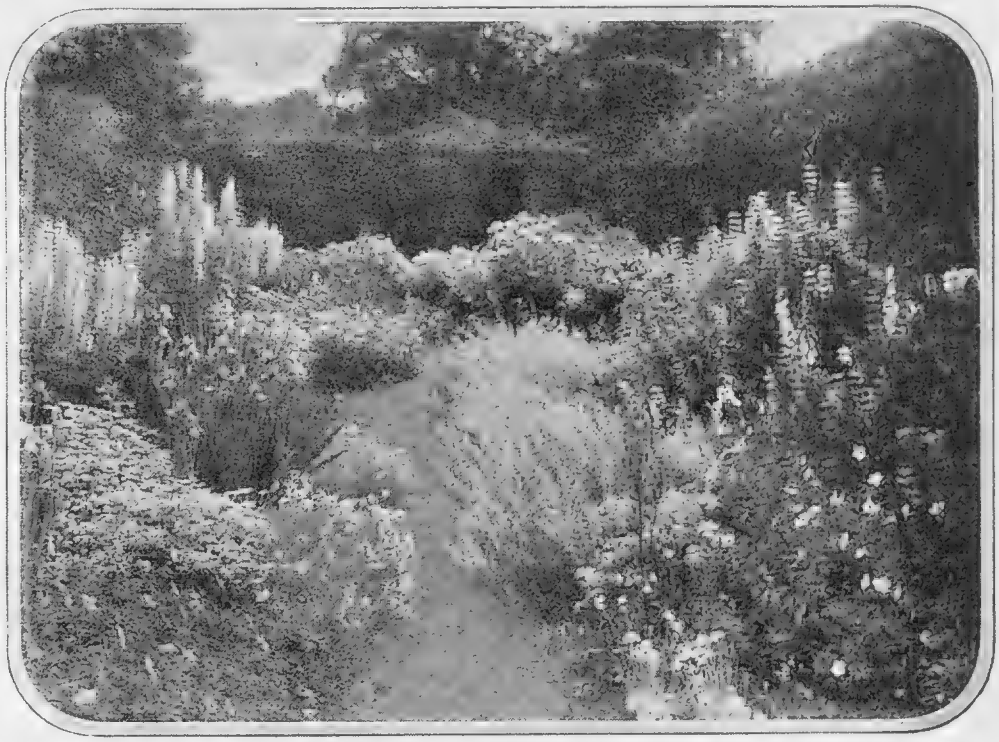
E. O. Hoppé

JUNE *in my* GARDEN

> *"The roses make the world so sweet,*
> *The bees, the birds have such a tune,*
> *There's such a light and such a heat,*
> *And such a joy in June"*

By Marion Cran

THE garden stands, amorous as a young maid, at the gate of summer; each dawn finds fresh buds dewy with promise, new petal-silks and perfumes hung out to meet the sun. This is the last moon of youth: soon the tenderness of spring will find fulfilment in the ardours of maturity; what is cloth-of-gold and sheen-of-satin in blossom to-day, will be fruitful pods rich and heavy in July. This is yet bloom-time; we are still on the fairy-tale side of Midsummer Eve.



H. Cowley

Lupins, Irises, and Perennial Poppies edged with Pinks, Catmint (Nepeta) and Cranesbill

The warm persuasive note of wood-doves at noon gushes, in a moving sweetness, from the dell whence the nightingales have flown; the nightjar croaks at twilight when the fish rise in the pool; the month of roses has come to the garden.

TIRED of the incessant outpouring of brilliant and frequently scentless new roses, my garden has gone back to the simpler, sweeter older ones; and now we see the crested Moss and Old Provence, Maiden's Blush and Hebe's Lip, unfold among the sophisticated splendours of Lord Lambourne, I Zingari and Lady Sidney Eardley-Wilmot.

Year after year I tried in an ever-increasing flurry of effort to keep pace with the rising tide of new varieties, till at last, as a roué who turns in the end to the Church for peace, my cool deep clay is growing the old roses my father knew and loved; and we watch their bloom in a deep content

SPECIES, however, are also always welcome; and one fine new race, the hybrid-musks, can never be denied a place; Mr. Pemberton raised them in Essex, and they remain far too precious to be overlooked. They have in themselves all the beauties we

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From 55 years of age you will receive £275 a year for life. If you prefer it, a cash sum of £3,400 will be given you instead of the yearly income.

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(*Applicable to residents of the British Isles, Canada, and the United States.*) Supposing you adopted this new plan now, and next week, next year, or any year until you are 55, you become—through illness or accident—permanently incapacitated for earning a living, £20 a month will be paid to you until the £275 a year becomes due.

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B. & E. June

The lordly hollyhocks which we sow in June for next year's blooming

admire in old-fashioned roses, vigour, simplicity, clear colour and rich fragrance, but they have also the gift, or virtue, of blooming continuously from May till the Christmas frosts cut them down; which the old roses have not.

So we have the long sprays of golden Aurora, the ivory trusses of Moonlight, the white rosettes of Prosperity, the cramoise-red corymbs of Nur Mahal, the salmon and shell-pink clusters of Penelope, and the strawberry ruffles of Cornelia, the "love-letter rose," pouring out sweetness into the June rose-garden; they grow in perfect harmony with the red rose of Damascus and Blanche Moreau, with York and Lancaster, and Rosa Mundi, Flora McIvor, Meg Merrilies, and Julia Mannering.

There is a spreading habit with all of them; and they are given ample elbow-room, nor ever expected to be tidy; but in the green turf are cut trim beds where Naomi and Etoile de Hollande, Florence Izzard and Angêle Pernet, Mrs. Henry Bowles and Golden Gleam, Dainty Bess and Henry Nevard, Helen Taylor and Blossom, Dame Edith Helen and Mrs. Sam McGredy spread their highly bred fashionable blooms, with a restrained and well-mannered elegance. From now on till late autumn they will yield abundance of gloriously coloured shapely blooms for indoor and outdoor decoration.

THE violent frosts of last winter made our heavy clay light and crumbly; all through March we expected kindly rains to soak into this unwonted porous surface and refresh the rose-roots; when they failed to appear in that strange, unusually dry and sunny month, the hoe came along to help matters, and at last, early in April, when drought looked like a real menace, we top-dressed the rose-garden with litter. Under that the comfortable texture of the well-weathered soil remained crumbly, and the roses made good growth.

Some are greedier feeders than others; the very heavily mossed buds of Blanche Moreau, coming so freely in vigorous clusters, clamour for special indulgence in a heavy-feeding genus. Libations of liquid manure go to Blanche once a week the summer through; and richly does she reward us for her heady potations.

" . . . then it is that we go forth to drink in the sweetness of plants that only give us of their best at eventide, and to indulge in memories and thoughts that scents evoke"

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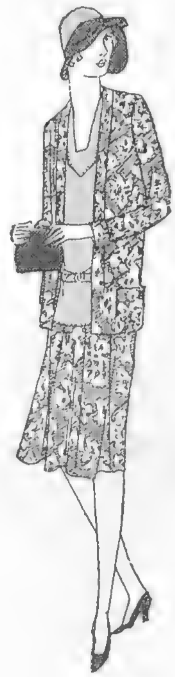

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The LORDS of MIDSUMMER

H. Cowley

Irises—as beautiful as they are varied—should be given a place of honour in every garden, be it large or small

One of the best of the June flowering Irises (I. pallida dalmatica) in a garden at Rusthall, near Tunbridge Wells. A small Japanese Azalea flowering on the left

THE banners of the irises are unfurled, the silk of them streams in purple and gold, azure and white, copper and rose, over their legions of spears, a mighty array of glaucous green spears facing the sun in myriads of midsummer gardens; flying their colours bravely in the teeth of the wildest wind. Even rain cannot despoil them: tossed and gleaming wetly, the splendid flowers have still a gallant beauty.

Wherever they have lime, full sun and perfect drainage in good rich soil, there June-flowering bearded irises make their glorious picture. The fat rhizomes ride on the crest of the soil, ripening luxuriantly in the ultra-violet rays, storing up foods for next year's bloom. And now is the time to choose our varieties for planting early in September; *now*, while the flags are in bloom in the gardens of our friends and at the trial grounds of the Iris Society as well as at flower shows. There are still a very large number of gardeners who are fond of the bearded irises, but have not learned how wide is the range of choice in hardy, free-blooming and quite inexpensive varieties.

ONE that leaps to mind at once is the nobly named "Lord of June," a very tall, strong-growing iris with massive flowers, the standards of palest lavender blue—just a wash of it on the crinkled silk balloons—and the falls a deep rich-aniline blue; it is one of the finest varieties in cultivation and quite one of the cheapest; yet it is not given a place as one would expect in every garden, large or small, throughout the land; more especially in London gardens, where irises do so well.

ISTRIA and Simplicity are two beautiful early-blooming, white irises, veined on the falls respectively in green and brown. The green pencillings on the falls of Istria and the green shadows on the pure white standards make it one of the coolest and most attractive of flowers.

Two good reds are Caprice, rather short in the stem, but an unforgettable burgundy red, and Brilliant, a late flowering bi-colour with standards of Caprice red and falls of a deeper and more brilliant red.

In the so-called pink irises the best are Susan Bliss, a very pale self, and Marion Cran, a fine upstanding rosy iris of great vigour and character. But we have not yet found the true pink iris anywhere: they are all more mauve than is permissible in a colour so named.

A VARIETY which should be seen in every garden is the lavender self with a charming name—"the ladies of Peelings." It blooms early and with the greatest vigour, and being medium in height, it is an admirable form for the front of a border.

For strong contrast in the iris garden there are the highly-coloured Ambassadeur, Prosper Langier, and Souvenir de Madame Gaudichau; all magnificent growers. The best yellow-bearded irises are Shekinah and Amber, and of these Amber is the later and by far the finer in size and richness of the gold.

H. Cowley

Iris Alcazar, a giant among June-flowering Bearded Irises

GAMAGES
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IF you are working on a scheme of garden decoration, or furnishing your Garden, this page will interest you. But, remember, it gives only a little idea of Gamages immense stocks. Everything tha the garden and the gardener requires can b obtained from our famous Horticultural Dep

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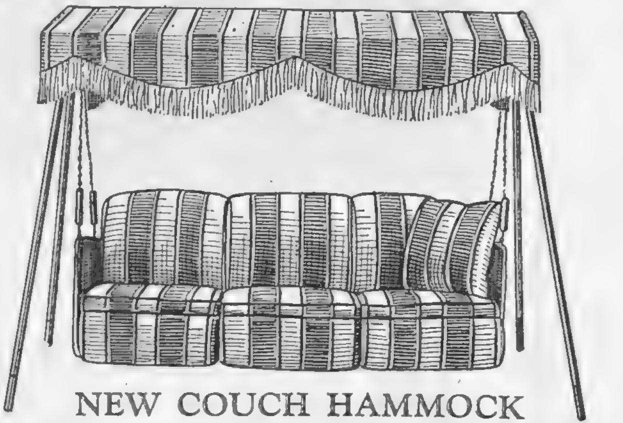

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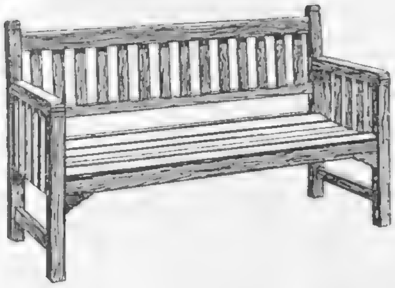

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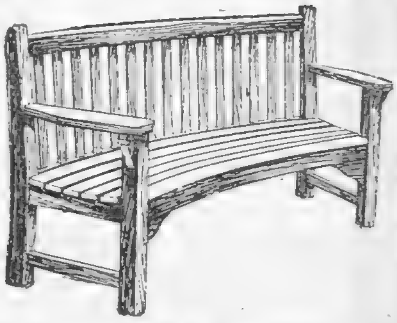

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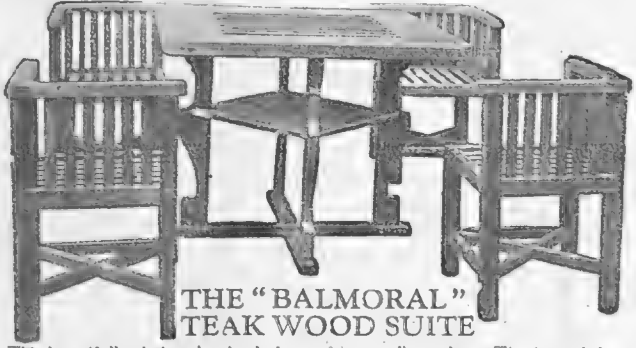

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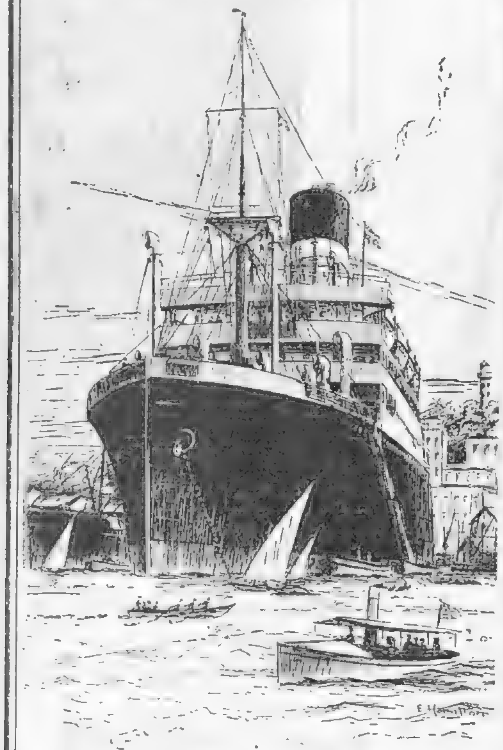

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Other *People's* GARDENS

"HIGHMOUNT"

Mrs. Graham Wood's house in Surrey

By MARION CRAN

Covered with moss and clustering rock plants, this flight of stone steps leads down to one of the most delightful features of the garden—the lily pool

THERE are two reasons why Mrs. Graham Wood's beautiful garden at Guildford is of unusual interest to the outside world—first, because it was designed by Gertrude Jekyll, the artist whom we all love, and whose influence upon the gardens of her time will guide and inspire unto the third and fourth generation; and, secondly, because it shows what can be done on a very unlikely piece of land.

Most people, given a steep chalk hill facing the full South sun, pitted with formless hollows or swollen into humpy hillocks, would have said it was a hopeless problem, and planted a few easy chalk-loving shrubs and flowers. But Miss Jekyll is always interested in a difficult site, and designed upon this one a garden of characteristic dignity and repose. By courageous excavation of the chalk and a great deal of levelling, she made, on that steep untidy place, wide walks and borders, a bowling green, croquet lawn and tennis lawn; two lily ponds, terraces, and stone stairways, and splendid "walls" of clipped yew.

THE garden looks over a wide panorama from the romantic hill of St. Martha, crowned with its little church and the eastern Chantry Woods, to Hindhead and the dark masses of Wolmer Forest away in the West. In the middle are the familiar sandy heathery uplands of Milford, Godalming and the Pride of the Valley, with the distant curves of the South Downs etched on the Southern sky-line—a noble view, on which the garden is designed to look in sheltered peace.

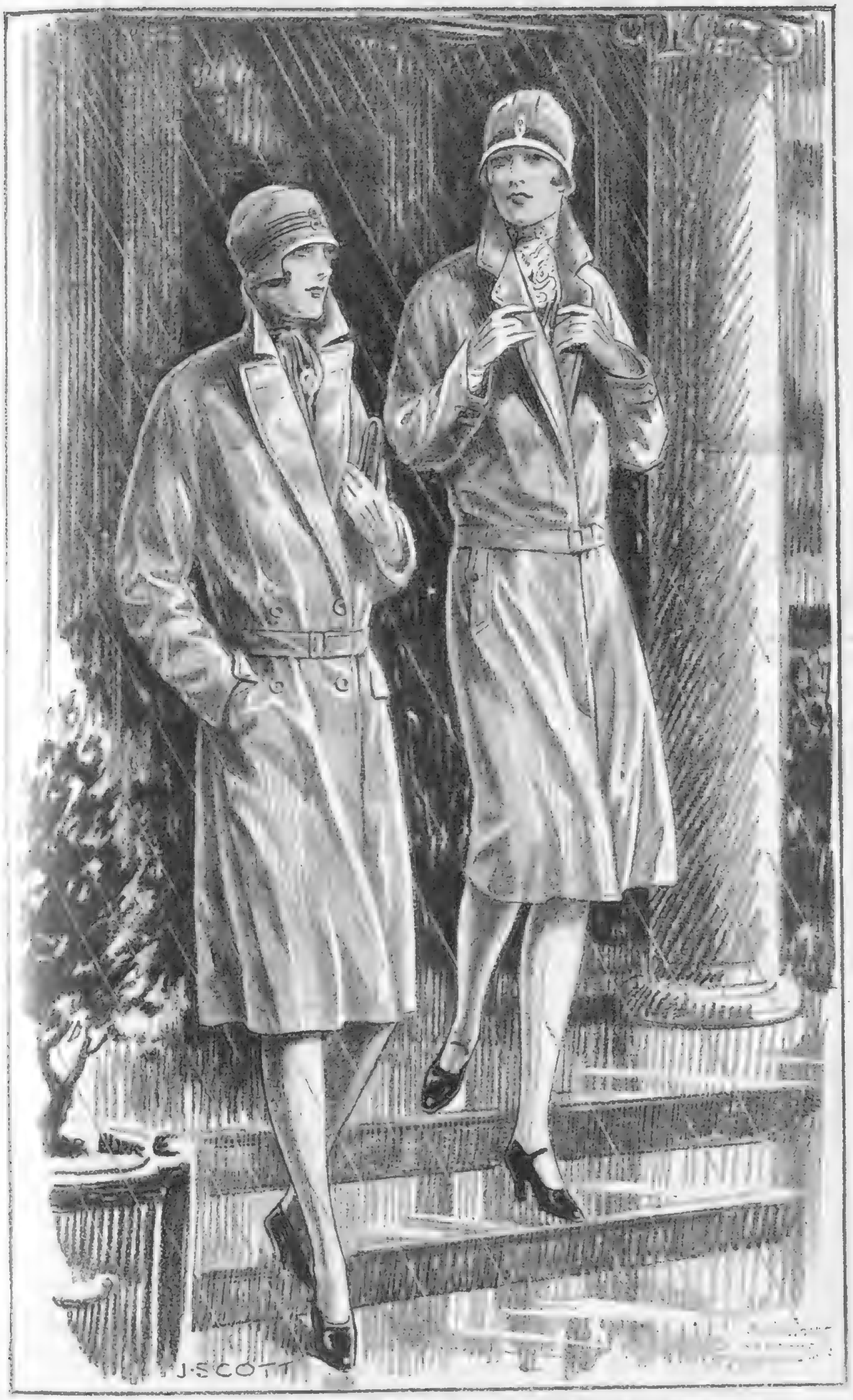
At the hands of such a gardener as Miss Jekyll, the plants, which revel in chalk, were given full scope when the excavating, levelling, and terracing had been completed. Roses, clematis, peonies and Our Lady's Lilies, wallflowers, stocks, rockets, Oethionema iberis, irises and campanulas now make a happy fabric of scent and colour on that barren hillside. The rich, abundant growth of everything is a constant joy to visitors.

MRS. GRAHAM WOOD, the most hospitable of garden-owners, frequently entertains the parties which go to Wisley during the season from the Garden Club in Mayfair; and these enthusiastic, but learned and often critical, gardeners look back on their visit to Highmount with enchantment. There is no feeling of stunted growth, of forcing or of misguided effort there; the happy rollicking plants seem one with the welcome that the house extends; masses of rambling roses allowed to grow as they will—Yuccas, with candelabra hospitably alight, by the stone stairways, where garganica and isophylla chime their blue bells from the joints of the stone, joining with a myriad other happy flowers and shrubs to invite the wanderer to stay with them awhile, and learn to be happy, too.

EVEN the goldfish in the lily-pools proclaim their will to live in that favoured place; the ponds were frozen hard during this bitter winter and the bright fish were seen by their sorrowful owner to be frozen stiff in the ice. But when the sun came back at last and the water flowed again, what was her joy to find the goldfish, brisk as ever, swimming about with their old gestures of a gay content.

Shrubs and trees, flowers and ferns, live a happy, care-free life side by side in this picturesque garden

Whatever the Weather, wear THE BURBERRY



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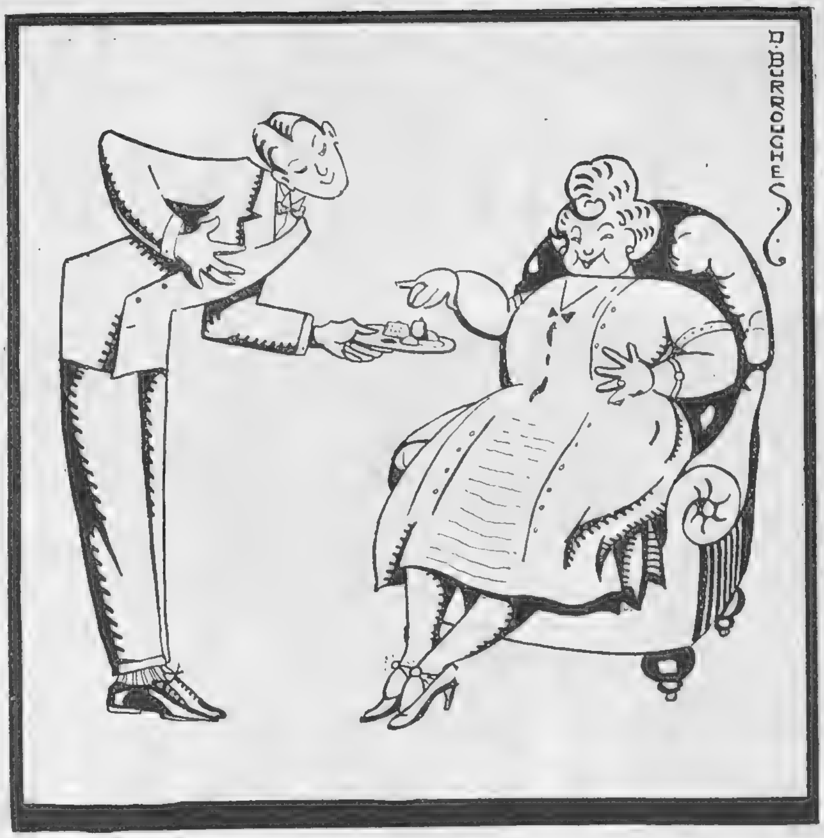

". . . passing plates and cups in a humorously old-world manner. . . ."

SOCIAL ~ ETIQUETTE

A Section of BRITANNIA & EVE *in which various matters of Taste and Manners are lightly discussed by*

The Hon. Mrs. DOWDALL

THE first article of this series was intended to show how character is betrayed by manners (to those who can read the signs), for the reason that a man makes his own manners before his manners can make him. He may be outwardly as well behaved as he knows how, but he cannot enjoy the fruits of his good behaviour unless he has enough faith in his own tastes to escape the bogus terrors that ill-informed critics bring to his path to haunt and unsettle his mind.

The particular social bogey whose—I was going to say "blood," only the wretched thing has not enough blood of its own to sustain an ancestral ghost—let us say, rather, whose turnip-lantern juice I most long to spill, and thus prevent the impostor from ever scaring good human flesh again, is one that goes by the name of "People"—*i.e.*, "What people say," "What would people think if you . . . etc. ?" "People" (if the bogey could ever be identified, which it never can) are the more unreliable in their alleged dogma because they are perpetually engaged in civil war among themselves. "People say that people shouldn't do this or that" is a decree often issued—not perhaps in those exact words, but the sentiment is scarcely disguised. The astonishing contradiction that "They say people don't think anything nowadays of what people say" came to me direct from the Headquarters of that monstrous bogey "People," and it has been responsible for much of the confusion we notice among the ranks of the new gentry, who, contrary to all that "People" used to say, are now taught that "People only laugh at you now if you bother about what People think."

ALAS! What did People say in 1863? He said a great deal about the proper way to behave, and made it clear that he (People) would say nasty things about any persons who did not behave in the way he thought proper; but at least he was consistent in his rules. As I knew him then he was a comparatively decorous old bogey. He was an autocrat in his own realm of

Suzanne Verdi
ROSA HOLLAY (Successor)

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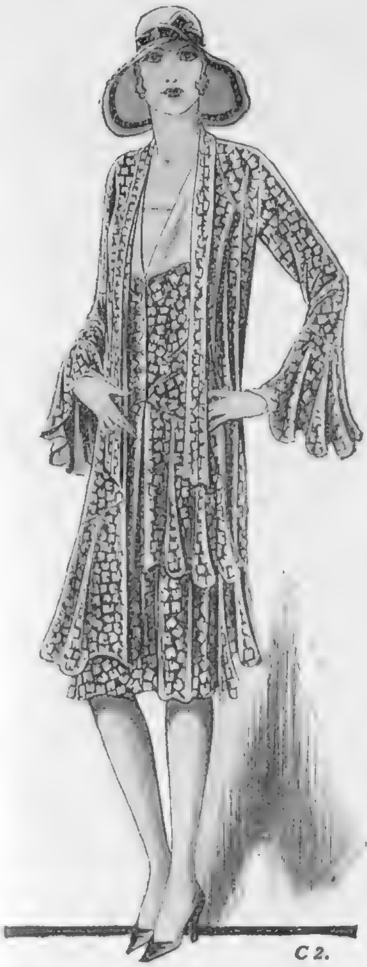
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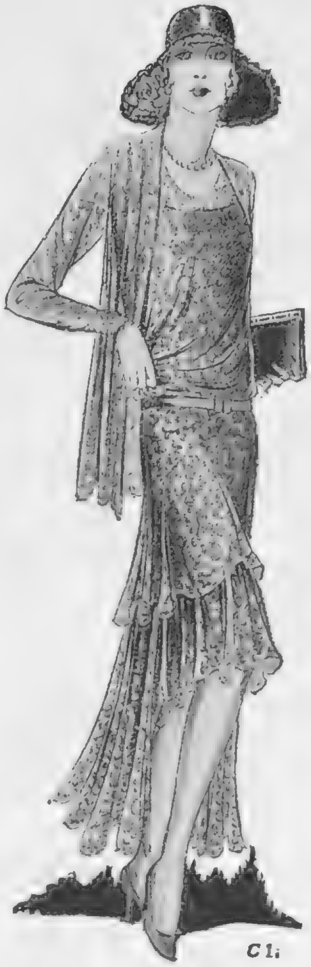
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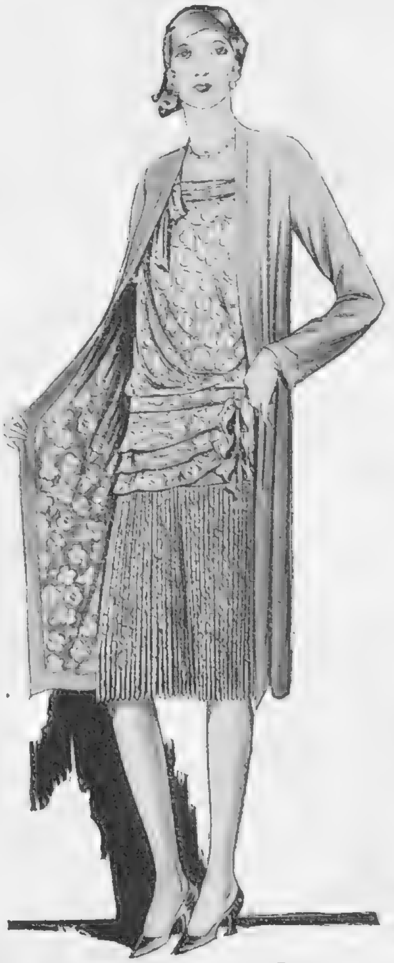
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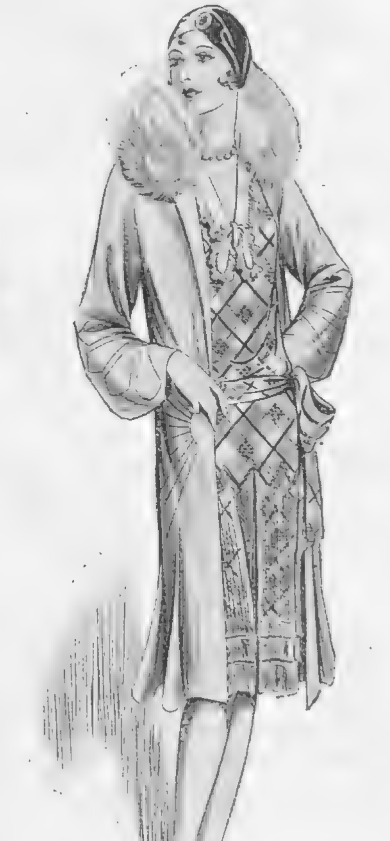
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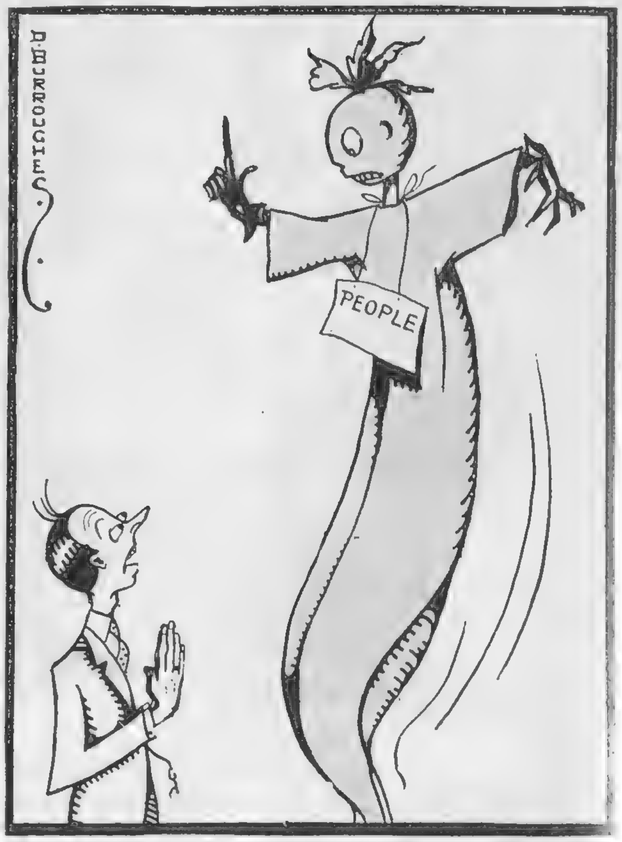
nonsense and what he said was either obeyed or it wasn't; it was never contested. Nobody dreamed in those days that he would ever go back on his own words and muddle the public's mind to such an extent that his code of behaviour is of no more use to them now than a Queen Anne London directory would be to one of our tax collectors. Poor old bogey! He moved with the times and lost his head and invented a super edition of himself, calling it "The Best People." It was at that fatal moment, if he only had known, that he made the mistake of his life, a mistake which, we hope, will lead ultimately to his ruin through unforeseen complications to be shown later.

OF course there was an immediate scurry to secure places among these hypothetical Best People with the following result. Only "People" himself could explain which were the Best People, and the honest truth was that this great autocrat, this turnip-lantern bogey of society, was at a complete loss to recognise any visible difference between People and the Best People. It was the beginning of chaos, because the first thing his own newly invented Best People did was to announce publicly that "The Best People don't care twopence what People say!" A further heresy, startling the crowd of candidates who clamoured to be reckoned among the Best People, was that "People say that if you don't go about with the Best People, People will think you aren't anybody." Now wasn't that stinging, when the Best People had just laid down the law that "if you care twopence what People say you'll get mixed up with the most awful Common People who are always wondering 'what People will say' about this and that"; and next, the Best People's Young People announced that "only Common People want to get among the Best People, who don't care a dump what People say about anything."

"AND syne, whaur are ye?" as my lady friend from the North often concludes her most lucid propounding of a difficulty. Where are we, indeed! I hope, all the same, that we are well on the way to relieve the mind of the earnest student from any discomfort he may feel in the presence of charlatans who pretend that "People" can do anything worse to him than shake a turnippy head in warning and gibber about some hocus-pocus or other that will insure him against social failure. So, having said what we think about whatever the bogey People says about us, we may go on to the really important question of how to stop him from being troublesome to genuine students who want to get the utmost pleasure and profit of their fellow creatures' society.

To begin with, the weakest part in the code of manners prescribed by "People" is that it refers only to what is done in public, while criticism of home behaviour is generally left to the discretion of the home circle. That alone is enough to expose the bogey's whole bag of tricks, for what is done at home for choice cannot be permanently hidden behind what is done in public at the dictation of outsiders.

THE natural joker of the family, who may be all in favour of good manners (if he is a kind-hearted fellow), can, at this point of his reading, amuse himself for a whole evening by pretending to carry out this suggestion literally. The idea of displaying "company manners" at home makes everybody present die of laughing. Passing plates and cups and saucers in a humorously old-world manner, handing his relatives to their seats at the table, speaking in a false voice and stilted style with the constant repetition of "Allow me," "Excuse me," "Pardon me," is the only difference suggested to their minds by the idea of having only one set of manners at home and in society. "It really is too killing!" sobs the home authority, wiping away tears of laughter, "to think what it would be like if everybody behaved at home as if they were going to a party!"



"*. . . . that particular Social Bogey whose turnip-lantern juice I most long to spill. . . .*"

WE are so fond of dismissing a new idea as preposterous because of "what it would look like if everybody did it," and yet "People" would say it was "singular" if someone adopted the same suggestion to please himself. Samuel Butler has pointed this out, and he proposed as the alternative to "Suppose everybody did it" "Suppose nobody did it." Suppose it were the custom of a certain family not to wash before breakfast, what ecstasies of mirth would be in store for the kindly joker aforesaid on observing one of his family sit down to breakfast with a face of ceremonial cleanliness!

"Whatever's come over Auntie? She's been titivating herself up with soap! Well, I declare! The very idea! What's it all about, Auntie? Are you going to meet your Fate?" etc. If in course of time "everybody did it"—that is, followed Auntie's example—the same joke could be adapted to dirty little Claud: "Suppose everybody came down with a dirty face, my boy!" Suppose everybody washed. Suppose no-

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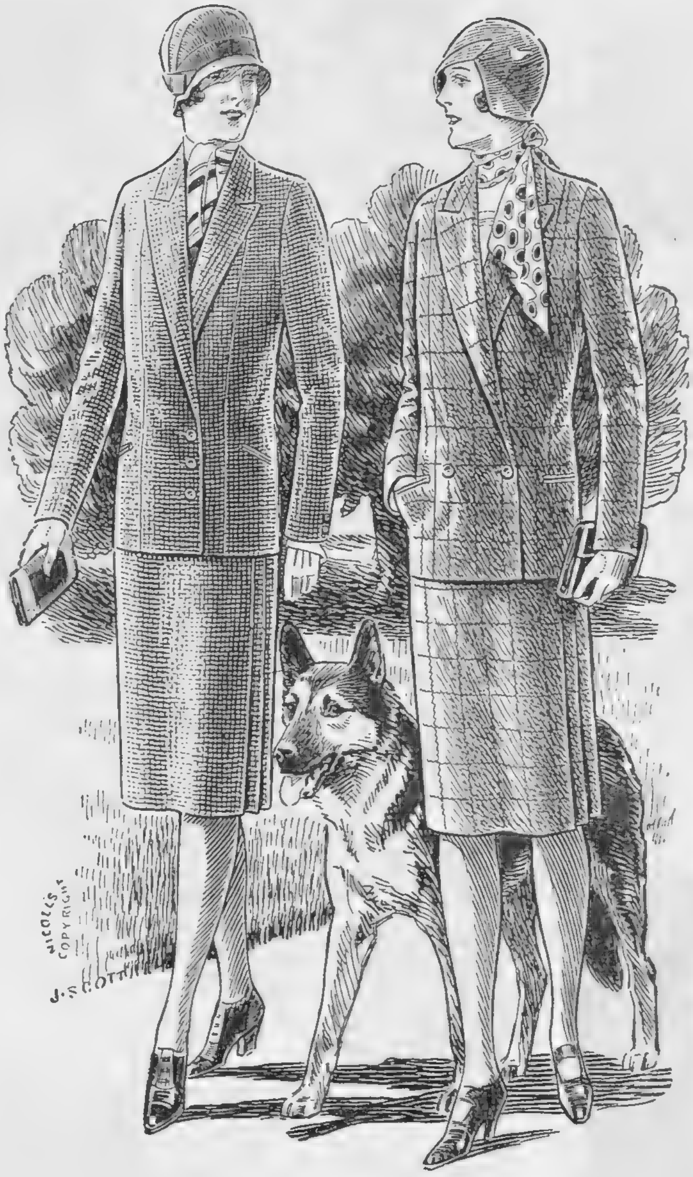

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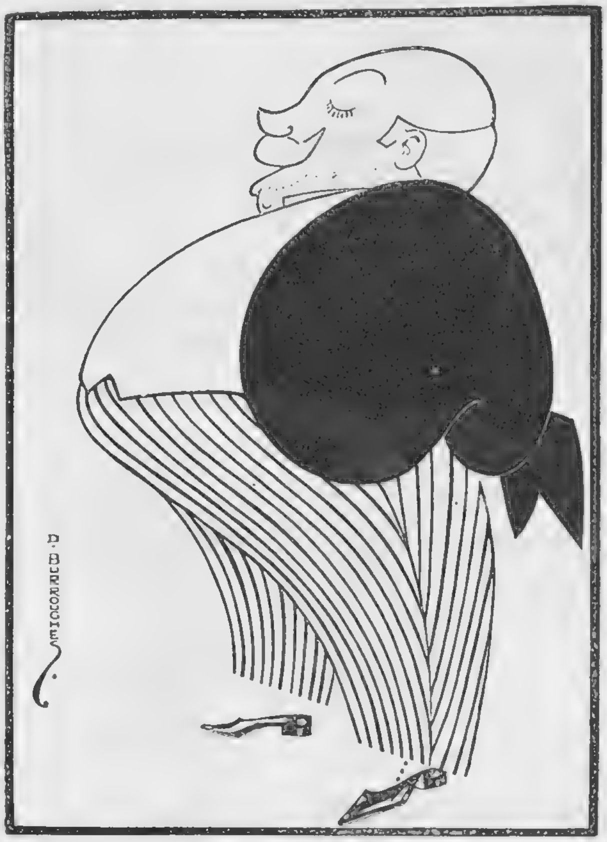
body washed. It is only solitary eccentricity that annoys "People."

If "what people say" is ever again to be the standard of behaviour, the old bogey who has frightened us all these years must make up his mind as to who and what the Best People are and let us have them on view with a definite label; but it does seem the last straw, the final piece of brazen impudence, that, after making us all believe that good manners demand a close attention to "what people say," the student should be told by those very same "People" that his conduct must be guided by a new set of contradictory rules. The whole code of manners has been turned into a hopeless muddle by the Best People explaining that only Common People pay heed to what People say; and now after undergoing the terrible strain of obeying such rules as he could disentangle, the student is told that if he obeys no rules at all and behaves "quite naturally, as if he were at home," People will recognise him as belonging to the Best People.

I feel like the blind leading the blind into the ditch, for, in common with most critics, I know good manners when I see them, but I have no idea how they are reached, nor, I think, has anyone else who is candid enough to admit it, whatever splendid maxims he may have inherited or formed. But I do believe that the main road to freedom of spirit (which will be seen later as the probable purpose of good manners) lies in the direction farthest away from fear of what anybody will say and from the habit of associating self-restraint and consideration for others with some unusual effort of mind.

I was once sitting in the lounge of an expensive London hotel—the kind of hotel which I am sure the bogey People thoroughly approved of; in fact, I think that if there were any such persons as "People" they would be located there. A little girl walked through on her way to the dining-room with someone who may have been her governess. Now and then she indulged in a hop or slide to relieve the tedium of grandeur, and the governess pressed her hand and said reprovingly, "Now walk nicely, dear." "How on earth," I asked myself, "does one walk nicely at a moment's notice, when it is permissible and indeed praised as 'unaffected' to walk according to taste at home?" It is a strain, and the natural mind revolts from strain; and if no better reason can be found for submitting to it than fear of what People will say, there is little hope that the Nice Walking (if and when achieved) will conform to the Best People's very confusing advice to walk and behave as naturally as possible. "Walk nicely, eat nicely, speak nicely, do not appear embarrassed but behave naturally just as you would at home." By all means, but who, I ask you, is going to live at home under the strain of "company manners"? So, evidently, it is impossible to walk nicely in hotels and yet be perfectly natural, just as you are at home. The way out of the difficulty becomes painfully clear. Walk nicely and all the rest of it at home until the strain is no longer felt, and, after that, habit will sustain you faithfully in all the most trying circumstances of publicity.

All this reminds me that while we are on the subject of hotels it may be useful to note that in those places and in boarding houses and restaurants the student of good manners may learn much that is of value to him by observing the behaviour of his fellow guests, who, like himself, are neither at home nor hidden among a passing crowd of strangers. The disadvantages of always being quite natural in public without any preliminary effort to improve the home standard will be more easily understood from examples at hand than from any written theory. There may be, for instance, a family party taking a holiday, who hurl themselves into a room as if they were tomatoes aimed by a mischievous hand. They give a corresponding impression of having literally "burst" upon their fellow guests, and even over the piano, and the writing tables, and the chairs and sofas, coming finally to rest in a disordered mass of skins and pulp in the form of outer garments and general dismemberment. The rich juice of their family interests is then poured forth in a deafening torrent to which all contribute and none listen, except the audience, who had the misfortune to be in the room before the distressing accident of the tomato family's entrance occurred.



" . . . the 'Best People' don't care twopence what people say . . . '

The exhausted student may, if he has enough stamina to pursue his object lesson, follow them to the dining-room, where he ought to be able to make up his mind definitely as to the value of a coalition between Art and Nature in manners. He will probably find the objects of his study engaged in doing three things at once (a feat supposed to be one of Napoleon's favourite sports), eating, drinking and talking; talking, sprawling and arguing; some may even achieve four simultaneous interests, scolding, staring, crumbling bread and sniffing—all as natural as if they were at home. I could almost find it in my heart to blow a police whistle for People to come and use his gruesome threats on them just for once before he is officially banished as a ghostly impostor.

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Mr. Agate

By JAMES AGATE

ONCE upon a time, a year ago to be exact, I made a mock at musical criticism. The alleged *jeu d'esprit* occurred in a novel which was deemed so contemptible alike by Press and public that I dare not even hint at its name. But the joke was something like this. I imagined my hero at a concert reading the kind of critical fodder provided for concert-goers. Gemel Lindsay was supposed to be regaling his soul with a tone-poem called *Shalimar*, perpetrated by one Gardenia Fand, and this is what he read in his programme :—"*Les Parfums Mornes des Jardins . . . Affetuoso ma non troppo.* The end of burning day in an orient garden. Voluptuously the occidental yet feminine soul shivers with faint desire. A restless chromatic figure hovers through the lower strings. The cooing of white doves (clarinets), mingling with the plash of fountains (harps), enchants the deafest ear. Silver peaks (piccolos) are glimpsed, but the veils of purple shadow (double-basses) offer no burnous'd figure—an absence suggested by oboes and tympani. The movement ends with a cluster of wilting quavers."

* * *

HAVING written in this strain I shall certainly not attempt to set down in words the effect produced by the very lovely set of four records of (*) Stravinsky's *The Fire Bird* (Columbia). These are accompanied and explained by a writer who, I note, cleverly avoids the pitfalls which beset those who try to translate one art into the terms of another. Consider this description of "The Enchanted Garden" :—"The garden is full of trees that dimly show their outline against the deep blue tint of the sky. It is night. Below the trees there are tangled bushes, and there is something lurking, very sinister, about the place. Notice how richly the orchestra paints the scene, and that opening phrase, heard in the bass, which persists throughout, like something dark, shadowy, and uncanny." I suggest that this does not take us very far. But I also suggest that nobody else can take us any farther, the whole business of setting down in words what music sounds like still remaining something to baffle even the most ingenious.

* * *

I have not the least doubt that the music to which Tennyson's Maud danced and her lover listened was amongst the most entrancing ever written even by the Viennese. But what would Johann Strauss or any other waltz-king, have made of an orchestra composed of "flute, violin, bassoon." If it sounds like anything at all this sounds like a Trio by Brahms, which it isn't. But that is by the way. The point is that *The Fire Bird* records are beautifully played by the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris, and conducted by the composer himself. The recording is perfect, and the set is starred as being fully worthy of a place in any permanent collection.

From His Master's Voice comes another album containing Beethoven's great B flat major Trio. This is the last of the pianoforte trios, all the composer's subsequent chamber music being written for string quartet. The recording is admirable and the playing by Thilbaud, Casals, and Cortot is excellent, though the hypercritical may like to say that it does not quite attain the perfection reached by the same players' performance in the Schubert Trio.

Among the loose orchestral stuff are many interesting items. These include Haydn's Toy Symphony (Parlophone), for which one can never be too young or grow too old ; a selection from "The Three-Cornered Hat" (Columbia, two discs), to which the Madrid Symphony Orchestra do full justice ; the Italian Concerto and part of the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto by Bach (Parlophone) which will delight people who revel in the harpsichord and who would be overjoyed if art had stopped short "in the cultivated Court of Napoleon's Empress" ; and the *Leonora No.* 3 Overture of Beethoven, grandly played for H.M.V. by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.

* * *

OTHER ventures are the infernally rowdy Second Hungarian Rhapsody (Parlophone), which I could quite well not hear again for ten years ; the ultra-romantic *Invitation to the Waltz* (Columbia), of Weber, which Felix Weingartner ladles out as if it were treacle; and the always lovely Prelude to Act One and Fourth Entr'acte from *Carmen*, brilliantly played for H.M.V. by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Billy Mayerl's *Sennen Cove* (Columbia) spreads over two sides which, so far as I can hear, have nothing to do with each other, the first part being pleasantly modelled some distance after Stravinsky, and the second being reminiscent of those agreeably heart-rending strains to which on the screen reconciled lovers come together in a pinkish aftermath. Years ago, in a provincial pantomime, Mr. Wilkie Bard had an argument with a theatre-fireman. Mr. Bard had proposed to sing and the fireman objected. "They might as well write songs for firemen," grumbled the owner of the shoulder-straps. "They might, but they don't !" replied Mr. Bard succinctly. I was reminded of this on listening to Mr. Gershwin's Concerto in F major (Columbia). These three discs suggest that although they do apparently write concertos for jazz-bands they really shouldn't. However, it isn't bad, and the musically illiterate who have never heard a concerto will probably think this very fine. One agrees that full justice is done to it by Mr. Paul Whiteman and his orchestra.

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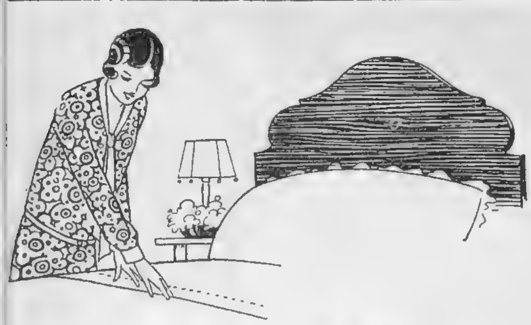

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The *Newest* Records

AMONG the operatic records we have from Parlophone two magnificent *Rosenkavalier* records superbly done, one record, almost as good, from Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, and Basilio's great aria from *The Barber*. Columbia sends us a record from *La Gioconda*, that opera by Ponchielli which may be forgiven anything on account of its delicious ballet-music. Also from Columbia comes the Church Scene from Gounod's *Faust*, which we either like or don't, and the same applies to "Connais-tu le Pays?" and the Gavotte from *Mignon*, sung for H.M.V. by Lucrezia Bori.

The month is prolific in old favourites, Parlophone giving us the old "Carnival of Venice," sung by Marguerite Salvi. Columbia returns the compliment with Handel's "Let the Bright Seraphim," sung by Bella Baillie, and H.M.V. weighs in with the inescapable *Henry VIII* and *Nell Gynne* Dances, which must have solaced the tedium of millions of playgoers waiting for the theatre-curtain to go up.

If I were to choose a favourite record for the month it would be the (*) "Moonlight on the Alster" Waltz by Fetras (Parlophone) On the other side of this is Strauss's "Artist's Life." It is apparently a great month for waltzes inasmuch as Parlophone have also produced the "Schatz Waltz" from *The Gipsy Baron*, by Johann Strauss and *The Girl in the Train* Waltz by Leo Fall, while from Columbia we get two waltzes by Waldteufel, "L'Estudiantina" and "España."

* * *

OF the lighter records there is to hand a number which should certainly meet all tastes. From Columbia I note a selection from "The Singing Fool," in which an unnamed violinist exhibits a determination not to be exceeded in pathos even by the egregious Mr. Jolson. Will readers please note that I use the adjective in its original and best sense, that of being out of the ordinary. There is certainly nobody like this master of negro pathos, and it is my misfortune to hope that there never will be.

Among the fox-trots are "I'm Sorry, Sally," "How About Me?" "My Blackbirds are Bluebirds Now," "Sweethearts on Parade," "When Eliza Rolls her Eyes," "Grown-up Baby," "Misery Farm." All these are Columbia. Brunswick sends us "Then Came the Dawn," "Lonesome in the Moonlight," and H.M.V. "Glad Feet" and "A Dicky Bird Told Me So."

Now I am not very much of a fox-trotter myself, and am told that in the matter of dance-records it is the rhythm which matters. I have pleasure in certifying, then, that in the matter of rhythm, the mere marking or rather hammering-out of a tempo, there is not a pin to choose between any of these amusing discs. But there does seem to me to be a distinct difference in tunefulness. So if I must jig up and down a supper floor with a mouth full of half-masticated and imperfectly swallowed chicken, then let it be to the tune of "Then Came the Dawn." Incidentally I should like to say that I have never heard anything which recalled the dawn less.

An example of the record which does more harm than good to the record-makers is "Eggs, Toast, and Coffee," and "Just What I Thought," by Dora Maughan and Walter Fehl (H.M.V.). Nobody could possibly gather from either of these reproductions that Miss Maughan is a brilliant music-hall performer. Gramophone effects must always be vocal, a fact which Miss Maughan, who has no voice, has failed to grasp. One gets no sense of her flashing and witty personality, and the only impression left is that this artist believes the English language to contain the word "kawfee."

It is obvious that some day some other fashion will drive out jazz, as jazz drove out ragtime which had replaced the coon song. I therefore star (*) "Cannon Ball Rag" (Brunswick) played by Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra, so that future generations may know to what abyss even dance-music sank during the jazz reign. "Cannon Ball Rag" is the most completely horrid tune that I have ever heard.

* Recommended for a permanent collection.

BRITANNIA & EVE'S

LITERARY COMPETITION

Open to all CIRCLE

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally, to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

SIXTIETH SERIES

All entries for the following competitions must reach the office of "Britannia and Eve," not later than first post, July 13th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best poem on any seaside matter.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best post-Election parody of Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy.

SIXTY-FIRST SERIES

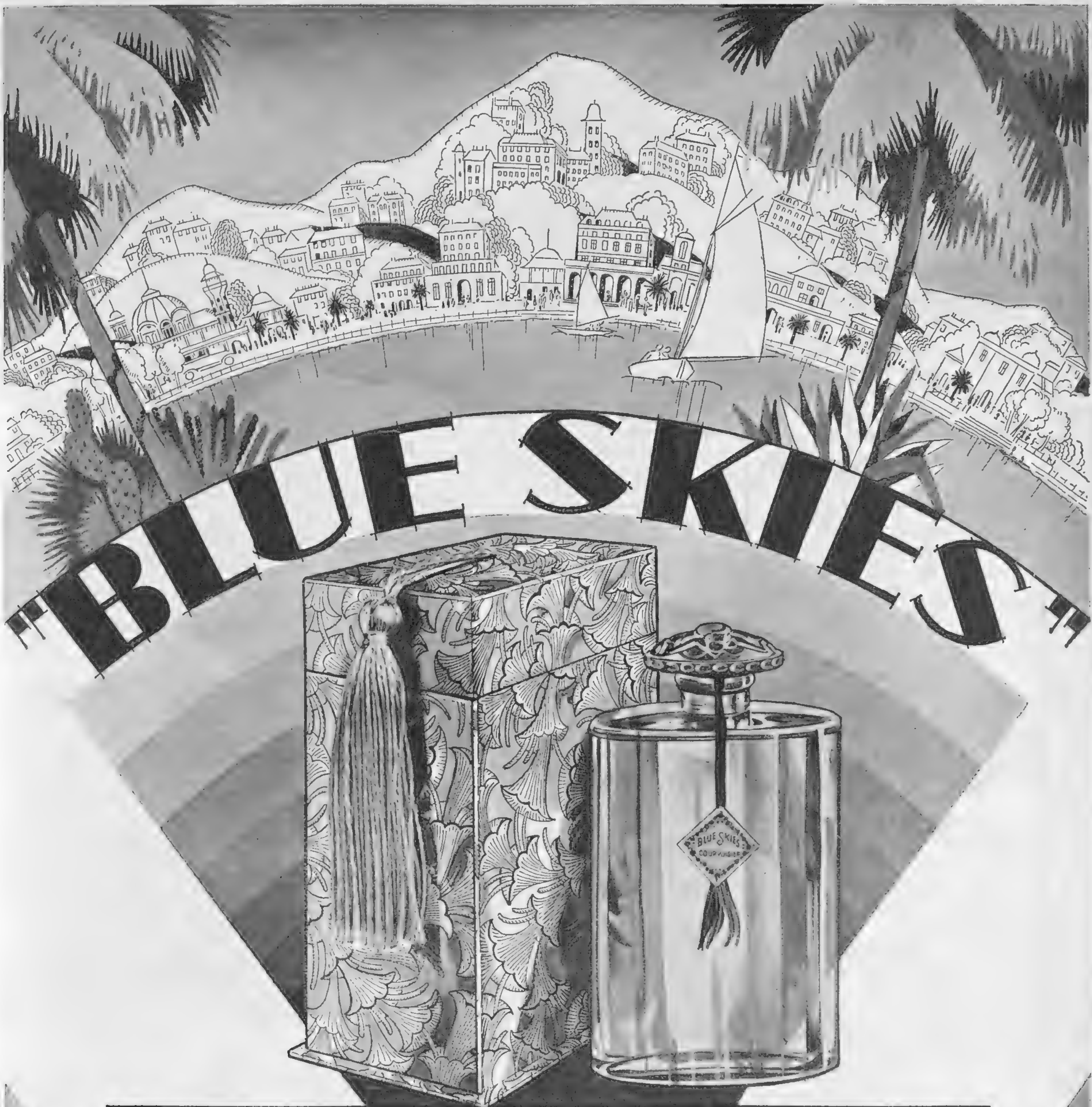
All entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve," not later than first post, July 27th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric entitled "The Rift."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best exposition in rhyme of any well-known proverb.

(See page 148 for Results of 57th Series).

BRITANNIA & EVE'S
Literary Circle
COMPETITION COUPON
(To accompany all Entries)



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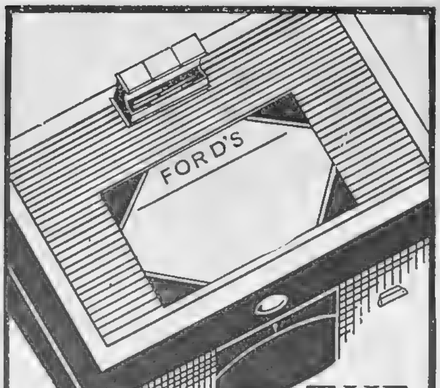

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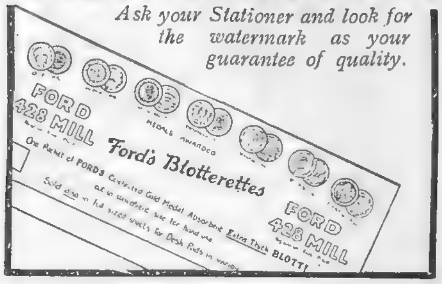
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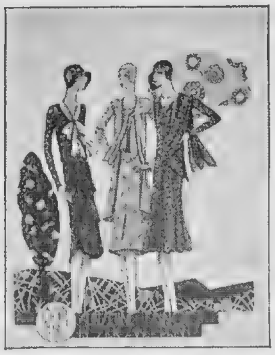
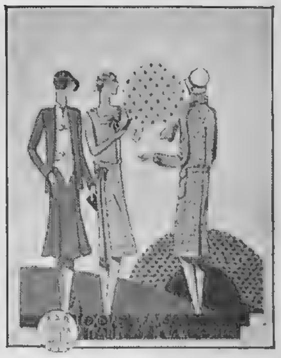
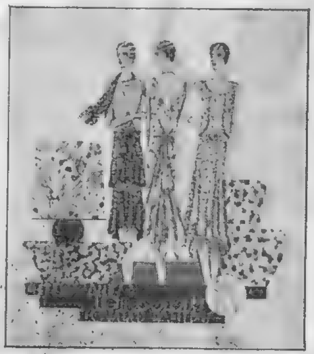




At this very moment quite a number of women are probably wondering how they can possibly reconcile their dress allowances with the number of frocks they will need during the summer—for receptions, for garden parties, for race meetings, for dancing, to say nothing of those simpler affairs that will be required on the tennis courts or for seaside and river " occasions."



Summer fabrics, diaphanous and colourful, and inexpressibly lovely this season, cannot do heavy duty and continue to look fresh and *bien soignée*, so from June onwards a far, far bigger wardrobe is needed than in the winter or spring. Those of the feminine contingent, who are forced to have " frugal minds " might well bemoan their fate were it not for the big strides that have been made in the science of paper patterns, culminating in the inauguration of the Britannia and Eve Better Paper Pattern Service and enabling them to be gowned from Paris for the cost of the material only.

With Britannia and Eve patterns, there is absolutely no loss of French *chic* in the process of translating them into English. They are actual Paris models, speaking La Mode's last word, and designed exclusively for our readers by a well-known French designer. Of the models depicted each month in our 8-page Colour-Gravure Fashion Section, paper patterns are available only of those which bear a series number.

Britannia and Eve Better Paper Patterns cost 1s. 3d. each and are post free, both in the British Isles and abroad, no extra charge whatever being made to our overseas readers. They are hand cut, perfect in line, and correct down to every minute detail, the smartest effect always achieved in the simplest way.

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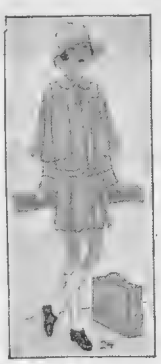
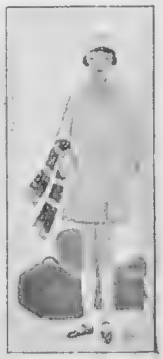
And on the principle that it is " as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion," will our readers please note that our Better Paper Pattern Service Department will only stock patterns published during the last six months—that is to say, the patterns illustrated in this issue (June) will only be available up to November, those published in July until December, and so on.





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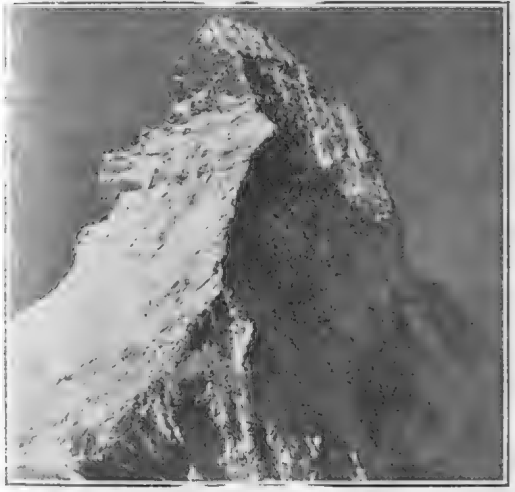

The Matterhorn

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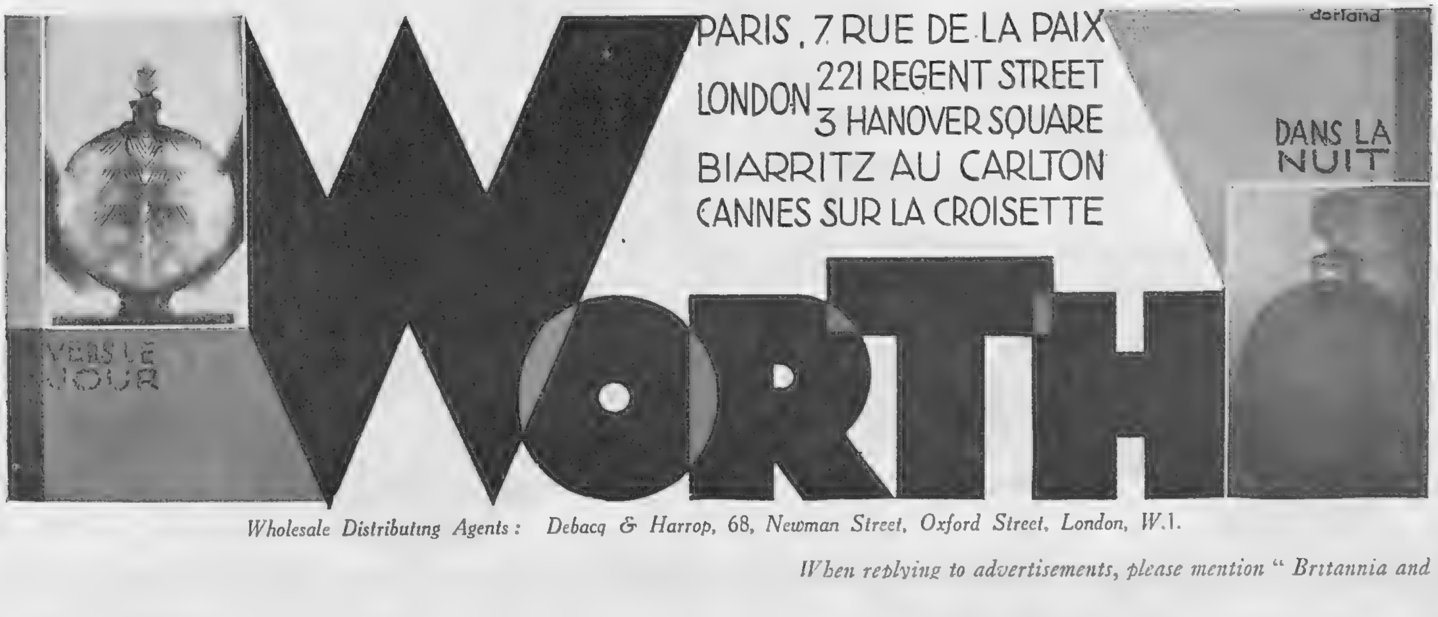

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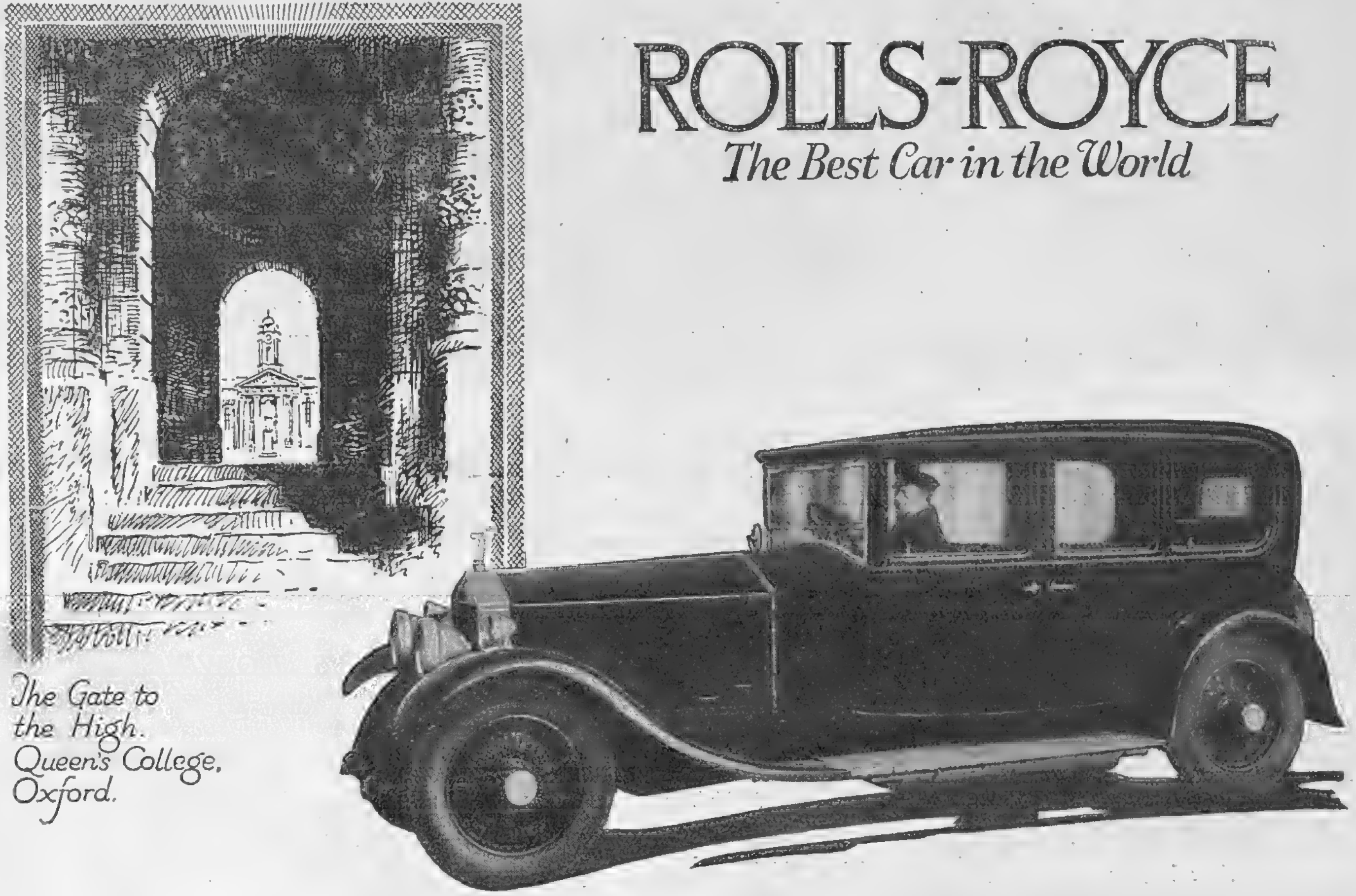

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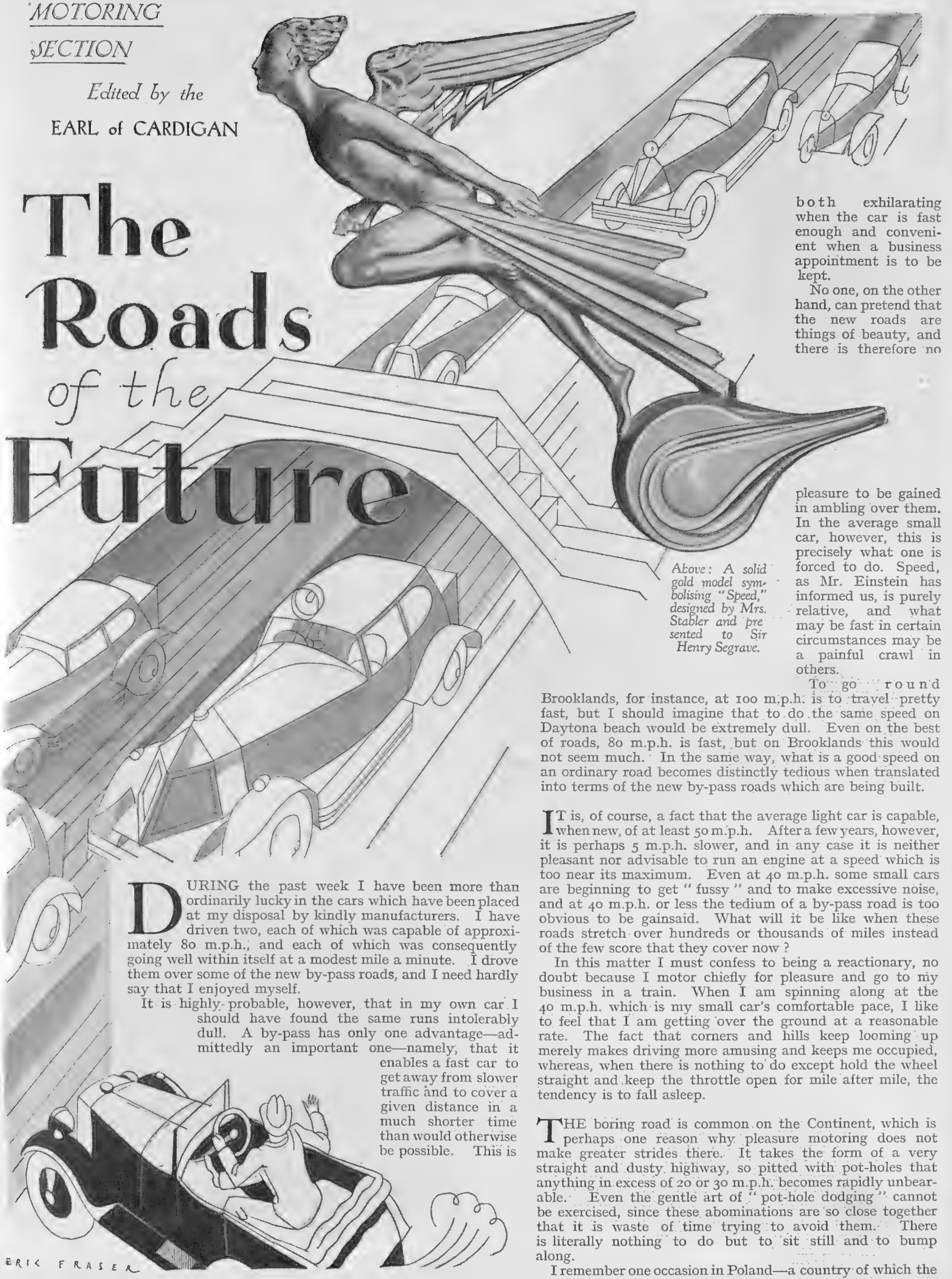
MOTORING SECTION

Edited by the

EARL of CARDIGAN

The Roads of the Future



Above: A solid gold model symbolising "Speed," designed by Mrs. Stabler and presented to Sir Henry Segrave.

DURING the past week I have been more than ordinarily lucky in the cars which have been placed at my disposal by kindly manufacturers. I have driven two, each of which was capable of approximately 80 m.p.h., and each of which was consequently going well within itself at a modest mile a minute. I drove them over some of the new by-pass roads, and I need hardly say that I enjoyed myself.

It is highly probable, however, that in my own car I should have found the same runs intolerably dull. A by-pass has only one advantage—admittedly an important one—namely, that it enables a fast car to get away from slower traffic and to cover a given distance in a much shorter time than would otherwise be possible. This is both exhilarating when the car is fast enough and convenient when a business appointment is to be kept.

No one, on the other hand, can pretend that the new roads are things of beauty, and there is therefore no pleasure to be gained in ambling over them. In the average small car, however, this is precisely what one is forced to do. Speed, as Mr. Einstein has informed us, is purely relative, and what may be fast in certain circumstances may be a painful crawl in others.

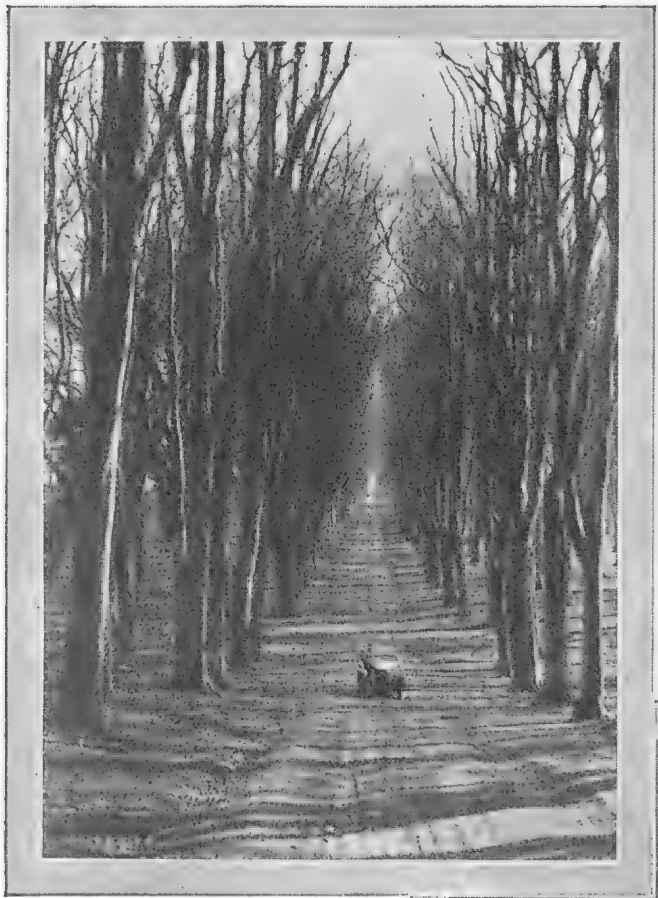
To go round Brooklands, for instance, at 100 m.p.h. is to travel pretty fast, but I should imagine that to do the same speed on Daytona beach would be extremely dull. Even on the best of roads, 80 m.p.h. is fast, but on Brooklands this would not seem much. In the same way, what is a good speed on an ordinary road becomes distinctly tedious when translated into terms of the new by-pass roads which are being built.

IT is, of course, a fact that the average light car is capable, when new, of at least 50 m.p.h. After a few years, however, it is perhaps 5 m.p.h. slower, and in any case it is neither pleasant nor advisable to run an engine at a speed which is too near its maximum. Even at 40 m.p.h. some small cars are beginning to get "fussy" and to make excessive noise, and at 40 m.p.h. or less the tedium of a by-pass road is too obvious to be gainsaid. What will it be like when these roads stretch over hundreds or thousands of miles instead of the few score that they cover now?

In this matter I must confess to being a reactionary, no doubt because I motor chiefly for pleasure and go to my business in a train. When I am spinning along at the 40 m.p.h. which is my small car's comfortable pace, I like to feel that I am getting over the ground at a reasonable rate. The fact that corners and hills keep looming up merely makes driving more amusing and keeps me occupied, whereas, when there is nothing to do except hold the wheel straight and keep the throttle open for mile after mile, the tendency is to fall asleep.

THE boring road is common on the Continent, which is perhaps one reason why pleasure motoring does not make greater strides there. It takes the form of a very straight and dusty highway, so pitted with pot-holes that anything in excess of 20 or 30 m.p.h. becomes rapidly unbearable. Even the gentle art of "pot-hole dodging" cannot be exercised, since these abominations are so close together that it is waste of time trying to avoid them. There is literally nothing to do but to sit still and to bump along.

I remember one occasion in Poland—a country of which the northern part is almost geometrically flat—when I became so



THE EARL OF CARDIGAN, the author of this article, driving his car down the Grand Avenue in Savernake Forest, planted two centuries ago

unutterably bored by this procedure that I sat in the back of the car and handed over the wheel to someone who had not even the faintest idea of how to drive! I managed to engage top gear for him, set the hand throttle to a convenient opening, and asked him to call me when there was something else to do. Surprising though it may seem, this system would work admirably for stretches of ten miles or more!

To return to the by-passes, it may be argued, of course, that the average car will be improved in speed as soon as wider and straighter roads produce a general demand for such improvement. There are, however, difficulties to be met, for the average driver will not permit speed to be obtained at the expense of flexibility. Unfortunately, the two cars which I have just been driving, combining high speed with an ability to crawl in "top," were priced at £3,000 and £2,000 respectively!

THE MOTORISTS OF THE FUTURE! Noreen and Cynthia Bailey take shifts at the wheel and look forward to the time when they are grown-up enough to drive a real car. With them is their mother, the Hon. Lady Bailey, famous for her brilliant flying exploits

WHEN it comes to paying for these new roads, there is at least one class of user which the Treasury might descend upon. Lorry owners who fit pneumatic tyres already receive preferential treatment, but no one has yet thought of meting out a higher rate of taxation to those whose tyres are not only solid but also other than circular. This would apply to quite a considerable number, and it would be agreeable to know that those who cut up the tarmac were paying for the privilege.

For some reason or other, it appears that large chunks of rubber occasionally break away from a solid tyre, causing it eventually to assume a most unscientific and pernicious shape. When in this damaged condition, it strikes the road surface a definite blow once or more in each rotation, and the weight behind this blow is obviously considerable. Moreover, the trouble does not end with the passage of the lorry, but is left to spread through the action of other and normally harmless vehicles.

LET us consider the effect of one dent in the surface left by the hammering of a defective tyre. A car will shortly come along and strike this dent, its back wheels will momentarily leave the ground and will strike it again a little farther on. A hundred other cars will do the same, and presently not only will the original dent increase in size, but a second one also will be formed at the point where the hundred pairs of tyres have struck the ground again.

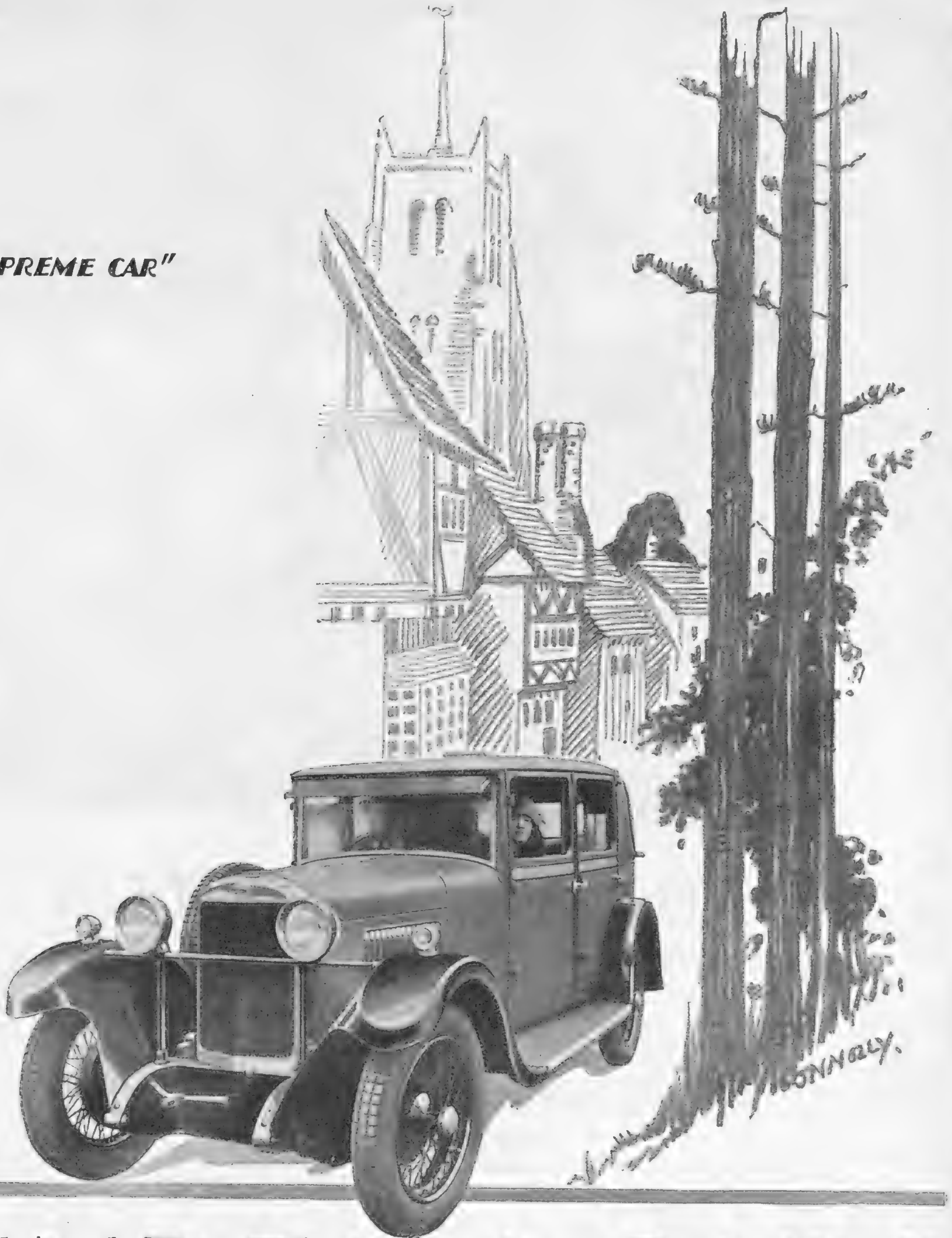
The next batch of cars to come along will strike the first dent, leave the ground and strike the second, and then leave the ground once more to make a third where the back wheels land again. Thus it is that a stretch of "ripples" is produced, and the process continues indefinitely until a whole section has to be taken up and relaid—unfortunately, at no extra expense to the criminal originally responsible.

IF the present "safety campaigns" are to achieve any practical results, there is another class of road user which should receive the attention of the authorities. This consists largely of tourists, although drivers of lorries also are frequently concerned. Their offence is to stop on blind corners, the former to admire the view or eat their sandwiches, and the latter to gossip over the delivery of goods.

The police, with a perversity which is so inevitable as to appear deliberate, never, so far as I can discover, make the slightest effort to harry these thoughtless individuals. One constantly sees the constable with his notebook out lying in wait for some unfortunate owner who has left his car for a few minutes unattended in a broad, straight thoroughfare, but it is the rarest thing in the world to see any notice taken of the motorist who deliberately imperils the lives of others by pulling up in a position which blocks half the width of the road on a corner.

This crime is aggravated by the fact that it puts other people in the wrong. What, for instance, should A. do when he finds a lorry filling up his right of way and is unable to see whether the road is clear or not? Is he to pull up and wait for the situation to become less obscure, or is he to do what he knows to be wrong and to take a chance by passing it? No one has the right to place others in so unpleasant a predicament, and the fact that the law generally overlooks this particular offence is no excuse for committing it.

WHATEVER TOMORROW HOLDS in the way of super roads, may the by-ways ever keep their green and quiet seclusion!



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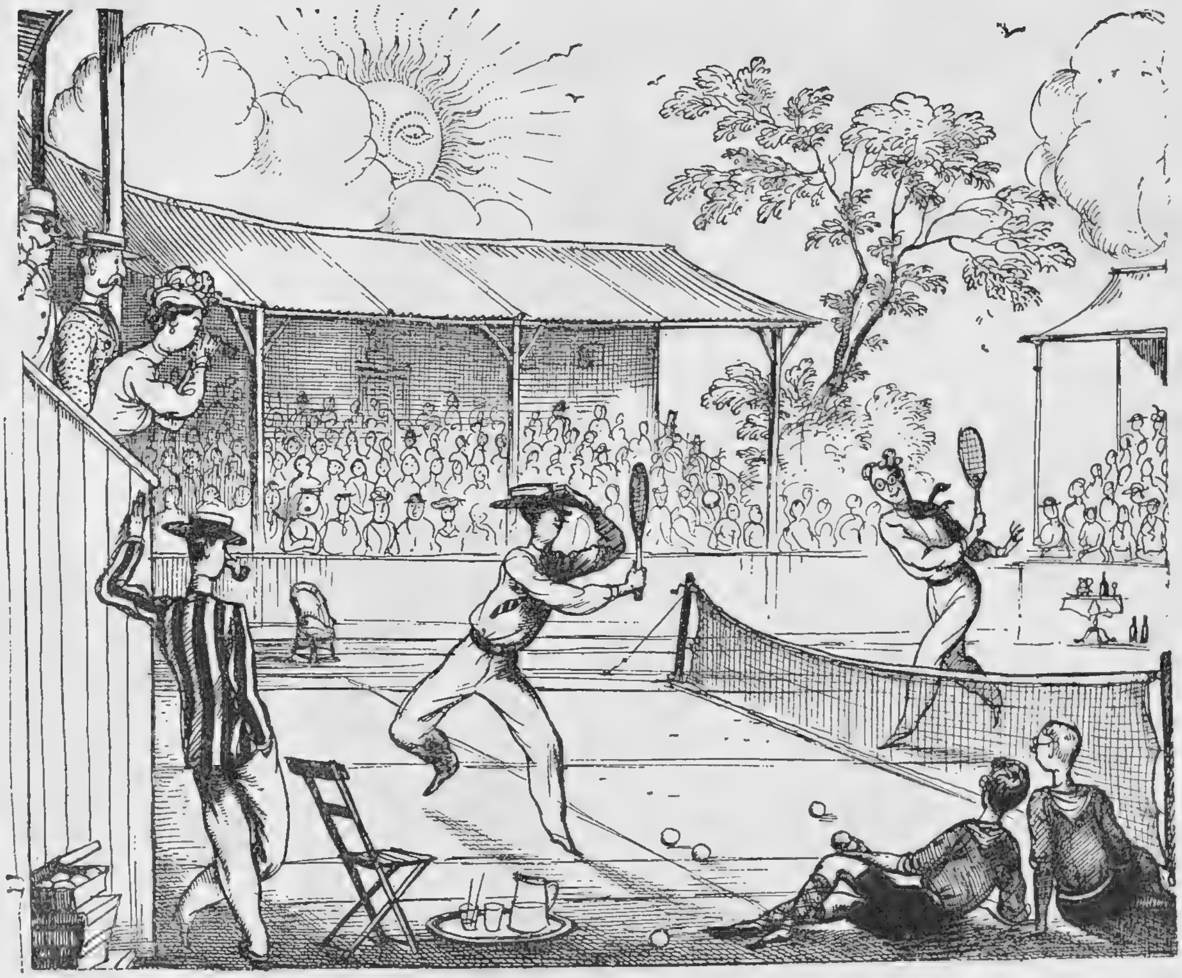

TENNIS AT WIMBLEDON

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Lord Northesk with his fiancée, Miss Betty Vlasto, not forgetting "Mist," who seems impatient to be off for a spin

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Confusion is frequently caused by the failure of motorists to notice automatic signalling, but not in Doncaster, where this notice board cannot be overlooked

THIS is the time of year when people are busy running-in new cars, and some of them, one fears, finding out little defects which had previously been overlooked. Among the points to be considered in buying a car there are, of course, many which cannot be investigated in the showrooms, and a few which do not readily reveal themselves even on the usual trial run. Among the latter I would place the important question of driving comfort—a much more complex matter than it at first appears.

The small car, or the big one for that matter, which is really comfortable to drive is still something of a rarity. All cars feel comfortable when one first sits in them, and a great many continue to seem so when driven for short periods. How many, however, can be guaranteed not to become tiring on a run of 200 miles and after the driver has been sitting still for several hours at a stretch ?

THE trouble is that very few manufacturers have bothered to study the simple problems of anatomy. If one rests the whole weight of the body upon one small area of one's person, the result is obviously discomfort, and the larger the area over which one distributes one's weight the greater the degree of comfort that is enjoyed. This is why we go to sleep lying down, *i.e.*, distributing the weight over the whole of one side of the body, and the unpleasantness of a hard bed is proverbial for the simple reason that one rests on it only in spots.

The same applies to sitting in a car. In this case the maximum area which can be effectively supported extends as far up as the shoulders and as far down as the knees, but the number of seats that cover the whole of this area is ridiculously few. The back of the seat is usually arranged the best, possibly because the angle required to support the back of a person reclining comfortably is fairly obvious. It is extremely rare, however, for the whole of the leg down to the knee to be given support, although a simple calculation would show the exact angle at which the seat cushion should be set.

COMFORT on these lines is really important, a fact which can be proved by anyone who cares to take a sufficiently long run without intermediate halts.

Another anatomical mistake which many manufacturers make is in the angle at which the accelerator pedal is placed. It is obvious that, when the leg is extended and the heel placed upon the ground, the natural angle for the foot to adopt is in the neighbourhood of 45 degrees, whereas an almost vertical movement of the accelerator is what some designers have achieved.

THE question of legroom used to be considered an important one, but much less attention is paid to it now, presumably owing to the prevailing idea that an adjustable seat is a sufficient guarantee. This is, of course, a fallacy. Adjustable seats may be excellent things, but what is the use of sitting farther back when the steering wheel, having stayed where it was, is almost out of reach ? The gear lever likewise may be out of reach when the seat is pushed right back, and the last state may well be more uncomfortable than the first.

AN old problem that crops up again just now is that of luggage. There is a strict limit to the amount that a grid will take, and in any case there are still a great many cars which are not provided with this convenience. There are usually a number of items, therefore, which have to go inside, and it is not always easy to find space for them.

Let us take the case of a four-seater in which three people are to travel. The fourth place does not at first sight seem capable of accommodating many packages. It is surprising, however, how much can be got in if the pile is scientifically built up, beginning from the floor.

The small pieces should always go in first, and a solid foundation should be built up to the level of the seat. All the odds and ends can be disposed of in this way, and finally a flat surface will be achieved extending from the back of the front seat to the rear of the car. The time is now ripe for dealing with the heavy stuff, and it will be found that several large pieces can be easily and safely stowed on the broad basis that has been formed.

This Month's Motoring Hint

Reversing in the Dark

Reversing on a dark night is normally rather an anxious and difficult affair. The rays of the tail lamp are very feeble, and the driver consequently is apt to suffer from the unpleasant sensation of backing into a black void. His manœuvres tend therefore to become slow, jerky and ineffectual.

A movable spot-light provides a simple and efficient remedy, but comparatively few cars are fitted with this accessory, so that it is as well to know of a simple alternative which can be applied successfully in every case. The plan which I recommend requires no "properties" except an ordinary white handkerchief.

The owner of the handkerchief is requested to get out and to hold it, spread out, in front of the headlamps and at a little distance from them. It will then be found that a reflector has been formed, and that the light is thrown back behind the car. It is quite surprising how efficacious this form of reflection is, and I have always found it sufficient to reverse by with every confidence.

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Famous Women *of* History:

By F. MATANIA, *R.I.*, *and* KENNETH BELL

(*Continued from page* 44)

their slaughtered bodies the piles of the slain. In round (probably very round) figures, we are told, the enemy lost 80,000 killed, the Romans, 800 killed and wounded. A couple of suicides completed the roll. Poenius Postimus, who had failed to carry out the order to rejoin at once with his command the Second Legion, created a precedent in Roman military records and broke the rules of soldierly decorum by falling on his sword. And Boadicea, though Dion Cassius lamely avers that she died of disease, according to Tacitus, took poison on the stricken field.

FAMINE among the rebels, and Roman reinforcements from Germany, soon ended the campaign. Suetonius, however, gained little by his exploits. Nero had had a fright and next year recalled his legate to Rome; he was also something of a statesman, and Suetonius's policy of ruthless repression probably struck him as impolitic. But it was not till the arrival as legate, in 78 A.D., of Tacitus's father-in-law, Agricola, that Britain became again a settled part of the Empire. In youth Agricola had fought as a tribune in the army of Suetonius; perhaps it was from his lips that Tacitus heard the story of Boadicea. By the reconquest of Anglesea and North Wales, by the construction of the Roman Wall, by his campaign in the Highlands and by his work in inducing the British to succumb to the refinements and luxuries of Roman civilisation, Agricola before his recall in 84 A.D. had laid the basis of that long period of peace and security which only ended with the Empire's disruption.

So, if Boadicea had never lived, the history of the world would have been very little changed. It is just an accident that has preserved her name among the innumerable victims of Nero's Rome. But for his association with Agricola, Tacitus might have left her out altogether; he had plenty of other material to back his thesis that there was something rotten in the state of the Empire. As he is careful to point out, she had no programme, no policy, and her people were bent only on "slaughter, the gibbet, the fire, and the cross, like men soon about to pay the penalty, and meanwhile snatching at instant vengeance." Even if she had wanted to give her followers other objects, they would not have listened to her.

AND yet the British warrior queen, bleeding from the Roman roads and springing like a tigress to avenge her cubs, is a figure for the loss of which history would be the poorer. Her wrongs were real, her case against Rome held water. Why did Rome decline and fall? There were, no doubt, many reasons, from the spread of malaria in the Campagnia to over-population in Central Asia. But the brutes who scourged Boadicea and defiled her children were already unfit to rule the civilised world. The hands of no ruling race in history have been altogether clean. But the lesson of history is that unless justice goes hand in hand with power, power will not endure. The unhappy Britons were destined to be doubly scapegoats; they were slaughtered with Boadicea, and their remote descendants were the victims of the Anglo-Saxon invaders whom Rome had not the strength to repel. But as their blood is still in our veins, so the memory of their wrongs should remain with us, lest we in our turn forget the rules of decency and the responsibilities of Empire.

Blackthorn Winter: *By* DOLF WYLLARDE

(*Continued from page* 99)

it was still to the cottage that she fled for secret joys.

The touch of the crumpled hands and feet was becoming a necessity to her, though she did not know it. Even Johnnie was a fascination, an older baby who was a marvel of intelligence. If she could have had a child it would have been a breathless wonder to watch it through the subtle stages of mere infancy into babyhood, and from babyhood into childhood, by such slight graduations as a mother only sees. The loss of her motherhood to her equalled the loss of a wife to Ethert, as was but fair. She began to think that she would adopt a child if her husband would allow her; but it could never be quite her own. For the sake of the baby that might have been she would almost have recanted the bargain she had made in the train. It was like a pleading in her blood.

But the man's growing indifference was now the barrier between them, for he seemed to have settled down into quasi-bachelorhood and to be quite content. They preserved appearances with a semblance of good comradeship, and she even tramped out on the Moor with him to the quarrelling Cad and its great boulders, and watched him fish or learned to cast herself; but if he turned to her suddenly he surprised a look in her eyes that had nothing to do with him, the deeper reaches of her own hidden river of life visible for a moment. And he noticed, and resented without comment, those hours of absence when she seemed to have gone no further than the village and was silent as to what she found there with which to amuse herself.

THEY had been a week or two at Chaddlecoombe, and their time was growing short, when she volunteered to come with him one blustering morning instead of staying at home. Ethert tramped off by himself now, and Trinaman did not need to pilot him, which meant long hours alone for June and himself if she braved the weather. He warned her that it would be rougher on the Moor than in the coombe, but she put aside his dissuasions with quiet persistence, and they set out, June carrying the lunch basket. It was a threatening day, without even the sunshine of the earlier part of their stay; but the air felt warmer and softer, and though the blackthorn still bloomed in the hedges the flowers were turning brown.

Up on the Moor the wind had it all its own way, for there was little shelter even where the river had worn its bed between two steep tors. June sat down on the dead heather higher up the slope, and watched her husband fish, with her chin resting in her hand, regardless of her exposed position. After a half-hour or so he called up to her to know if she were cold, and she came down the side of the tor to answer him and to look at the trout he had caught. They were small enough—nothing over half a pound, but sweet to eat, as she knew. She was carrying a little

(*Continued on page* 172)

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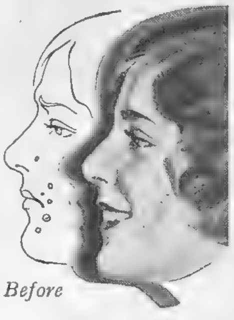

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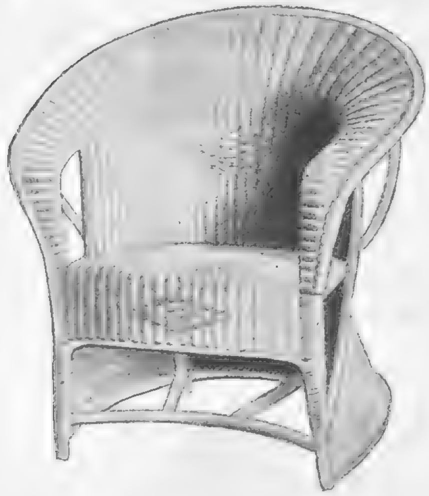

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packet in her hand which he thought must be sandwiches.

"Hungry already?" he said, as he changed his march brown for a blue upright.

"No—it's my last wedding present. I never showed it to you. Please look at it."

HE laid down the rod with some annoyance, and took the little packet, which was half unwrapped.

Letters—his own handwriting. Not written to the new-made wife, but to another woman. The last dated after his engagement, to say good-bye. He had asked for those letters back many times, and she had always promised to send them. Well, she had done so, it seemed—but not to him.

"If you have read these, you know that they were written some years ago, and ceased with our engagement," he said in an absolutely emotionless voice.

"I have not read them—except the last," she said, shrinking from him as if he had struck her. "I read that to see if they were genuine. A lady called upon me the day before we were married. I did not know her. She gave me these to give to you, and told me—what she had been to you . . ."

"Yes," he said in the same non-committal tone. "Was this your reason for wishing to stop the wedding?"

He saw that she would have liked to say that it was her sole reason, but that she was too honest.

"She—talked to me," the girl admitted, as if the confession were forced from her, "about marriage. She frightened me. When two people are very much in love, the risk doesn't matter. But you couldn't be in love with me after—that letter."

"WELL, it makes no difference in our relations to each other," he said quietly, as he put the letters in his pocket. "If you had shown me these when you received them I should no doubt have tried to excuse myself. But I see that it would not have altered your mind towards me. Perhaps things are best as they are."

He turned back to his fishing, taking no further heed of her. But a little later, when he looked round, June had gone home. She wanted to think, and after lunch went up to her room and threw herself on the bed. She could hardly believe that the effort she had made had been fruitless, and that Ethert had received the letters with so little attempt at reconciliation or excuse. The hands of a little child seemed to be loosening from her breast, and the cry of a new born baby to grow fainter in the distance. Between Ethert and herself rose the barrier which she was helpless to throw down. With every day they would grow farther apart, until they were but as strangers living under the same roof.

EVEN his bedroom was not near her own, and a long gallery stretched between them, for the servants to wonder at. She had been thankful for this at first, but now, it seemed to her to mock at her loneliness. She was nervous too, in that big house in the country, and inclined to think that she heard unaccountable noises. On the night after she returned his letters to him she woke with a start, between one and two o'clock, thinking that she heard someone call—a long strange call of distress. She sat up in bed and listened until the faint *sense* of something happening drove her to desperate action, and, slipping into her dressing-gown, she opened her door cautiously and stood outside to listen. As she hesitated there came a rushing sound, like wings, and something nebulous, white, appeared on the stairs.

ALL the ghostly tales she had ever heard or read seemed to rush into June's mind in that minute. She did not scream, but she started to run and she ran by instinct to the nearest human creature to her—her husband. Ethert was lying on his side, sleeping as peacefully as a child, and she noticed how gentle his face had grown in sleep. She bent over him and shook him by the shoulder.

"Ethert! you must get up—there's someone in the house—a ghost or something" she said, half frenzied with her fear. "Oh, do wake up and help me!"

He opened his eyes and gazed at her as if he were still dreaming, for he stretched his arms and tried to draw her to him.

"Come to me—at last—darling!" he muttered.

THE blood rushed over June's face and neck and she could not speak or move. But a minute later he was really awake, and her former cry had reached his understanding.

"What's up? Someone in the house? I'll go and see. You stay here. If it's more than one man I'll get help."

He was into his coat, over his pyjamas, before she could protest, and gone into the gallery that had terrified her so. June sat down on the edge of the bed, too dazed with the suddenness of it all to move. The look in his eyes as he first opened them, his arms that had nearly drawn her down beside him, had startled her so that she forgot the strange thing on the stairs, and had no time to be alarmed for him before he came back to her, laughing.

"What do you think your burglar was?" he said, flinging off his coat again. "A barndoor owl! I caught him in a tablecloth and put him out. Did you think it was a ghost?"

"It looked so big—and white—"

"You little—Why, June! you are shaking all over!"

SHE had tried to rise from the bed and discovered that she could not stand. He put his arm round her to support her with a silent protection that she clung to, looking up in his face with eyes out of which the fear had melted into a new tenderness.

"I simply can't go back to my room, and be alone, Ethert," she said desperately. "Could you—could you come and sleep in a room nearer me?"

"Do you want me?" he asked slowly, answering her eyes rather than her hesitating lips.

"I'm so nervous—"

"Do you want me?"

"Please, Ethert!"

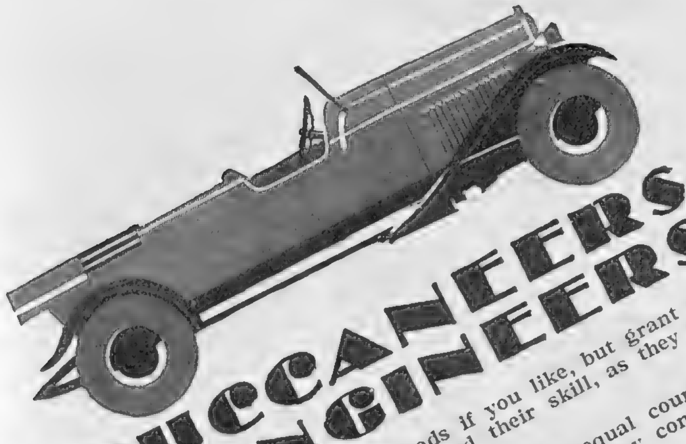
"I thought you loved me once, June. It got me on the raw when you said you had no use for me as a husband."

"I did love you." She spoke shortly, her breath coming in gasps against his cheek. "It was that woman—and she made it all seem so wrong. . . ."

He did not answer. A man has no means of explaining or palliating his own point of view to suit a woman's nicety. But he did better. He caught her up against him and blinded her mentally and physically with kisses. A week ago it would have terrified her, but she had been learning things about herself through the touch of baby fingers.

"Don't go back to your room—stay with me!" he pleaded. "Be kind to me at last. Why have you made the whole world cold to me with your cruelty?"

She answered dreamily, in a phrase he hardly understood—"It was Blackthorn Winter. It comes before the real spring!"



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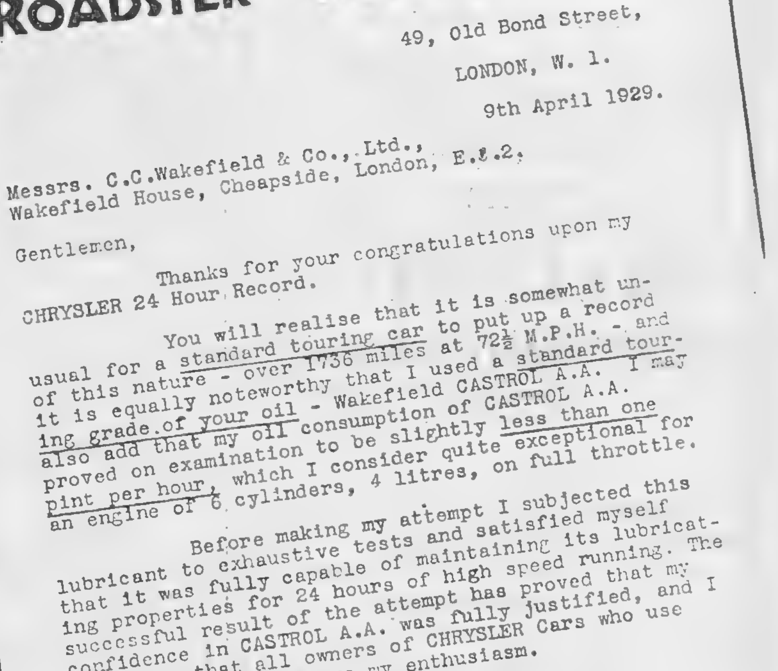

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I *DON'T* BELIEVE *in* SPIRITS

(Continued from page 31)

told scornfully by Mrs. Philip de Crespigny that, even in such worldly matters as telephonings, the operators were not always accurate; not inhumanly accurate; and that a medium was merely a very human transmitter. True, I was a very human transmitter myself once; a signaller in the Army. I admit with shame that, taking down a preface of Bernard Shaw's on the buzzer at twenty words a minute, I might have done him some injustice. . . but Mrs. de Crespigny is mistaken if she thinks that the result would have looked exactly like a short story by Miss Ethel M. Dell. Nor was a communication from Longfellow, sent to me through the same medium, more convincing than Mrs. de Crespigny. Seventy years after his death Longfellow was apparently still writing in the Hiawatha metre. I am sorry, but, speaking as an expert, I say that he isn't. In fact, I had better make it clear now, quite definitely, that when I have been in Heaven for seventy years, I shall not be carrying on in the metre of the King's Breakfast. One simply doesn't.

THIS, it may be said, is trivial. It is. But it is also symptomatic. Perhaps my chief objection to the spiritualists' creed is that acceptance of it seems to mean the dethronement of reason. A medium is caught cheating. Does the spiritualist reject him? No. He assures us that the medium was a perfectly honest medium—until he was caught cheating.

The strain of being a medium is very great. Many of the best mediums have to take to drink—and cheating. Indeed, the fact that he was caught cheating is almost proof that until that moment he was the most honest of mediums. . . . The doubter goes to a *séance* hoping for proof. He is not satisfied with the proof which he gets. That is because he doubted and created an atmosphere of distrust, in which, as is well known, it is impossible for spirits to manifest themselves; so that even his dissatisfaction is in itself a proof. . . Sir Arthur exhibits a series of ghost photographs in some distant part of the Empire. By the merest chance a man is present who can prove that he himself faked one of the photographs as a joke. Sir Arthur handsomely withdraws that photograph—but continues to believe in the others.

As a Science, then, Spiritualism seems to me just a little unscientific. Do I like it any better as a Faith? I do not believe in Spiritualism as a Faith, for the simple and sound reason that I do not want to. It does *not* offer me the evidence of things hoped for.

IT is a little difficult to know exactly what it does offer, for the Spiritualists' picture of Heaven is varied. It is also a little difficult not to be ribald about some of the pictures which are drawn. It is, of course, easy, and not always helpful, to be ribald about somebody else's religion. The old Christian idea of Heaven as a place wherein one perpetually played the harp in one's nightgown offered similar opportunities. Yet ribaldry sometimes has its value. Christianity has not suffered by discarding whatever offered a target for the mockers.

The essence of the Spiritualists' creed is that there are no dead. I am afraid I get no comfort from this assurance. To call death a passing does not make it any less bitter. It is to me merely stupid to offer that contact with the dead which the Spiritualists profess to give us as a tolerable substitute for that contact with the living which we enjoy in this world. Even that spiritual contact which Sir Arthur offers us in the next world gives me no firm foundation for faith. He tells us that time moves on in the next world contemporaneously with this; that a mother who loses her baby, a girl of three years old, and dies herself fifteen years later, will find a daughter of eighteen waiting to welcome her. The only possible question I can ask is: why on earth or in Heaven should she want to?

SIR ARTHUR also tells us—much, if I may say so respectfully, as a showman trying to do the best for his public—that if we die old and decrepit, we find ourselves in the next world in our prime. Speaking for myself, I should like a little further assurance as to who is to decide what is my prime. Authors do not always agree with their critics. Moreover, one's intellectual prime, whenever it may be, rarely coincides with one's physical prime. The next world is apparently physical as well as spiritual. The physical side seems to stop short at digestion and procreation, being rather more of a silhouette than anything; but, according to the Spiritualists, it is there, and one would want to make the best of it. But shall I really have survived, if I survive in a combination of body and mind which is not myself at all: which has never been in this world and could never be recognised in the next?

If I find this new world hard to realise and unattractive to consider, it is because all my hopes of another world are of a world more beautiful than anything I can imagine in this one. To think of the infinite in terms of the finite is beyond me. I feel myself as little competent to imagine the next world as to explain this. Nor do I demand of my Faith an infinity of existence in either. All I can ask is that some day, if only in one blinding moment, I may understand; all I can hope is that when I die I may leave behind me something which will not wholly be forgotten.

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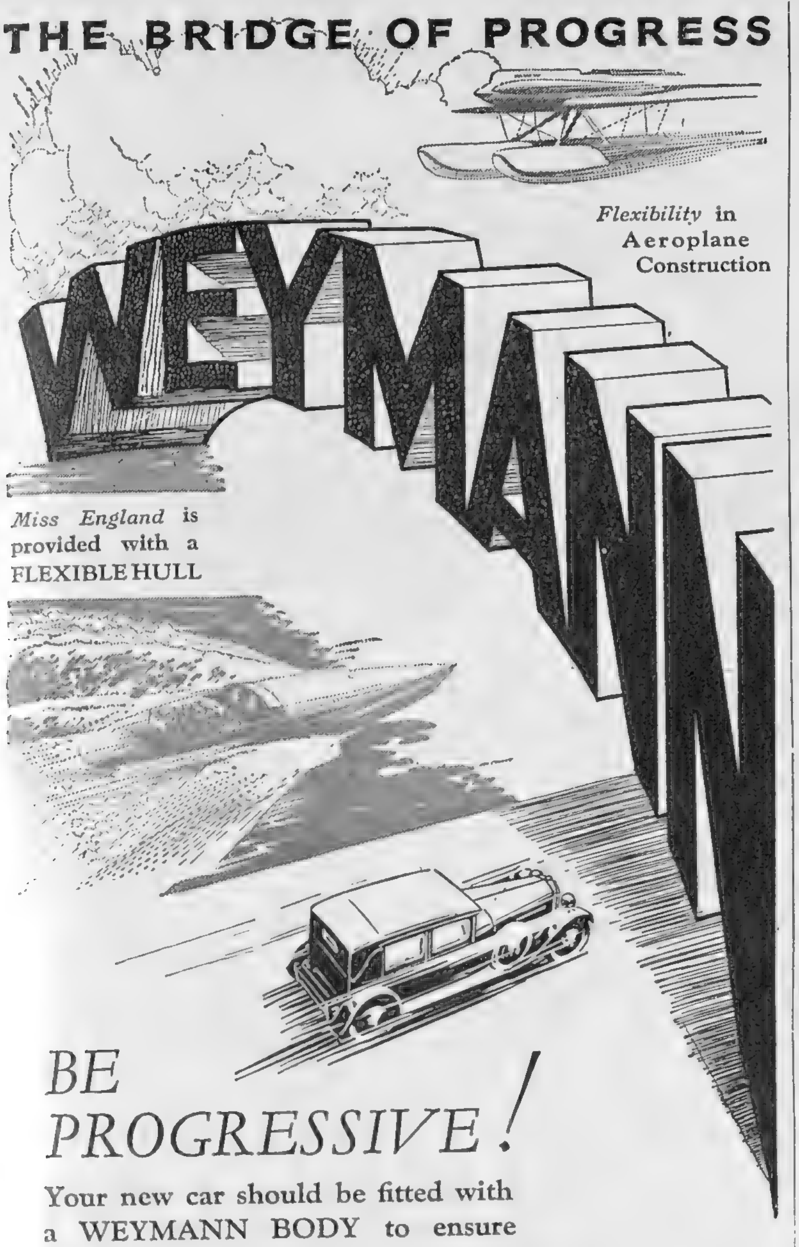
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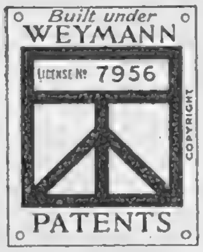

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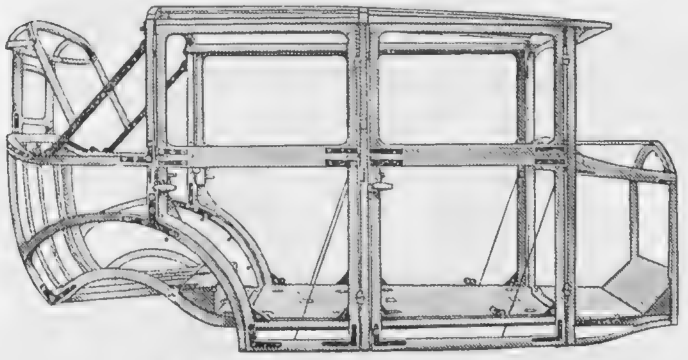

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Shaving preparations had not kept pace with shaving needs. We studied long, then asked 1,000 men's advice. They told us the four things they wanted. We added the fifth. Then we worked for years experimenting. 129 formulas were tried and discarded before success was achieved.

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Mary perused the pages of "Her House in Order" (sent FREE on request), read all about her Birth-month Characteristics, discovered her 'lucky colours' and sent her shabby frock to Macnab's to be Dyed by their wonderful process which worked like a charm. Changed to a beautiful new colour, all its pristine freshness restored so that no one could tell it from new.

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Frocks Dry Cleaned .. 7/6
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MACNAB
Slateford Dye Works,
EDINBURGH.

1st £1,000 Film Scenario

(*Continued from page* 35)

Dialogue:

LETTICE: "Mrs. Higgs *was* pleased, poor soul . . . cheer up, Raphael, it'll all come right in the end."

They walk on—Raphael still gloomy.

FADE OUT.

SEQUENCE 2.

FADE IN (period, 1908).

Newspaper announcement (fashion column —

> Mr. Raphael Mobray, who married recently Lady Lettice Spencer, has bought the Stoke Fenny Estate in Buckinghamshire, and they have now taken up their residence there.

MIX TO

Long Shot—Exterior—beautiful Elizabethan mansion.

MIX TO

Long Shot—Raphael standing by fine mantelpiece in Jacobean library, looking intently at photograph on panelled wall.

Closer Shot—Photograph is of Vivienne Stratford. He glances nervously round and displays his prematurely greying hair, his drawn and old face. Hurriedly he pulls the photograph aside and hooks one of the cords over one horn of a Satyr statue to keep it out of the way (performing this action as if it were a regular habit). Then, pressing a secret panel, he opens tiny wall safe and withdraws black velvet bundle, which he spreads on mantelpiece.

The velvet cloth contains the folding poniard, pearl necklace, watch, and the ear-ring, newspaper cuttings of murder and inquest and newspaper photographs of Vivienne and her baby girl and of the smiling baby alone—he pauses with the baby's photograph in one hand and the ear-ring in other, shaking his head sadly. Absent-mindedly, he winds up the watch.

Distant door-knock makes Raphael jump nervously and look round.

Dialogue:

RAPHAEL: "Wait a moment." (Testily.)

He replaces bundle and restores photograph with great adroitness—in marked contrast to his usual demeanour. He turns again.

Gyro Shot—Swiftly across room, door opens. Lettice enters and crosses smiling.

Dialogue:

RAPHAEL: "I wish you'd knock, Lettice . . . you make me jump so."

LETTICE: (glancing at photograph, then at Raphael): "Now, Raphael, no more fretting—everything will come right in the end."

She looks at him yearningly and kisses him possessively; he submits hopelessly.

FADE OUT.

Narrative: Twelve years later.

FADE IN (period 1921).

Picture gallery of Stoke Fenny—first floor looking out on gardens. In a mullioned window seat a boy of 12 (white shirt and grey shorts) reading a book avidly; without stopping reading, he reaches full arm's length out of window and pulls apple off tree-branch nearby.

Long Shot—Down gallery comes Raphael, white-haired, walking with stick, round shouldered.

Near the boy he stops, smiles faintly. The boy does not notice him—then jumps up deferentially and a little alarmed, book behind back.

Dialogue:

RAPHAEL: "What's the book, Guy?"
GUY: "Oh, nothing, father."

Raphael holds hand for book. Guy reluctantly gives it.

Insert:

Book bearing title "Great Murder Trials."

Raphael's face is suddenly livid with fury. He hurls book through window.

Dialogue:

RAPHAEL: "I told you *not* to read this stuff . . . Why do you disobey? deliberately flaunting my orders."

Raphael picks up riding-switch from an adjacent table and in blind fury strikes madly at the boy, driving him into the corner of window seat, where he beats him until he screams. Lettice comes tearing in, and runs to the boy. No one says a word, and slowly Raphael, with stick tapping the oak floor, moves away, leaving weeping boy with Lettice.

FADE OUT (*sound and picture*).

SEQUENCE 3.

FADE IN

A letter headed Magdalen College, Oxford, and dated September 28, 1929: "My dear Mother, awfully good of you and Father to arrange such a marvellous 21st birthday celebration for me and a great idea to combine it with the Harvest Home for the tenants. "Now for a shock—Mother, I'm engaged. She's Sylvia Vincent, on the stage, but I *know* you'll approve. With your permission I'm bringing her down to-morrow for the big show."

MIX TO

Raphael (now a strangely bent old man). He is folding letter, standing back to library fireplace; hands it to Lettice (her yellow hair is still in coils over her ears, but they are smaller and quite white).

Dialogue:

RAPHAEL: "*Do* you approve?"

LETTICE: "Certainly, *if* they're in love." (Looking up, scrutinising her husband.)

RAPHAEL (unsympathetically): "I don't like fresh people coming here . . . besides, he's too young to know anything of love."

Lettice's eyes wander round behind Raphael.

Vivienne's photograph is hooked up over Satyr's head. In her matter-of-fact way she unhooks it and lets it slide down.

Dialogue:

LETTICE: "To some people love comes very early—like a searing fire."

Raphael looks at her narrowly, but:—

She suspects nothing from the strange position of photograph.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

Long Shot—in theatre wings: Girl dancing solo—silhouetted near camera is Guy in evening dress. Dance ends; girl (and chorus) runs off: Curtain: applause off; then into wings and with Guy's arm round her waist into stage dressing-room.

Track Shot, following them into dressing-

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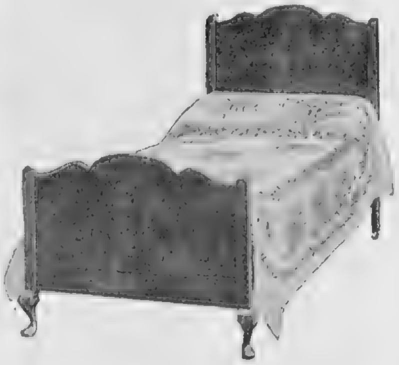

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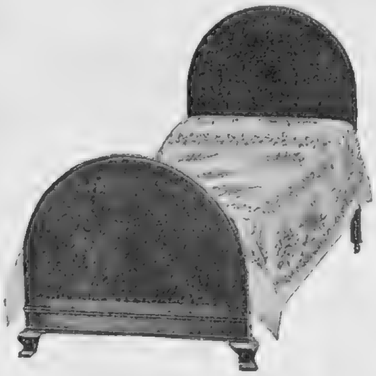

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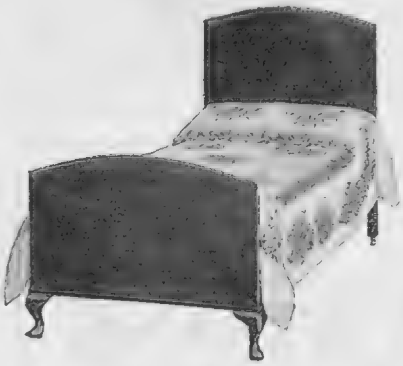

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room, door closed cuts off sounds of jazz. Guy stops in first half of dressing-room—girl (Sylvia) goes to inner part and aged dresser draws curtains, silhouetted against the curtains Guy watches her changing rapidly. She sticks her head through curtains, holding them closed; Guy crosses quickly and kisses her passionately. She forgets to hold curtains and dresser's hands speedily and discreetly fold them round Sylvia's deshabillé body.

Dialogue:

Guy: "I'm longing to take you down home, Sylvia, to-morrow."

Sylvia (behind curtains): "Will your people approve of me?"

Without awaiting an answer (what should she care any way?) Sylvia dashes out in a Columbine dress. She and Guy kiss again ecstatically. When she is gone Guy looks up and sees in mirror make-up smeared over his face. The dresser laughs and hands Guy towel with which he wipes rouge off.

MIX TO

Sylvia in fine sports model car sitting beside Guy (driving) and removing make-up from her face with handkerchief in anticipation of her reception. Guy laughs at her. (It is towards evening).

Long Shot—Guy driving car up to main door, Stoke Fenny. The drive is decorated with bunting, archways, etc. Gardeners, who touch caps respectfully to Guy, are putting last touches.

Track Shot—On the steps is Lettice, who, when Sylvia dismounts gives one look and then kisses her. Guy kisses his mother.

Dialogue:

Lettice: "Your father's not well, but he wants to see you."

They go indoors. Behind Lettice's back Sylvia does "thumbs up" gesture to Guy. He takes her hand. In the library Raphael, sitting near fire. The others enter; he rises with difficulty and examines Sylvia. On Sylvia's breast is a brooch to which is hung an ear-ring shaped like a heart in old gold, large and quaint. Raphael recognises it as twin to the ear-ring in his safe, which he has kept secret for twenty-two years.

Trick Shot—The brooch rushes towards camera until it seems enormous.

Raphael's shocked face.

Trick Shot—Screen filled with past memories—the murder, Higgs, Vivienne, the fight in the wood—over which is SUPERIMPOSED the terrified face of Raphael—his eyes close.

Raphael throws up his hand—gives great groan and totters—Lettice goes to him. All excited; lower him on sofa; his face distorted; he points at Sylvia.

Dialogue:

Raphael (whispering): "It's her daughter . . . God . . ."

He grips his throat and crumples on the floor.

Lettice, apprehensive, but still matter-of-fact; they lift him on sofa again.

Dialogue:

Lettice: "Be calm, dear, everything will be quite all right. . . (To the others) Doctor!"

She motions them away. They leave the room. Slowly Raphael comes to; then he grips Lettice.

Dialogue:

Raphael: "She's Vivienne's daughter." (Lettice starts horrified). . . (Pointing to his chest) . . . "the brooch she wore . . . an ear-ring . . . *I've*—got—the—other—here . . . What I feared for twenty-two years. . . ."

Lettice (the truth dawning): "What . . . You?" (aghast).

Raphael: "Yes . . Guy can't marry . . . that girl . . . I . . . killed . . . Vivienne . . . Now you know. . ."

Raphael pants for breath. Lettice is thinking hard. Her matter-of-fact nature triumphs; she does nothing hysterical.

Dialogue.

Lettice: "Not a *word* to them . . . they —need—never—know."

Raphael (feebly): "But they *must* . . . she can't marry a felon's son . . . she'd . . ."

He rises painfully and, resting on her, goes to mantelpiece, moves photograph and opens safe. With shaking hands he shows her the poniard . . . and the ear-ring . . . Lettice recoils, but, steeling herself, examines ear-ring minutely and tries to take velvet bundle from him and throw it in fire. Fiercely, Raphael seizes them, Lettice struggles. Raphael puts forward unexpected strength, tears bundle away, pushes it in safe and closes the panel. Lettice has to give way.

Dialogue:

Lettice (recovering): "You must be mad . . . a mere brooch after twenty-two years . . probably not the same."

Raphael (vehement): "It is . . it is . . . do you think *I* don't know it after twenty-two years (pointing to the safe) . . I must go and break it to her."

Lettice fiercely rushes at him and seizes him. Again they struggle—now he weakens—goes down with a crash—fortunately on the couch. Lettice runs to the fireplace, snatches down Vivienne's photograph and throws it in a drawer as:—

Guy, Sylvia and the Doctor enter—Doctor to Raphael, Lettice to Guy who beckons:—

Dialogue:

Guy: "The people are all here, mother . . . for the celebrations; shall we send them away?"

Lettice: "No, no, dear . . . your father can't appear. but you and Sylvia carry on . . . I'll come later."

Doctor examining Raphael, gives injection; Lettice turns to Sylvia and smiles.

Lettice holds out her hand to Sylvia, who takes it. Lettice looks hard at her brooch, casually fingers it and turns it over.

On the back is a miniature of—Vivienne.

Sylvia and Lettice: their eyes meet: Lettice struggling to bear up.

Dialogue:

Sylvia: "My mother" (indicating miniature).

Lettice: "What . . . a . . . lovely . . . woman."

Sylvia turns to join Guy, they go; Lettice, aghast, fretting her handkerchief. She staggers, but recovers. Out-of-doors—all the fun of the fair—dancing on the lawns—illuminations — merry-go-rounds, hurdy-gurdies, footmen lighting Chinese lanterns, etc.

Front door steps—Guy and Sylvia appear. Crowd surge towards them cheering.

A fussy Master of Ceremonies takes charge.

Dialogue:

M.C.: "It is the Squire's wish that though he is indisposed, regrettably. . (cheers) . . . the company adjourns to the Great Barn for supper."

He waves handkerchief. Rocket goes up

Lady Maud Warrender investigates

the truth about the Hystogen method of Facial Rejuvenation

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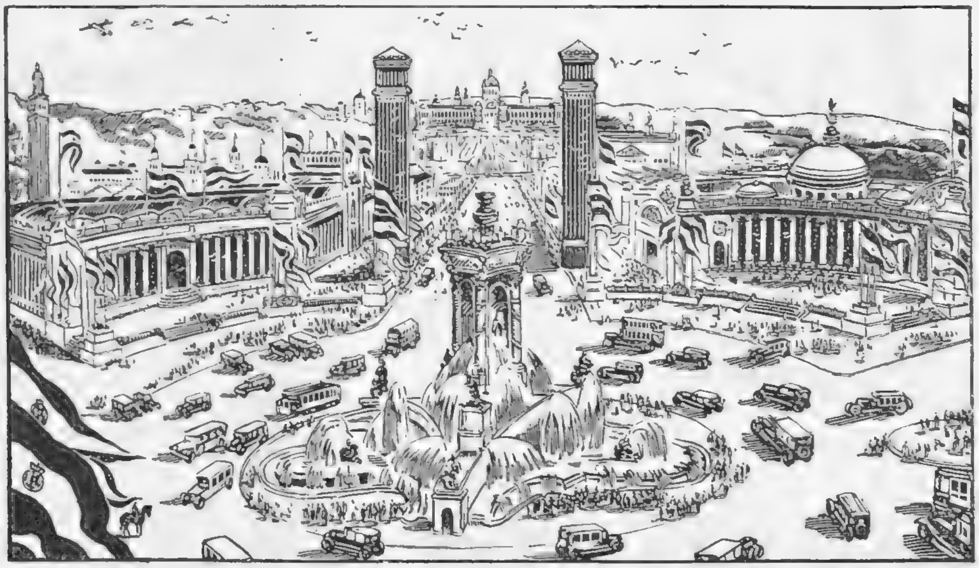
This treatment is so simple and so safe that I can foresee the time coming soon when a visit to the consulting-room of the Hystogen Institute, 40, Baker Street, London, W 1, will be as much a part of life as going to the dentist, except that it is quite simple and pleasant.

Maud Warrender

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF BARCELONA

INAUGURATED ON MAY 19, 1929.



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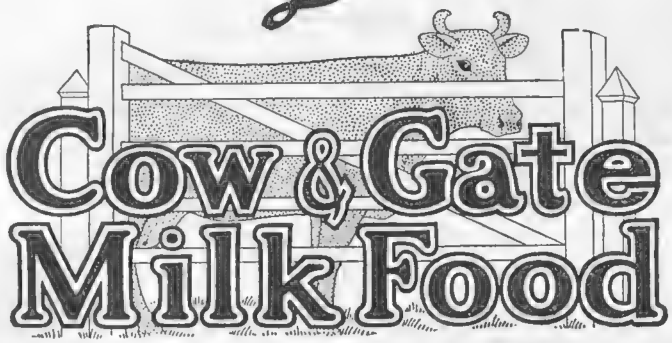

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in the garden. Farm wagon laden with corn, fruit, vegetables, and flowers appears, and amid great cheers Guy and Sylvia are placed therein. Farm-boys drag it away—band playing—all move down illuminated park-drive. In library—cheering and music heard. Raphael leaps up and Doctor makes him lie down :—

Dialogue :

RAPHAEL : "I must see her now." (He motions the doctor away.)

DOCTOR : "Now then, Mr. Mobray, please . . . or we must put you to bed. (Raphael subsides.) . . . (To Lettice) "I'll leave you for a little to talk."

Doctor goes. Raphael again begins to argue with Lettice.

Long Shot.—In Great Barn—harvest decorations—long tables, chefs carving, vast assembly of yokels and farmers and women-folk—lamplight—candles on tables.

Nearer shots—barons of beef, barrels of beer, steam, glow, laughter—string-music. At High Table, Guy presiding—Sylvia on his right—the M.C. on his left. (Very merry and loud.)

In library Raphael is sleeping—Lettice rises. Across room comes young maid.

Dialogue :

LETTICE (whispers) : "Stay here with the master . . . Do not leave him . . . I'm going to the Barn for a few minutes."

Lettice tip-toes from picture; maid sits down looking at Raphael. Low whistle heard. Maid jumps up. Yokel at window, beckoning girl. She hesitates and then goes to him. He kisses her. After a second he pulls her through window.

In shrubbery, outside window, yokel and girl. In library Raphael stirs and calls out.

Dialogue :

RAPHAEL : "Letty . . . Letty . . . " (Feebly) "You must tell her to-night."

Raphael rises painfully from couch, looking alarmed at finding himself deserted.

He totters over to wall-safe and extracts fatal bundle. He is light-headed. He staggers across room to door. Outside window yokel and maid are sunk in a long kiss.

In Great Barn—fast and furious fun. Puddings being served—flaming with brandy.

Close shots.—Beer-froth feet deep in baths; aloft, fog of tobacco smoke; men and girls flirting; man pouring beer down his throat from jug held high up, etc., etc.

Long Shot.—At High Table, Lettice (seen from main entrance) is making speech, but clatter of washing-up near camera drowns it.

Gyro Shot.—Amid cauldrons of boiling water (the chimneys smoking), and the army of washers-up, people begin pointing—Camera swings round and reveals Raphael approaching barn—one or two servants help him. He passes camera and it swings back as he goes towards High Table—all rising in deference (some unsteadily)—Silence.

Raphael remains standing (clutching his velvet bundle) close to table.

All sit. Lettice whispers to him, but he motions her to sit; she is apprehensive. (Surely to Heaven he won't . . .) Lettice rises again and begs him to come away. Quaveringly he speaks :

Dialogue :

RAPHAEL : "I don't want to spoil your happiness——" (Lettice growing terrified.)

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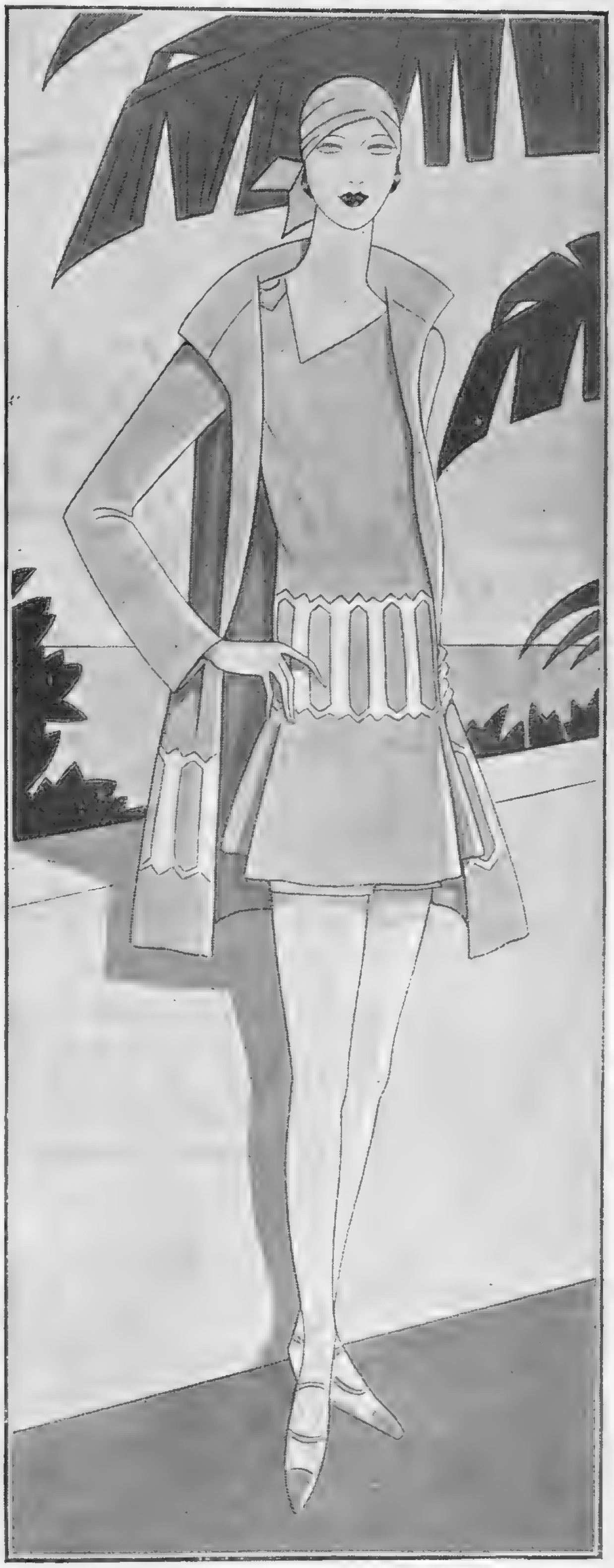

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"SPECIAL CUVÉE" RECOMMENDED.

LETTICE (whispering): "Say nothing to-night, I implore."

RAPHAEL: "I have sad news . . . I admire Miss Sylvia Vincent . . . who does not? (Cheers) She and my son . . . I am sorry to say . . . there stands among you . . ."

Lettice, tense and taut, cannot restrain cry, lurches forward and upsets deliberately tankard of beer. In its fall a candle is overturned, and instantly festooned decorations flare up—dry corn and straw—sheet of flame—men try and beat it out.

Lettice screams—this is the end. Dreadful panic—screams and shrieks. Melée of struggling people overturning everything.

Outside barn panic and excitement, people rushing out, others rushing in, double doors burst open outwards. Inside Guy and Sylvia helping Raphael out. The accursed velvet bundle drops out of his shaking hands.

Lettice sees it fall and sighs wearily.

Master of Ceremonies stands up and bellows :—

Dialogue :

M.C.: "Be British and go quietly!"

Crowds laugh; confidence is stronger.

Outside: A bucket-chain from ponds.

But flames are eighty feet high.

Raphael (sitting overwhelmed on a tub), Lettice and Sylvia in little group. Guy comes up and says that everyone has been got out. In another corner the negligent maidservant weeps. Suddenly, Raphael stands up, missing his bundle. He asks Lettice.

Dialogue

LETTICE (lying): "You left it in the library."

The others look towards house. Raphael leaps up and moves towards barn—runs—others yell. Half dozen after him—women scream. But he seems to have superhuman strength. He disappears into furnace—Guy is driven back. For one second Raphael is seen searching—silhouetted. Then roof falls in. A wall of flames and sparks. Lettice and Sylvia weeping. Guy sadly turns to them. Lettice suddenly stands up, shrieks out :—

Dialogue :

LETTICE: "My God . . . it's come . . . full circle."

She collapses. Others tend her.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

Firemen searching ruins next morning.

Police—labourers, looking on, touch caps.

Guy and Sylvia, very subdued—speak to police-sergeant.

A fireman waves and comes to Guy, handing him strangely shaped folding poniard burned and broken. Sylvia takes it and examines it—cold breeze flutters her dress—she shivers.

Guy begs her to come in—they move off.

Near pond—they are walking.

Dialogue :

SYLVIA: "Why *did* your Father go back?"

GUY: "Mother says his mind was unhinged and he was frightened lest anyone was left inside."

Guy tosses poniard into the pond.

Too late, Sylvia tries to stop him, then she says it doesn't matter. Suddenly and unaccountably, she seems frightened, seizes Guy's arm passionately, and with tears in her eyes, asks Guy to kiss her. He does so.

The pond, where dagger fell in; large ripples spread outwards to rim.

FADE OUT.

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GLORIOUS TONE
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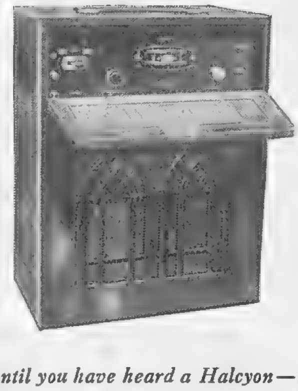

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Bullmore's

A Gentleman *of* France

(*Continued from page 47*)

master, one would have thought you had laid them yourself!'"

D'Artagnan was supremely happy. Invariably, around noon, he would relieve Snow White on the nest. Every evening Papa Bugeaud peered eagerly into the box to make sure that the lovers were comfortable for the night.

At the close of a late December day an orderly bicycled over from headquarters, and summoned Quartermaster Bugeaud to the Commandant. Walking across the muddy field, the old fellow presented himself at the Bureau, and was ushered into the office of Lieutenant du Plessis de Grenadan.

The Lieutenant was studying charts and tables of figures by a green-shaded lamp.

"Quartermaster," he said wearily, "we fly to-morrow morning at four. My orders are to take carrier pigeons. Now what good are carrier pigeons?"

Papa Bugeaud was speechless, but only for a moment. Then his enthusiasm for his life work burst from him in a torrent: the Lieutenant smiled, and cut him short.

"Well," he said, "to comply with orders, we will take you and one carrier pigeon. But only to comply with orders!"

"Monsieur will find one is enough—when that one is the great D'Artagnan."

"Oh," smiled du Plessis, sitting back and lighting a cigarette, "You can actually tell them apart?"

"Tell them apart!" and Papa Bugeaud spread his hands in protest, "This D'Artagnan, Monsieur—I saw him peck his way out of the egg; I trained his father and his grandfather before him. Why, he is directly descended from that immortal D'Artagnan who died for France in the Pigeon Post, in the Siege of Paris in 1871.

"Oh—and there is one more thing about D'Artagnan. He is shortly to become a father. Thus, Monsieur, his homing instinct is more acute than ever. Each day, at noon, he will yearn for the nest."

"Then don't bring him. I don't like the idea of dragging away an expectant father just before Christmas."

Bugeaud snorted respectfully. 'But Monsieur, it is his duty!"

It was just getting light when the *Dixmude* thundered into a threatening sky and headed over the Mediterranean.

D'Artagnan and Père Bugeaud were quartered to one side of what was technically known as the cat-walk—the gloomy runway which extended within the keel of the ship from bow to stern, and which reminded Père Bugeaud of the shaft-tunnel of a battleship. The interior of the dirigible was a maze of duralumin girders, wires and tanks. Over head were the bladder-like balloonets—twenty of them in a row—which contained the hydrogen gas. The noise in the keel was deafening.

D'Artagnan found it trying—terribly trying. He had flown on blimps and aeroplanes, but never on a giant rigid like the *Dixmude*. The noises, the smells, upset him. Cooped up in his tiny service cage, he ruffled out his feathers and grieved. Papa Bugeaud whispered words of sympathy, but the whisper was drowned in the tumult.

Papa Bugeaud, too, was supremely uncomfortable. The space allotted the old fellow was so small that he had to sit huddled and cramped. After a miserable day of it he went out to stretch himself, but the keel officer amidships shouted some-

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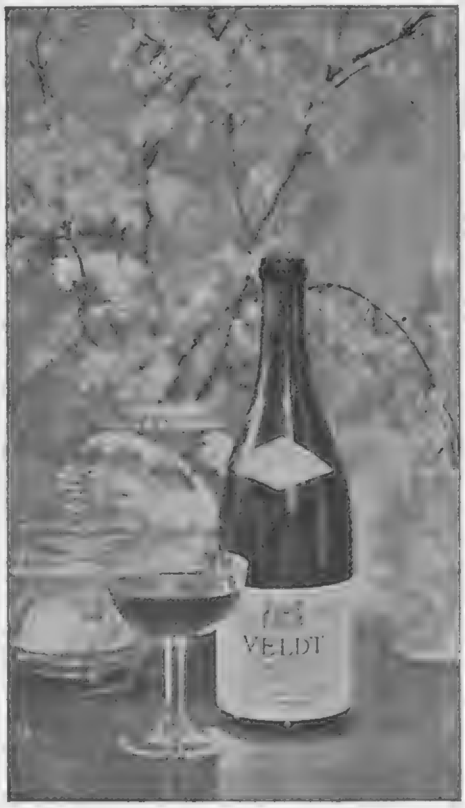

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thing through a megaphone and ordered him back to his station.

There was nothing to see—no porthole. From the pitching of the ship he judged that they were running into bad weather. He didn't like it, and for the first time in his life it occurred to him that he was getting old. Putting his face close to the cage, he discussed with D'Artagnan the prospect of retiring.

The man brought another canteen of steaming coffee. Yes, he said, they were in a storm. A bad one. The forward starboard motor had broken itself to pieces and something from it had carried away the wireless generator. They were over the sea . . .

Papa Bugeaud forced down some coffee. He even ate some chocolate and hard-tack from his ration can. Then he dozed off into a troubled sleep.

WHEN he awoke the storm had increased in violence. The *Dixmude* was yawing, rolling, pitching. The keel officer kept pacing up and down the cat-walk, looking at the balloonets, and playing his flashlight over the girders of the structure. Once he stooped and picked up a handful of little pieces of metal from an angle between two braces. Examining them under his light, he cast them from him and cursed. When he had gone, Bugeaud picked one of them up. It was a duralumin rivet, with its head snapped off.

Suddenly there was a sound like that of a cannon, and the great ship shuddered at a stunning shock. A propeller had broken, and a blade had ploughed clear through the ship, cutting numerous girders and controls. Three balloonets wilted soggily as the explosive hydrogen gasped out through jagged punctures. All motors were stopped, and the ship rode the storm while the extent of the damage was ascertained.

It was serious—Papa Bugeaud could tell that. He went to sleep again, and had nightmares—curious, realistic nightmares which lasted for hours and hours.

He lost all track of time. It seemed to him that they had been drifting in the storm for weeks. Once he heard them say that they were over Biskra; again—hours or days later—the man who brought the coffee said they were drifting, helpless, above the Sahara. At another time they started one of the forward motors, and somebody said the wind had shifted and was blowing them northward over the Tyrrhenian Sea toward Sicily. And always the wind was getting stronger.

PAPA BUGEAUD wished that he were D'Artagnan—wished that he had wings to fly away from this horrible hulk of metal and fabric, this stench of petrol, hydrogen and oil. The girders were groaning, screeching now, and if you looked along the catwalk you could see it twist and sag.

Someone was shaking him. As he opened his eyes there was a flash of lightning, and he saw the oil-spattered face of Lieutenant du Plessis de Grenadan close to his own. The ship was writhing soggily like a dying worm. The gale was howling into a great rip in the envelope.

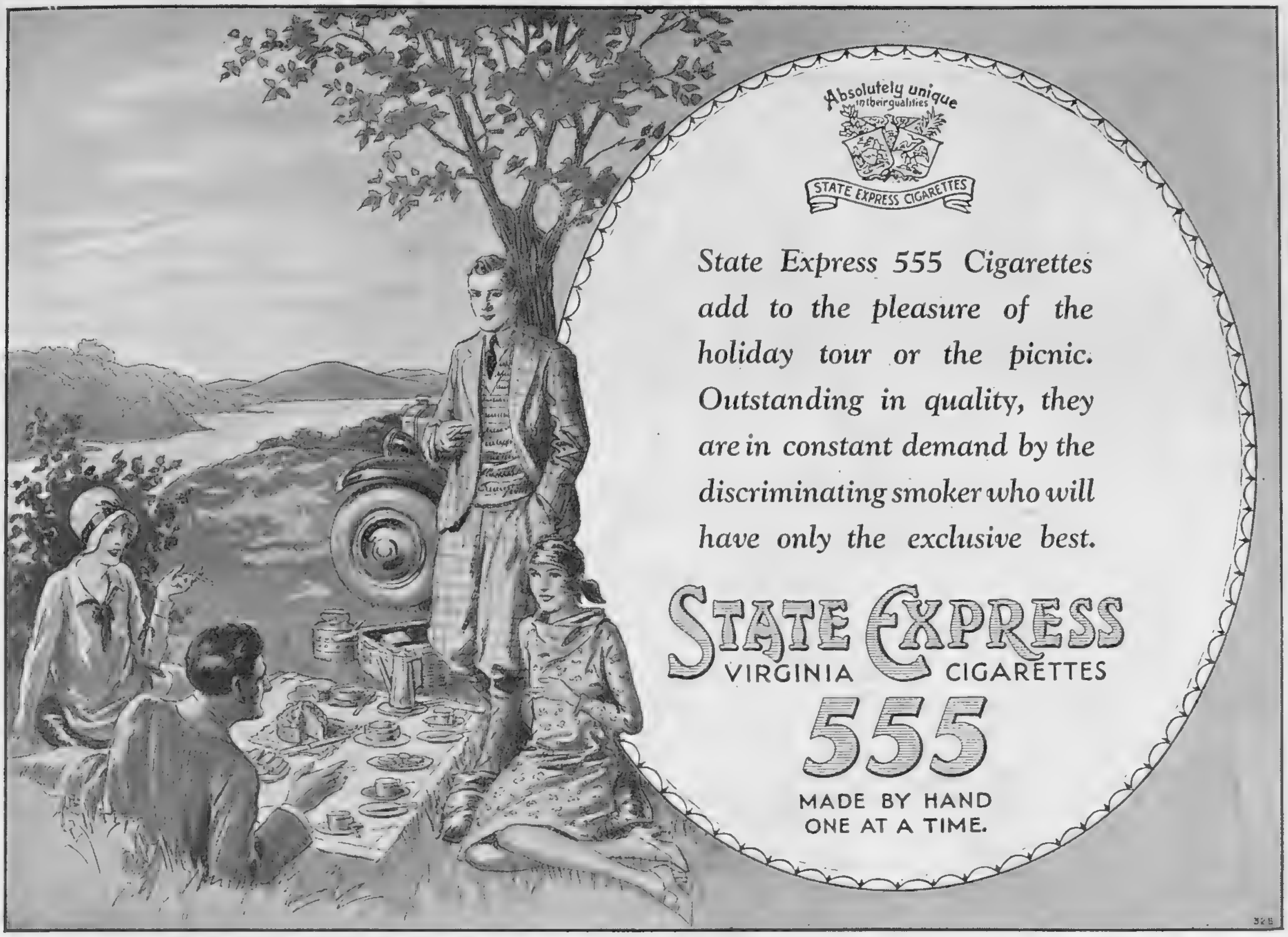
"Quick—the message pad!" shouted du Plessis, switching on his flashlight.

From his pocket Papa Bugeaud produced the tiny block of tissue sheets. The Lieutenant scribbled something and handed him the message. "Send it at once," he ordered.

Slipping his hands into the cage, Papa Bugeaud inserted the paper in D'Artagnan's message capsule. Then gently holding the bird, caressing him, whispering to him, he thrust him through the rip in the fabric.

"Monsieur," he said, saluting, "D'Artagnan will do his duty."

There came a blinding flash, a shattering



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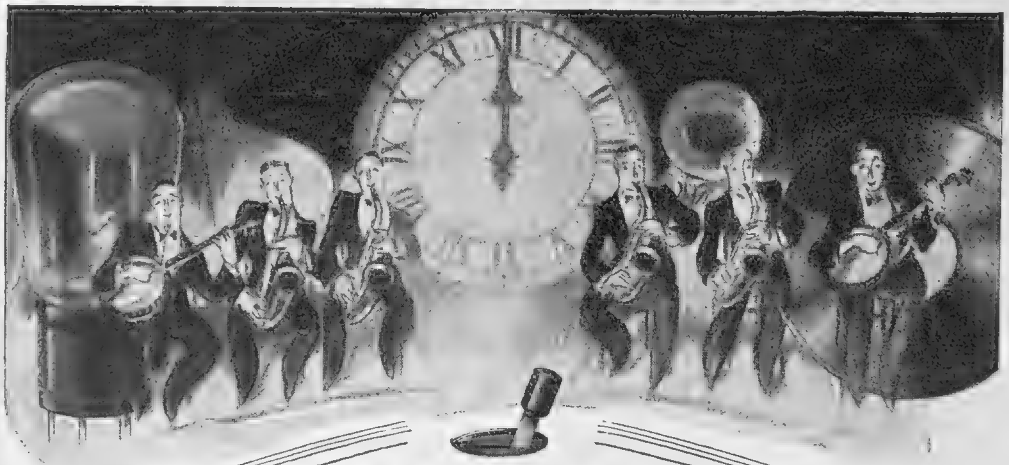
switch over at midnight . . .



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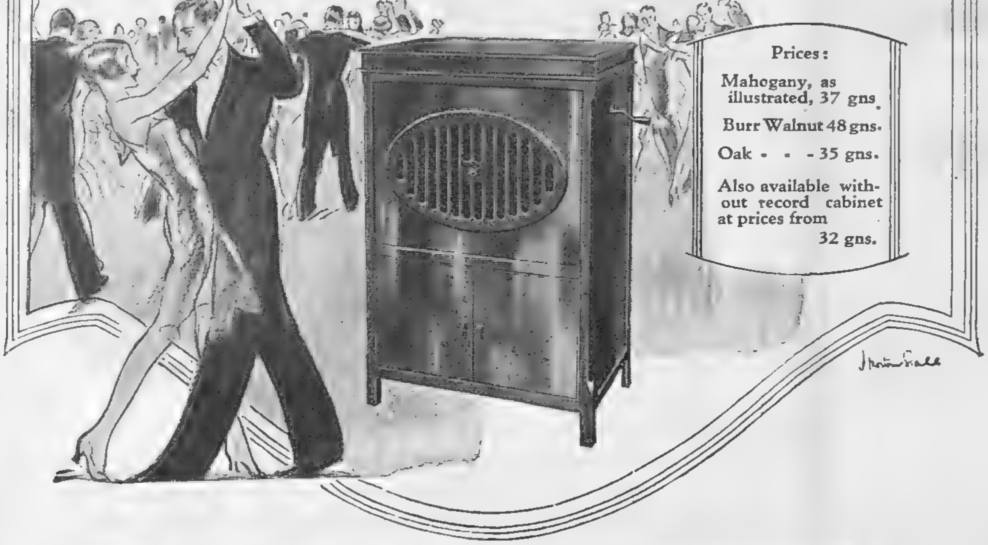

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concussion, and the *Dixmude*, a flaming torch, plunged down into the sea.

* * *

IT was a pleasant afternoon, and the Bay of Monaco was even bluer than usual. From the water you could see tier upon tier of white buildings with red roofs, and the casino all aflutter with flags. Somewhere in the gardens a band was playing, and from the roads came the sound of many motor horns. And constantly there was the *whack, whack* of shotguns at the Tir aux Pigeons, where bored gentlemen in Norfolk jackets were whiling away the hours.

The bored gentlemen, slightly puffy under the eyes, were not particularly good shots. This was why Pini the half-wit was having such a busy afternoon. For while the *messieurs* hit practically all the pigeons—no difficult feat when the bird is dazed and blinded by the sunlight as he flies out of the trap and you loose off at him with a scattering charge of shot—they killed comparatively few. Most of the wounded birds plunged into the wire fence along the sea wall and lay fluttering until the dogs came out and finished the business; but not a few cleared the barrier and fell quivering and struggling into the water. Then Pini in his rowboat would bend to the oar, retrieve the bird, deftly wring its neck, and toss it into the stern. Pigeons, mark you, bring three francs apiece at the restaurants. . . .

Pini had salvaged four in a row, and chuckled to himself as he rinsed his hands in the water. A wild pigeon circled thrice above the *stade de tir* and seemed about to settle. Just then they released a bird from the trap, and the newcomer glided down to join it. The gentleman, seeing two targets in the air, playfully fired at them both. There were two bursts of feathers, and the birds spiralled down in helpless agony into the water not ten feet apart.

A FEW strokes of the oars, and Pini had the first one. It was really very neat—you just took the head between the thumb and forefinger.

The second bird lay on the water with his wings outstretched, and he dipped his head and drank to quench the fires that tortured him within. There was a fierce look in his eye, and when Pini picked him up he pecked savagely at the clutching fingers. The pigeon had a tricoloured band on its leg, and fastened to it was a tiny aluminium cylinder.

Laying the pigeon on the thwart he opened the cylinder, and took out a rice-paper sheet. There was writing upon it. Wrinkling his brow, he deciphered the scrawl. There were half a dozen meaningless numerals, and, below them, boldly, "*We of the Dixmude have died for France.*"

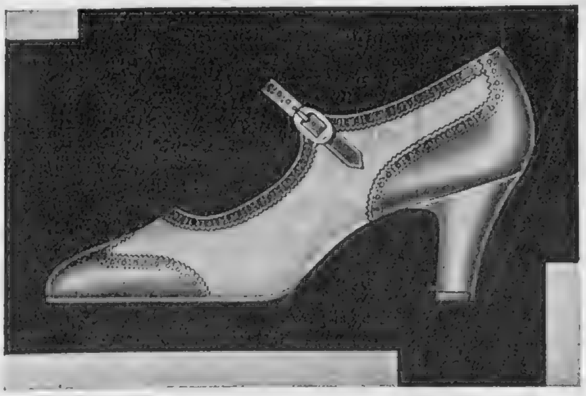
Pini's head sank into his shoulders and his eyes narrowed. There was trouble here. He had done something wrong—broken a law. Hastily he returned the message to the capsule, and seized his oars. The French destroyer was a scant hundred metres distant. As he neared it, he shouted to the deck officer.

"Monsieur!" he panted, as his boat bumped the companion, "See—here is a wounded French carrier pigeon I have saved. Only his wing is broken, Monsieur, only his wing, but it was not I who . . ."

Eager but tender hands took the pigeon from him. On the deck above was the sound of excited voices, and from the mast came the sudden crackle of a wireless. A bugle blew, orders were shouted, and the funnels belched black. And as Pini stood in his boat the destroyer slid by him—faster, faster, until at full speed it headed for the open sea.

A gentleman of France was going home

THE END.



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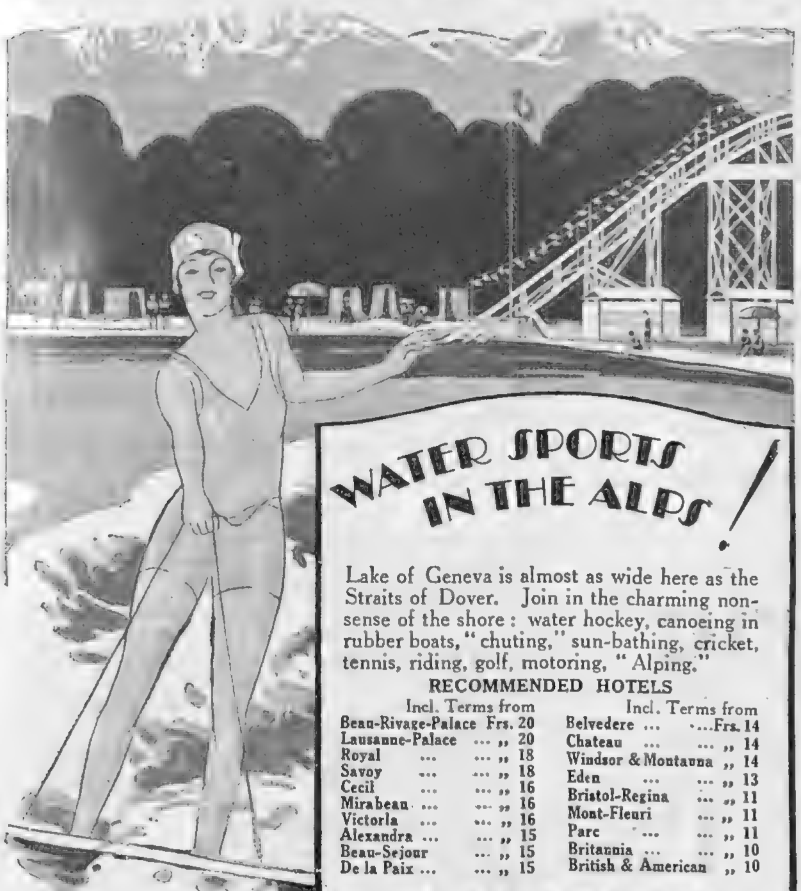

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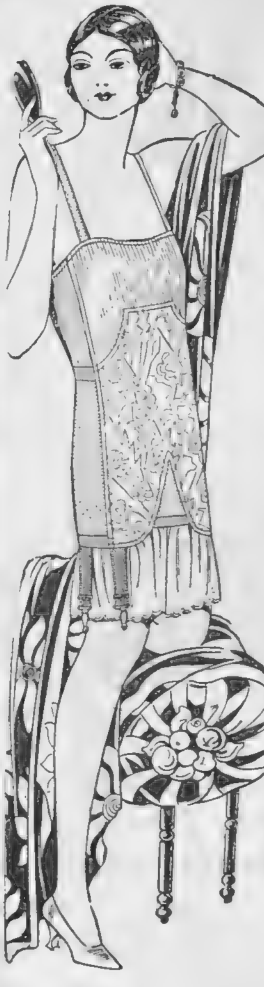

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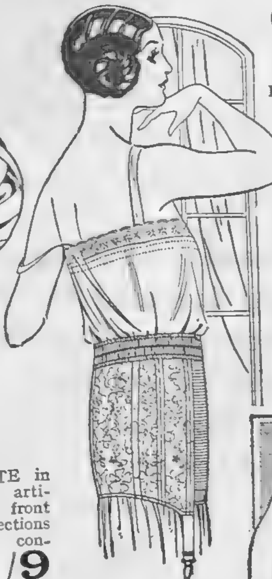

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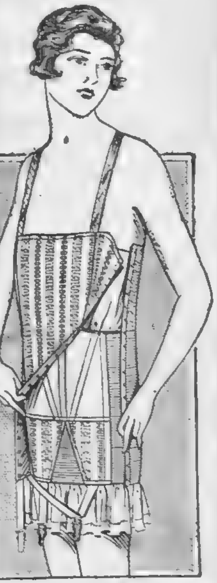

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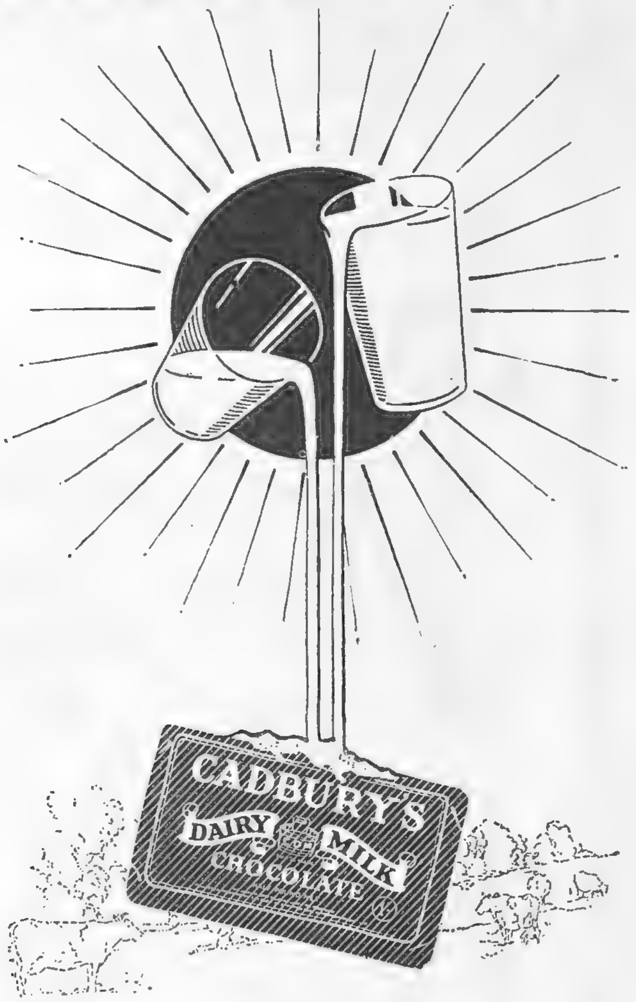

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Miss Minerva

By John Paris

(Continued from page 55)

"NOTHING could shake the maid's story, and on it Miss Potts's counsel based his brilliant defence. He laid great stress, too, on the doctor's evidence that a woman who was fat rather than muscular, and who was at the time in an extreme state of intoxication, could hardly have the strength or visual accuracy to beat in a human skull with a series of well-directed blows. He emphasised the indications of the open window and the empty jewel-box. What had become of its contents? They had disappeared. Miss Minerva could hardly have taken them, hidden them, and returned to her victim's body again. A third person, therefore, must have been in that room on that night, and that third person was the murderer. The local police gave evidence of footprints on the flower beds, which supported the maid's story; and at the very end of the trial a new witness was produced, a pawnbroker from Cardiff, who had received two trinkets, identified as belonging to Miss Diana Potts, from a tall man who looked like a sailor! The matter was clinched by the judge, whose summing up was unfavourable to Miss Minerva; this aroused the jury's sense of independence, and they brought in a verdict of 'Not Guilty.' Miss Minerva was free.

"An attempt was made to have her certified as insane, but she was merely alcoholic. After some months in a home she was considered to be cured of this propensity, and she left England for the Continent, accompanied by Fossick, her faithful maid."

"AND the tall man who looked like a sailor?" I asked.

"He was never found."

"And Minerva herself?"

"I don't think she really knew herself what happened that night, and her memory was so confused with phantoms and phantasies. She was terribly afraid of something for the rest of her life. The sequel shows that quite clearly. But was she guilty of her sister's murder? I don't know."

"There was a sequel, then?"

"There was; but it must wait; for if I go on talking, I must have another brandy, and we'll miss Nemtchinova, the angelic, the divine, who can float in the air and dance on a sunbeam."

Therewith ended the restaurant period of Reggie's story.

We left Voisin's, and took a taxi to the Rue Richer; but when we reached the theatre, we were too late for Reggie's paragon. We arrived, as I have said, just at the entr'acte. We were watching the return of the audience to the stalls, and the last desperate attempt of the "Cyprians" to catch some of the more promising-looking men. A big blonde in a salmon-pink dress had buttonholed a stranger on his way from the *foyer*. After a brief but earnest conversation she turned aside with a gesture of disgust.

"*Quel type de Gambais*," she announced to all and sundry just as she passed our table, alluding to Landru's sinister villa.

"By Jove, she's right," said Reggie, "That man is the sequel to the White Lodge murder. What an extraordinary coincidence that we should meet him here—and now."

THE *type de Gambais* was walking down the auditorium to his place in the stalls a very thin man, treading delicately like

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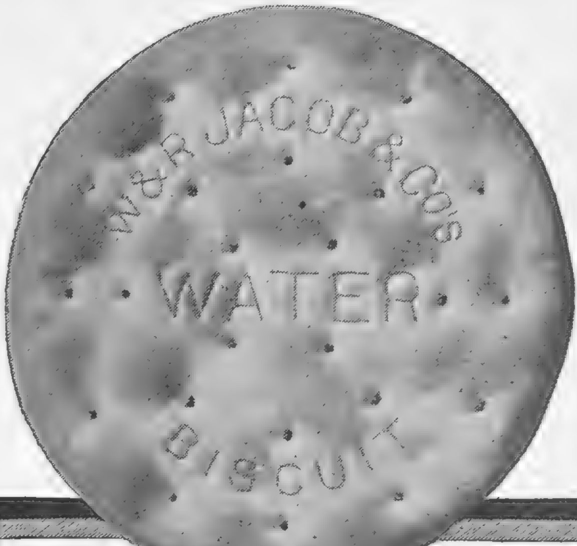

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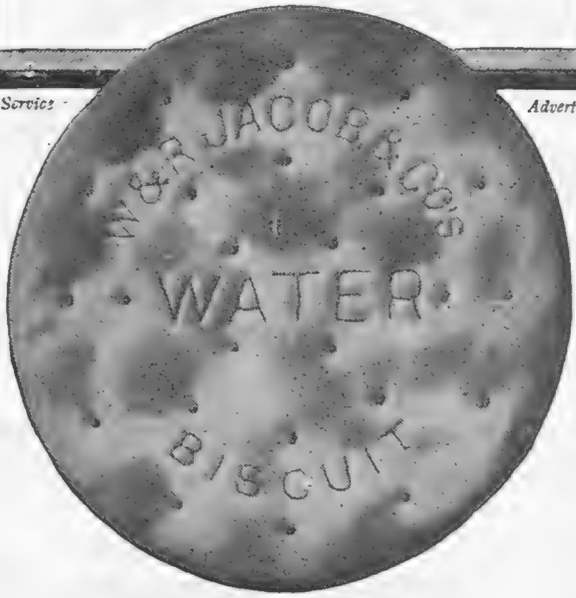

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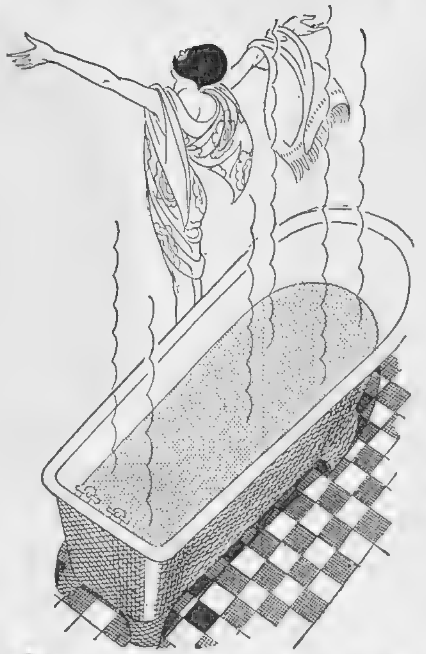

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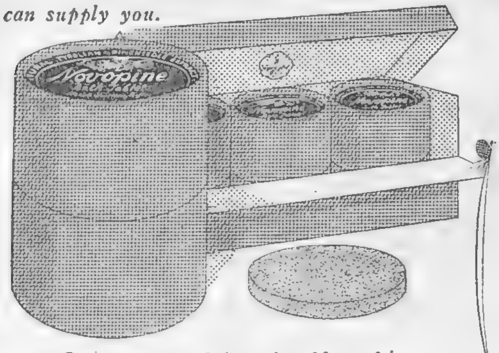

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Agag. He looked like some bearded Pharaoh, resurrected from his mummy-case.

"That's Gottschalk," said Reggie. Unmistakable!"

"What is he?" I asked. "He looks like a Syrian."

"He's an American citizen—from Hamburg, I think, domiciled in Shanghai and interested in shipping there—also in such things as opium, gun-running, etc., also in literature and music (that is our bond in common) and in Miss Minerva Potts."

"He's not the tall man who looked like a sailor?" I asked.

"Oh no, Carl Gottschalk belongs to the second part of the story. The murderer was never found, nor any further trace of him; Miss Diana's missing jewellery was never recovered; and gradually Miss Minerva began to believe that she was guilty, and that the police were on her track."

"But she had been tried once and acquitted; you cannot be tried twice for the same murder."

"True, O Daniel, but poor Minerva had not the advantage of your bright intellect and your legal acumen. She was rather stupid to begin with; the shock of the murder had unsettled her brain; and it had been stewed in strong spirits both before and after.

"SHE had been living at Shanghai for some years when Gottschalk got hold of her. You know the existence of those old eccentric women, how it is almost impossible to imagine what it must be like from their end—haunted by all kinds of queer fantastic troubles and obsessions. And in Minerva's case there was the sickening mystery—her sister's death—was she guilty? Was she innocent? Did anyone know? Was anyone on her track? Were the hounds of justice already baying from the garden of the English Consulate just opposite her hotel? She was very lonely; she only had Fossick; Fossick who was bound to her by the same hideous secret, Fossick who undressed her and put her to bed every haunted night, certain that one night or one day her mistress would die, and that she, Fossick, would inherit a share of that unlucky fortune. Miss Minerva began to hate Fossick; just as she had hated her sister for standing between her and the money, so she hated the maid for waiting, waiting with such doglike patience for the legacy which some day would be hers. With her hard, bonelike face Fossick looked like death; Miss Minerva hated death and the thought of death. It was death which had ruined her life.

"But she must hide all this from Fossick, She must rivet Fossick to her by the hope of the heritage, for there was no one else who would look after her in the same way. Nobody else seemed to want her. Yet she was rich and she was kind. She gave tips and presents freely. But when she descended upon the public rooms of the Vanderbilt Hotel, the people looked at her so strangely. No doubt they were wondering whether she was guilty or not.

"AS a matter of fact not one in a thousand of that transitory population of cosmopolitan people had any knowledge of the White Lodge murder, or thought anything more of Miss Potts than that she was an eccentric old woman. She gave the impression of a large piece of early Victorian furniture, covered in ill-fitting brocade and endowed with lop-sided movement. This movement she corrected and steered with an ebony walking-stick.

"'Queer old girl,' was the general comment of the Vanderbilt Hotel.

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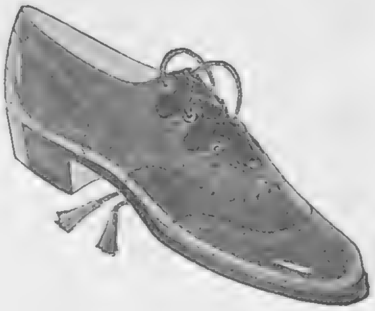

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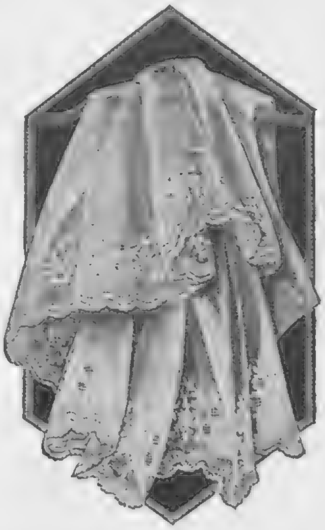

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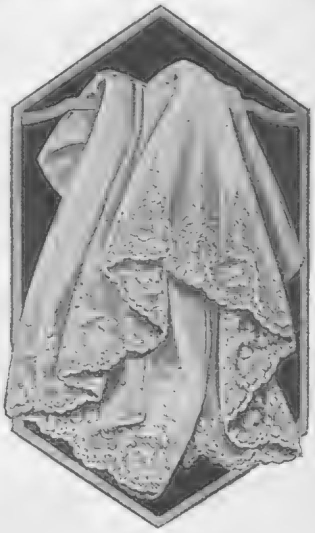

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"One afternoon in the hot Shanghai summer she was puffing across the lounge of the hotel, when she dropped her *reticule* of bright orange silk. A tall foreign-looking gentleman retrieved it for her, and handed it to her with a flourish and a remark about the heat. It was Gottschalk.

"IT was seldom that anyone, and very seldom that a man, went out of his way to address a remark to Miss Potts, and she was so surprised that she sat down, and to complete her surprise, Gottschalk sat down beside her. He ordered tea for her and buttered buns. He discoursed about the weather, the visitors, and the events of the day at Shanghai. He was amusing, he was sympathetic, he was gallant. Never in her life had Miss Minerva had such a conversation with any man.

"Gottschalk had done what he had meant to do for some time. He had, of course, noticed the curious old lady on several occasions, and he had scented money. He was not a popular member of Shanghai society. In the French Concession he was known as 'Mephisto,' at the club bar as 'The Murderer.' Already quite a legend surrounded him.

"He had no clear plan with regard to Minerva Potts, but he entered up her name in the card index of his acquaintances and he opened his ears for any gossip about her.

"It was not long before she herself had told him the whole of her story, her dread of the past, her fears for the future. His flair told him that this acquaintance was well worth cultivating. Almost every day he was there, at the hotel, at tea-time, and the lady never kept him waiting. She was there too, her fat face wreathed in greasy smiles. A sense of joy was returning to her, a quickening of life (which had also its dangers).

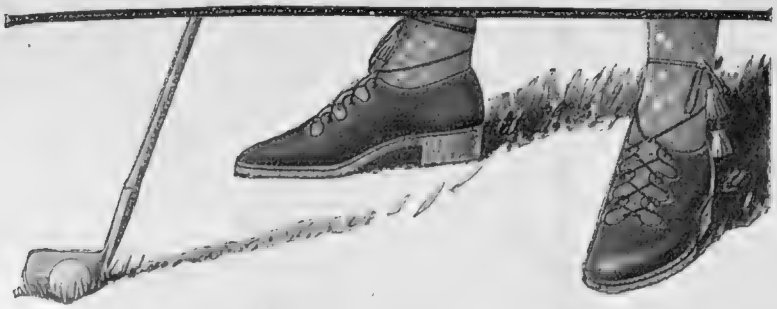
"ONE day Miss Minerva emerged from the hotel. A rickshaw was hailed. The rickshaw man indicated by signs and language that he alone could not pull so immense a weight. Two additional coolies were hired to push behind. Miss Minerva was hoisted into her car, huge and stiff and comical, like an emblematic figure in a carnival procession, and the convoy sped away, leaving the maid Fossick on the steps of the hotel. Her mistress had gone to pay a call on Mr. Gottschalk in his house in the Bubbling Well Road.

"'And that unlucky day was her undoing, poor lady,' said Fossick, who told me the story.

"It was not until eleven o'clock that Miss Minerva returned, escorted by Mr. Gottschalk. She was, of course, intoxicated, but it was an unhappy inebriation. She protested her innocence. She babbled about the police. 'Must fly! Must fly!' she blabbered, as she collapsed on her sofa, wholly incapable of flight.

"Gottschalk had spoken to Miss Minerva in the first instance out of common kindness and courtesy, for he was not entirely inhuman. But he was one of those who cannot help scheming, and every incident, every accident of his life, was worked in as material for his schemes. He at once began to scheme with Miss Minerva. What use could he make of her? How could he get control of her money? Marriage? If only she were not so grotesque! Gottschalk, who was always most correct in appearance, had a terror of ridicule; no, marriage was impossible.

"BLACKMAIL, then? An ugly, unseemly word; Gottschalk did not care to admit his purpose, but he adopted it all



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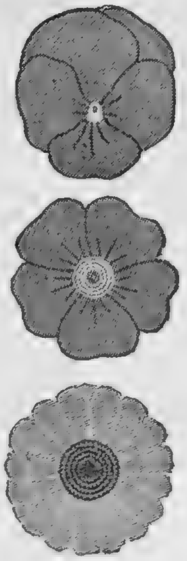

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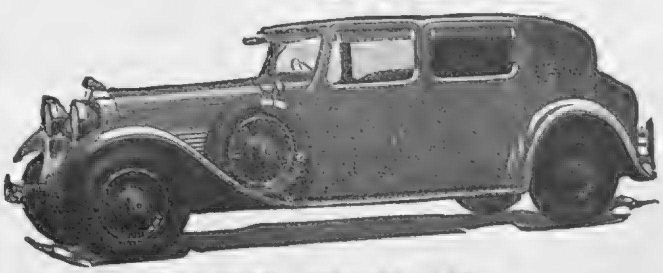

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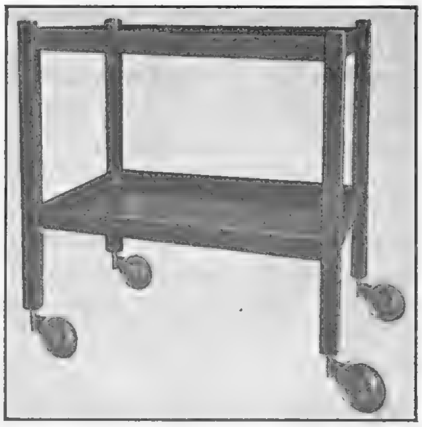

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the same. He played Chopin to his ponderous guest that afternoon, and on several subsequent afternoons he played to her and found that she was sensitive to music. This led to confidences, and confidences were stimulated by brandy. She reiterated the story of her lonely life, her complaints about Fossick.

" 'She's just waiting for me to die,' she said, 'waiting like an owl.'

" Then the fated day came when she unburdened herself of the events connected with the White Lodge murder.

" 'I don't know, Mr. Chalk, I really don't. I don't know whether I did it or not. I wish I could remember.'

" Gottschalk was just going to reassure her that after all the court had proclaimed her innocent, and that she could believe the court, and that they could never try her again, when she burst out :—

" 'But they can't get me here; I've fooled them; I'm all right in China.'

" So, instead, Gottschalk replied: 'But there are the British police here in Shanghai and the British Courts.'

" 'The police,' said Miss Minerva, clutching at her breast as though her heart pained her. 'Those dreadful bobbies, here in China. They must be after me. Where can I go Mr. Chalk. Where can I go to be safe?'

" Gottschalk had discovered the *idée fixe* which dominated this curious existence. He did not try to contradict her; perhaps it would have been useless.

" 'There's Japan,' he suggested.

" THE effect was more sudden than he had imagined—disconcertingly so. When he called at the Vanderbilt Hotel next day he learned that Miss Potts had left by the afternoon boat for Nagasaki.

" 'The old girl has got a will of her own,' he said to himself. Then his mind closed round the word 'will,' and he remembered that clutching gesture of the night before. There might be little or no time to lose. He would follow her to Japan. But first he must get the details of the White Lodge murder. That was worth a cable to London.

" He was with her in Japan all that autumn, and winter. There are plenty of curious couples among the foreign tourists in Japan, but nothing more strange was seen that year than Miss Potts and Mr. Gottschalk. I myself saw them dining together at the Hotel Miyako in Tokyo, where they were known as the Flesh and the Devil. But they (or she at least) seemed insensitive to the sensation they created. Miss Minerva lived in her dreams, her old dream of fear, her new dream of love. Gottschalk was immersed in his campaign, the Campaign of the Will. It needed all his patience, all his suavity, all his finesse, for she was an obstinate old lady. But some time between Christmas and Easter he won. The Will was signed before the Consul in Tokyo; I was there. I saw the old lady's ponderous arrival at the office; she was escorted by a Japanese lawyer. Gottschalk was waiting in a rickshaw outside. I signed the document as witness to Miss Minerva's signature.

" GOTTSCHALK'S next undertaking was the Death Campaign. He had not much time, for Miss Potts might change her mind and her will any day. He relied on her heart, which was weak in every sense. Nevertheless he left Japan for Shanghai; he even hinted that he might return to England. This in itself was a cause for anxiety. He had suggested that the police, who never slept, were still looking for clues to the White Lodge murder; that fresh discoveries had been made; that new

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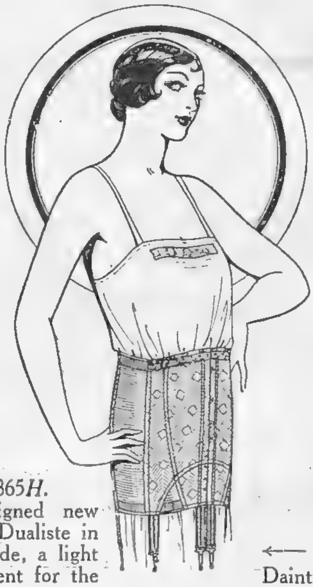

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theories were being considered. How could Gottschalk away in the Far East know these things? Miss Minerva could not imagine, but 'Mr. Chalk' was so clever—so clever and so good; he knew everything.

"It was at that time that I fell in with Miss Minerva—almost literally—at the Bath of the Ten Thousand Persons. The evening of the day that I had seen her like Venus rising from the water, I was dining *à la Japonaise* in my room overhanging the sea.

"A red-faced country girl, one of the hotel waitresses, was telling me the Japanese names of the food at which I was picking with my chopsticks. This topic was soon exhausted, and I began to ask about the guests at the hotel.

"'The very fat foreign lady. What kind of person is she?'

"O Hana Sun thought the fat lady very funny, perhaps a little mad, but with a kind heart.

"'Why do foreign ladies always look so fat and funny?' she asked. 'It is said they always have a baby inside them, but it does not come out, so they feel mad.'

"BEFORE I could discuss this delicate point, there was a knock at the door. O Hana Sun opened, and in the corridor, glimmering white like a ghost, stood Miss Potts's maid, the bonelike Fossick.

"Her mistress was very ill, she said. She could not speak Japanese, no one in the hotel could speak English. She could not even send for a doctor. What was she to do? I followed her down the corridor to another wing of the hotel. There, in a large dim room lay Miss Minerva. She was breathing stertorously, and her breath seemed to whistle from her throat. When I entered, she cried out 'Oh! oh! oh!' till the cry faded into a groan.

"We sent for a doctor from Atami. He gave her some medicine which calmed her, and next day I had a talk with her lasting an hour or more. I asked if she wished to see a foreign doctor from Yokohama.

"'No, no!' she said; 'nobody English. They are after me with their damned bobbies. I'm hiding here. Nobody knows—only you, and you won't tell, will you? They all think I'm a Japanese here.'

"I DID not try to contradict this astonishing idea. With curious intuition she seemed to assume that I knew the White Lodge and the story of the murder.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I know the bow-window which opened on to the lawn. You saw him go out by the window.'

"'Yes,' she gasped. 'I see him now with his long cape. Then Di calls out from the floor, "Minny, Minny, you've killed me!" They tried me for the murder, those damned bobbies, but they couldn't prove anything. They hate me too, because I fooled them; and now Chalk says——'

"I must have looked up enquiringly, for the sick woman explained with a greasy smile of satisfaction:

"'That's my 'usband. Leastways we're soul-mates, so he says, which is very beautiful, I think. It's very sweet for a lonely woman like me to be a soul-mate with such a nice gentleman as Mr. Chalk. I was so lonesome just with that Fossick waiting for me to die. But I've fooled her, like I've fooled them.' She lowered her voice to a whisper, '*I've cut her out.*'

"'She's been faithful to you,' I urged.

"'Faithful fiddlesticks! It's all a plot. Chalk says so. Only I can't get rid of her because she knows my ways. So I fool her—fool her—all the time.'

"'And Mr. Gottschalk?'

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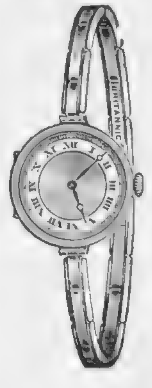

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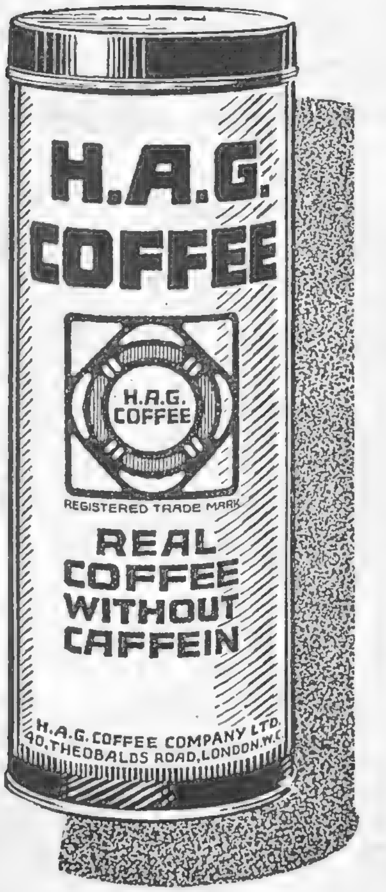

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"'That's my soul-mate, that's him—how did you know?'

"'I witnessed your will,' I answered.

"'I know. But I'm not going to die. I've left him everything because he made my life so sweet. Music and flowers and love! That's what I wanted all my life, and what I never got. He gives me all that. Music and flowers and love!'

"THE hoarse croaking voice was silent in this last gasp of belated lyricism. I was silent too. What could I say? She was happy in her way. She was guided towards death by the Great Illusion which the young call Love. After life's fretful fever how could I comfort her by telling her that Gottschalk was a villain?

"He certainly was a villain. From his Chinese bungalow in Shanghai, he was murdering this poor old creature far more certainly than she had ever murdered her sister, were she proved guilty many times over. Before leaving Japan he had worked upon her fears until nothing now remained but for some final shock to finish her. He had then left her to her own terrors. He wrote irregularly. Some of his letters must have been lost—he wrote—perhaps the police had intercepted them! He was waiting for news from England. A friend of his was making investigations; the police there were working on a new clue. He begged his 'sweet rosebud' (that was Minerva) not to distress herself, but advised her to have everything packed ready for departure at a moment's notice. Better leave Tokyo, he had written, and stay in some Japanese inn; there were people on her track in Shanghai; he recommended Atami.

"SHE died three days later. I stayed till the end, bound by the feeling that fate had willed it so, yet I only saw her once or twice. She was much calmer, but the doctor said that was a bad sign. Then she got another note from Shanghai. A servant took it to her and she managed to read it unaided. 'Angel,' it ran, 'there is news from England—bad news. The missing jewellery has been found in a wood near the White Lodge. The persons I mentioned are leaving Shanghai for Japan. They are from Scotland Yard. Be brave, little heart.'

"A series of piercing screams echoed through the hotel. We ran to Miss Potts's room. A ghastly sight! She had broken a blood-vessel. By the time the doctor came it was all over. That was before the war; and I had never seen death face to face before. Life spewed out in a vomit; it was sordid and cruel and horrible. Thank God, here's Nemtchinova to change our thoughts."

A roar of applause greeted the graceful vision who floated on to the stage to the strains of a Chopin Ballade. At the same moment a lean grey figure rose from the stalls. It was Gottschalk. He was leaving the theatre. Reggie Forsyth deliberately placed himself in his way. The older man bowed and half raised a hand.

"Mr. Forsyth," he exclaimed, "how strange to meet here!"

"You don't like this dancing, Mr. Gottschalk?" Reggie replied.

"It is the music. I used to play that ballade to our poor friend in Shanghai—Miss Potts, you remember? It makes me too sad."

"You are living in Paris now?" Reggie enquired.

"No, in England. Here is my address."

Extended between his first and second fingers, he passed to Reggie a card, on which was inscribed: C. Gottschalk-Potts, The White Lodge, Shalford, Essex.

THE END.

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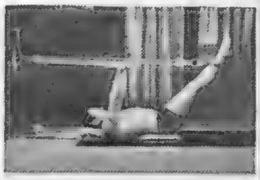

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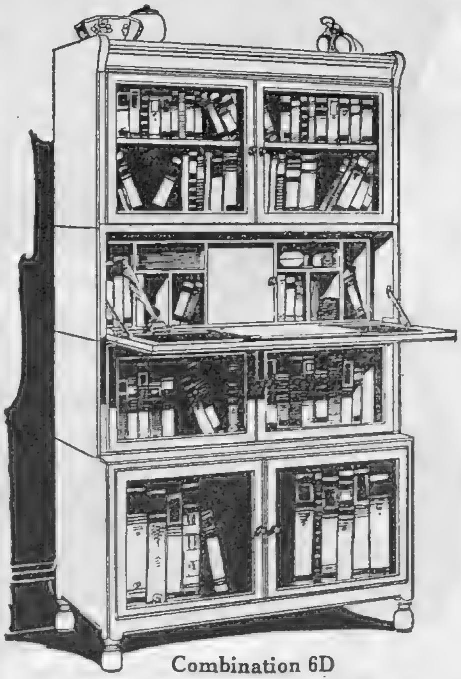

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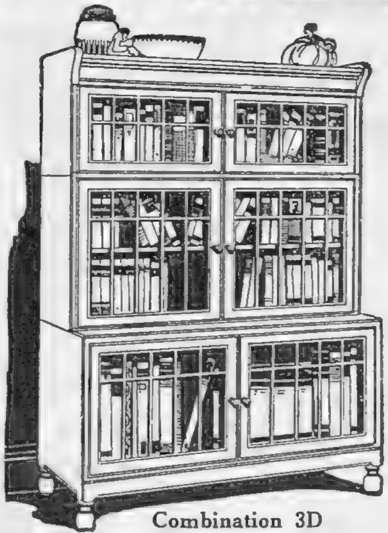

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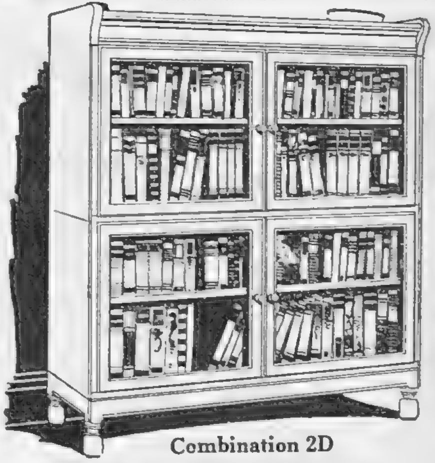

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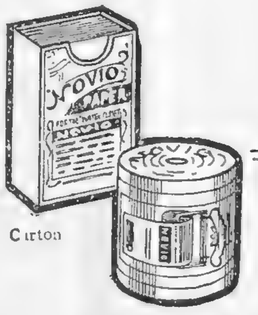

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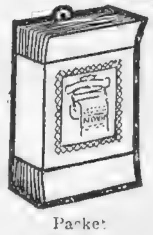

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The Talkies

(*Continued from page 56*)

their old love, then the Silent Silver Screen will resume its sway. In the meantime let us enjoy the excitements and humours of this transitional period and prepare to welcome the "Smellies," which no doubt will soon arrive!

I have not attended many "Talkies." So far, my main impression was that for the first time I had become conscious of the inadequacy of photographs to produce illusion. In every sense of the word they seemed "*flat.*" The effect of the introduction of the voices was to show up their lack of dimension. Involving an extra sense seems to challenge the accustomed sense to be more critical—photographs had become an accepted symbol. The enlistment of sound is intended to further the illusion of realism. On me the effect is the reverse. I become conscious that photographs lack what art critics call "tactile value." Perhaps if the Venus of Milo were suddenly visited with the power of speech, we should begin to complain of her lack of colour! But probably we shall soon grow accustomed to this new accomplishment of speech issuing from perfectly flat human beings.

MY own fear of this recruiting of an extra sense is that it may tend to approximate the stage and the film, whereas I should like them to diverge more and more widely. Surely the great object of the film should be to produce effects impossible to the theatre—to excel in a new dimension—to make the very utmost of the capacity to defy the limitation of space; to be magnificently spectacular and give as large parts as possible to the elements. (After Charlie Chaplin, Water is my favourite film star.)

The tendency to convert into scenarios unsuitable plays and novels for the sake of their authors' names, instead of having scenarios specially written—always seemed a mistake. Sometimes it involved having so many "captions" that the entertainment was like reading a book with a few illustrations. The introduction of dialogue will probably encourage the adaptation of novels and plays.

The moments I enjoy most on the films—those concerned with express trains, runaway horses, storms at sea, etc., do not require conversation.

THERE seems some danger that the introduction of dialogue will lead to films with less action, and thus encourage the *photographing of plays* rather than the production of effects which no stage can attempt. Perhaps the solution will be that the talking will only be intermittent like the singing in a musical comedy—that the photographs will break into speech when occasion requires and relapse into silence when the action becomes sufficiently energetic. Possibly the silent screen and the talkies will thus become merged. On the other hand, they may easily continue independently. There may well be room for both. Why should they not clash as little as theatre and opera?

Since the public is so excited, imagine the commotion in the firmament of film stars! If you gave up your life to learning to communicate with the deaf by signs and subtle shades of facial expression, it would be difficult wholeheartedly to rejoice in the restoration of their hearing. And how sad to cease to be international! If the "Talkies" triumph, who can hope to be sufficiently polyglot to aspire to the title of "The World's Sweetheart"?

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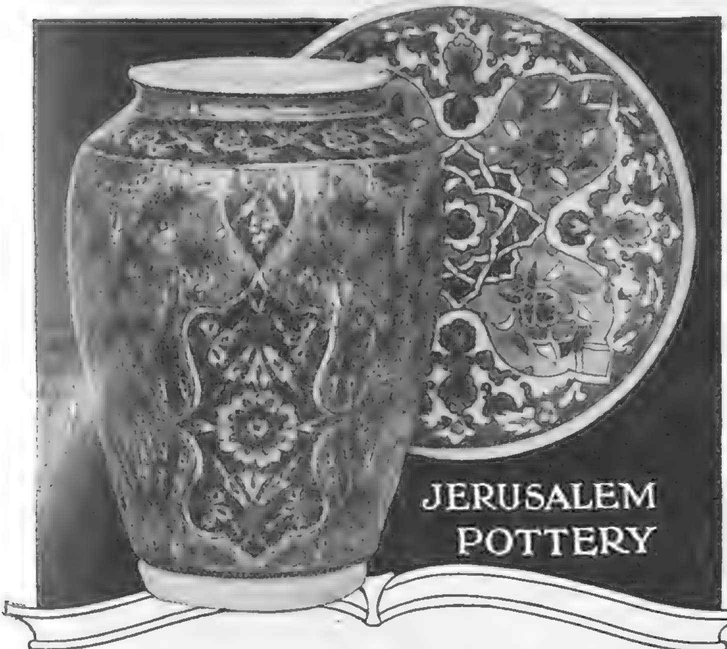

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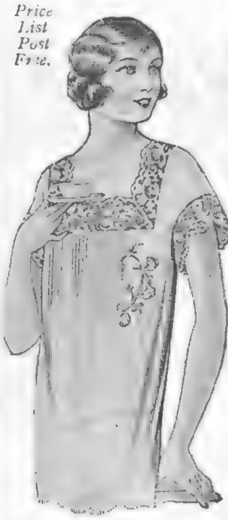
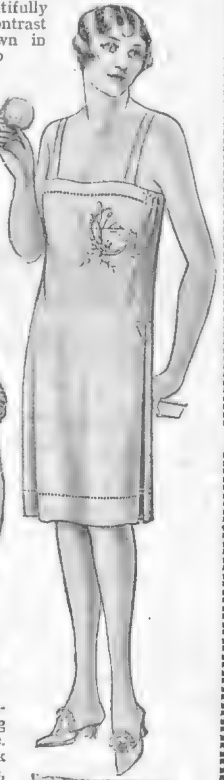
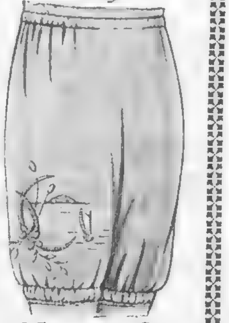




'Mermylustre,' the latest Artificial Silk Fabric, loose fitting nightdress, slip-on shape. Front and back of neck finished with needlerun lace, sleeves trimmed to match, front has fine pleats and motif in contrast colours, as sketch above. In Pink, Ivory or Apple Green. **11/6**



A lovely new Lingerie Fabric, 'Mermylustre' Rayon Artificial Silk and Cotton Knicker, non-laddering, wears and washes beautifully, legs finished silk embroidery design in contrast shades, gusset at fork. In Champagne, Sky, Nil, Pink, or Ivory as sketch on right. Woman's size. **6/11**

The London Glove Co.

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Materials for Town, Country, and Sports.

If not able to call, write for my S.M. Form with patterns. Mr. Smee will give same personal attention. Mrs J. writes: "I am quite satisfied—keep measurements for future orders."

Riding Habits, Astride, £9.9.0

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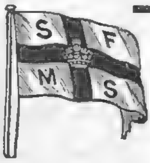

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Society are daily called upon for help, not only to shipwrecked men, but to many widows and orphans of fishermen and sailors, and to aged and distressed seafarers. Its funds are low. **Will you help?**

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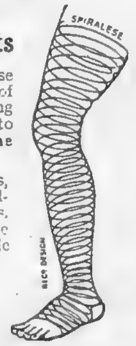

Over 20 years' experience in treating Varicose Veins prove the undoubted superiority of "Spiralese" Seamless Supports over anything ever offered to sufferers. They are made to measure, but at **50 per cent. less than the cost of ordinary Elastic Hosiery.**

Avoid the great danger of bursting Veins, Ulcers, Eczema, etc., caused by wearing ill-fitting Bandages and Ordinary Elastic Stockings. Do away with unsightly and uncomfortable appliances. "Spiralese" is almost invisible beneath silk stockings.

Send to-day for FREE BOOKLET describing the "Spiralese" treatment.

BEASLEY'S SPIRALESE, Dept. 165B
26, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

Abnormalities :

By Warwick Deeping

(Continued from page 57)

abnormal. The sick or tainted beast is driven from the herd. It is here that one comes upon some of the most tragic episodes in the history of the race, and comprehends the bitter cries of those abnormal individuals who accuse the crowd of having misunderstood and martyred them. The abnormal, when delicately guided, may be of infinite significance and use.

One's quarrel is not with genius or with an exceptional ability that is associated with some jerky mental make-up. The quarrel is with those who parade a perversion of the normal and who advertise and extol a taint.

Let anyone who has any leanings towards this cult read that very moving book, "Reluctantly Told," in which a sensitive and highly intelligent woman describes her four years in a house for the insane. It is a tragic piece of work, but it ends in the sunlight. Her self was lost, but in the end she recovered self, and the priceless possession of a balanced personality. She, who had experienced the abnormal, knew—as few people know—how precious is the normal.

MOREOVER, her return to sanity was rendered possible by those very simple and kindly reactions at which the elect are inclined to scoff. There was a patient, wise, and understanding doctor who said to her, "When people shy at purple vans, I make them go on passing and passing purple vans." A nurse was gentle to her. An understanding person gave her a job, the care of the institutional library. How sentimental it all seems! She was made to face the sinister activities of her abnormality; she was helped to get the disordered fragments of self back into order. She was enabled to return to her work among the more or less normal who carry on the work of the world.

She did not rejoice in the abnormal. She deplored it; it terrified her; she knew just how shameful and terrible it could be. She wanted to wash and be clean, and when cleanliness came back to her she cherished it and watched over it with a fearful joy, dreading lest some of those smirches should return.

One is tempted to recall a previous period when the abnormal was cultivated as a protest against too much complacent convention. Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley and their school may have had their uses, but it seems to most of us that such a phase should be carefully controlled. It provoked Gilbert to useful satire and his ridiculing of "The Greenery Yallery." It made a sturdy and eminent naval officer greatly desire to punch the head of a passing decadence.

We are not in the 1880's. We are much more open-air people. Our young women have cast an unhealthy artificiality. We are much more tolerant. But too much toleration of the abnormal is a sin against social health. We can sympathise with and try to understand those whose reactions are a little crooked, but when they begin to boast of their crookedness, and to declare that we healthy folk are mere slush-mongers and fools, it becomes very much our business to see that these hysterics are controlled.

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£1,000 Competition

1st Scenario

For Sunshine and Colour in Winter

VISIT INDIA

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Her railway services are inexpensive and reliable, so that the stranger who enters her gates may feel confident of comfort and attention in his wanderings within her borders.

The Publicity Bureau of the Indian Railways (A. T. Stowell, C.I.E., Manager), 57, Haymarket, S.W.1, will supply full information and assist intending visitors in the planning of their itineraries. Requests for descriptive literature may be made on the detachable coupon.

For statistical or commercial information application should be made to the Trade Commissioner for India, 42, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

The Publicity Manager, Indian State Railways,
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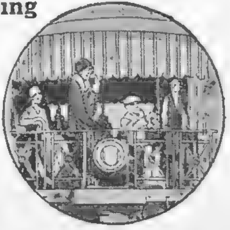

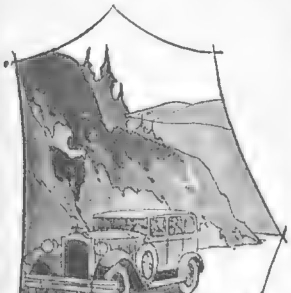

from Coast to Coast, personally conducted throughout, which would provide you with an opportunity to visit many famous places of interest in the Dominion. Historic Quebec, along the great St. Lawrence, a thousand miles through enchanted waterways to Montreal, then to Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, Winnipeg, The Prairies, The Canadian Rockies and Vancouver, attended by every comfort and delight that civilization has to offer. Special train for the entire tour.

The Inclusive Fare covers everything ~ even to tips ~ no details neglected

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BATH CRYSTALS	1/11, 3/3, 5/-
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Just a few minutes every six weeks with Furmoto is all that is necessary to keep your furniture in perfect condition. Furmoto instantly removes grease, ink and surface stains, imparting a brilliance that shows up all the beauty of the wood.

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For floors use Furmoto Non-Slip Floor Cream. Non-greasy and easy to use, it produces a lasting polish that does not collect dust.

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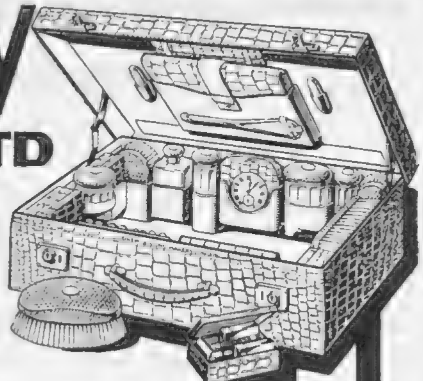

Drew & Sons have a unique experience in the production of all kinds of travelling requisites—the widest selection of all the latest designs is always in stock.

Fitted suit cases of finest materials and workmanship—trunks for train, steamer and cabin.

Picnic hampers for the car or the river fitted with every possible accessory.

Choose for yourself at Drew's—there's a 20% discount off all goods during rebuilding—the quality is the highest.

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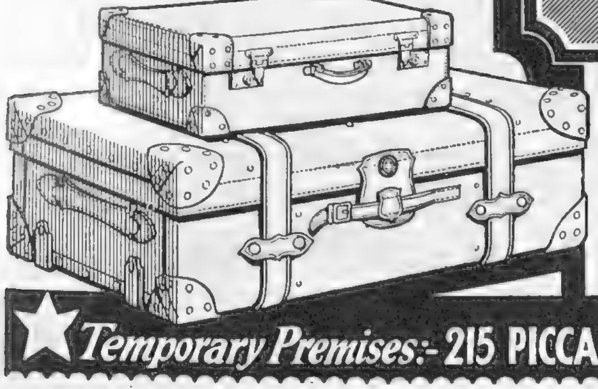

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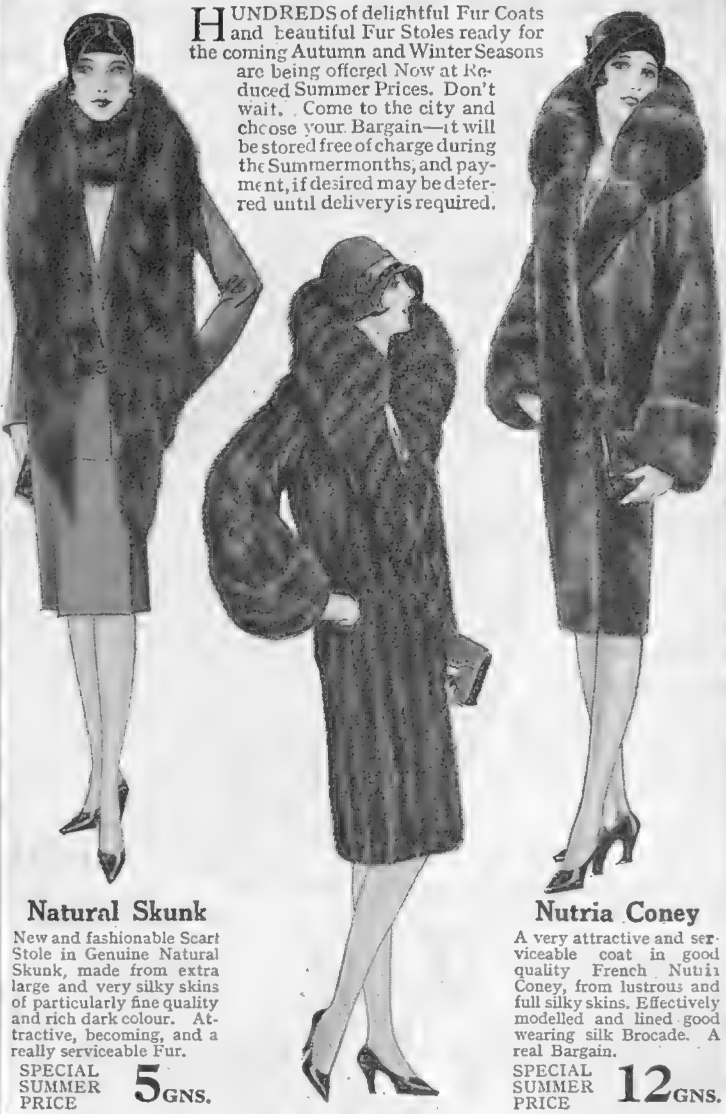

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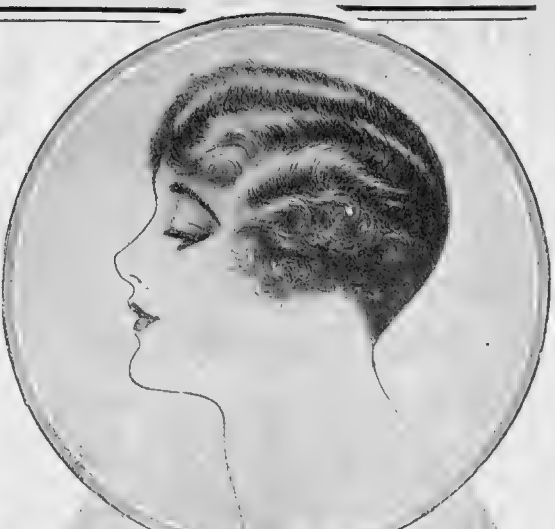

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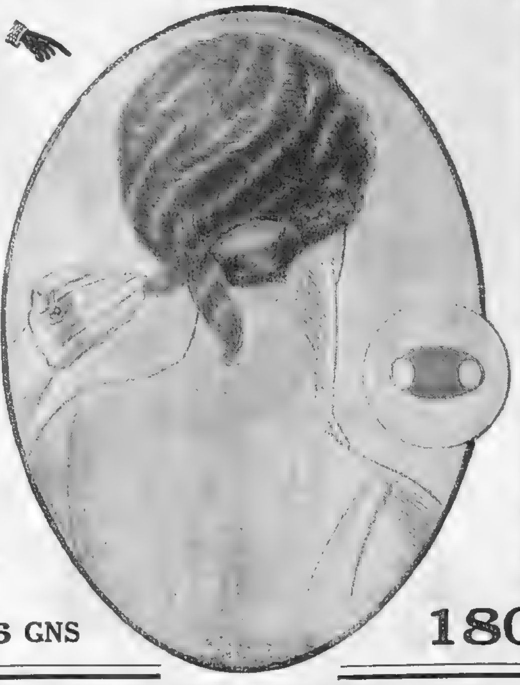

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which give that charming “Shingled” or “Bobbed” effect so greatly admired?

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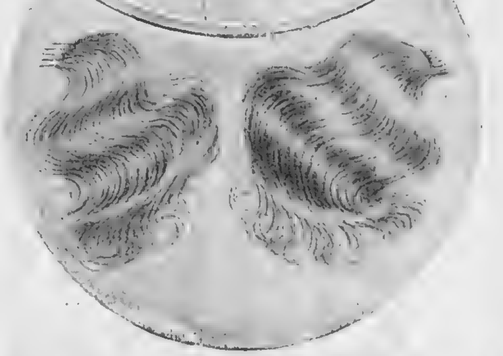
And small Side Curls only from **10/6** the pair.



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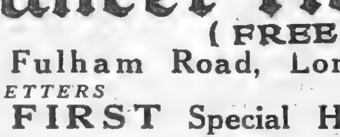

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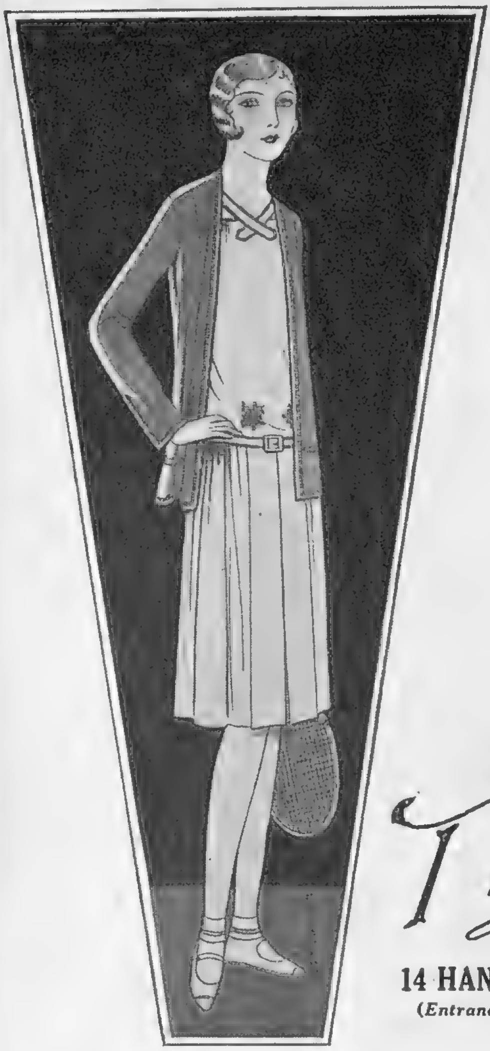

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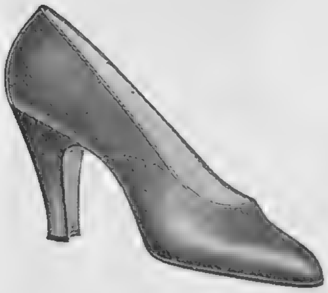

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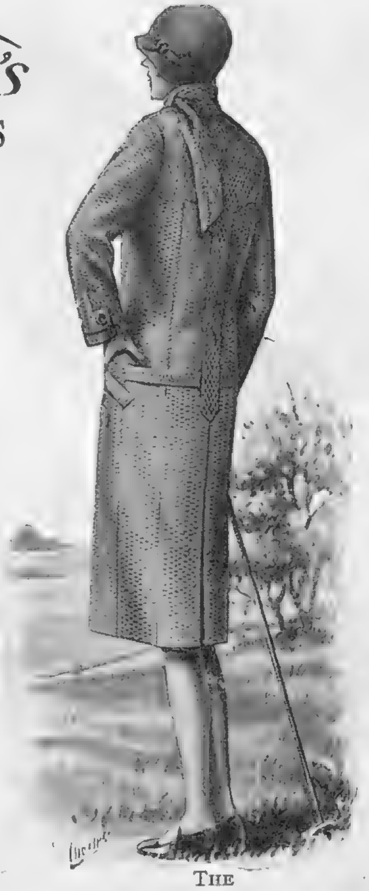

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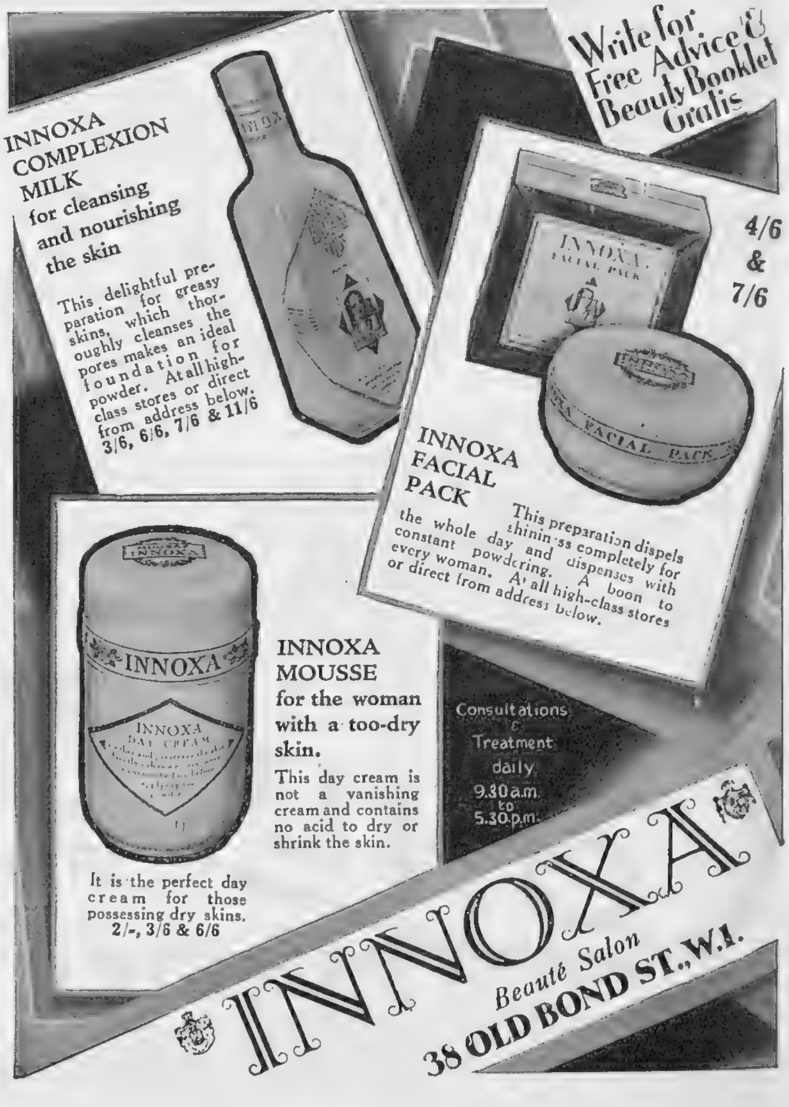

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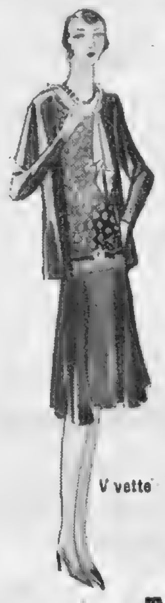

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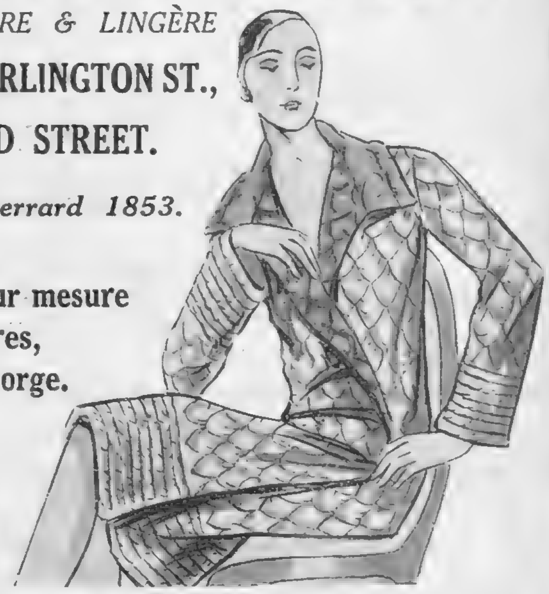

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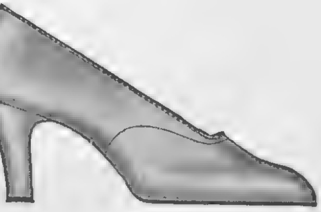

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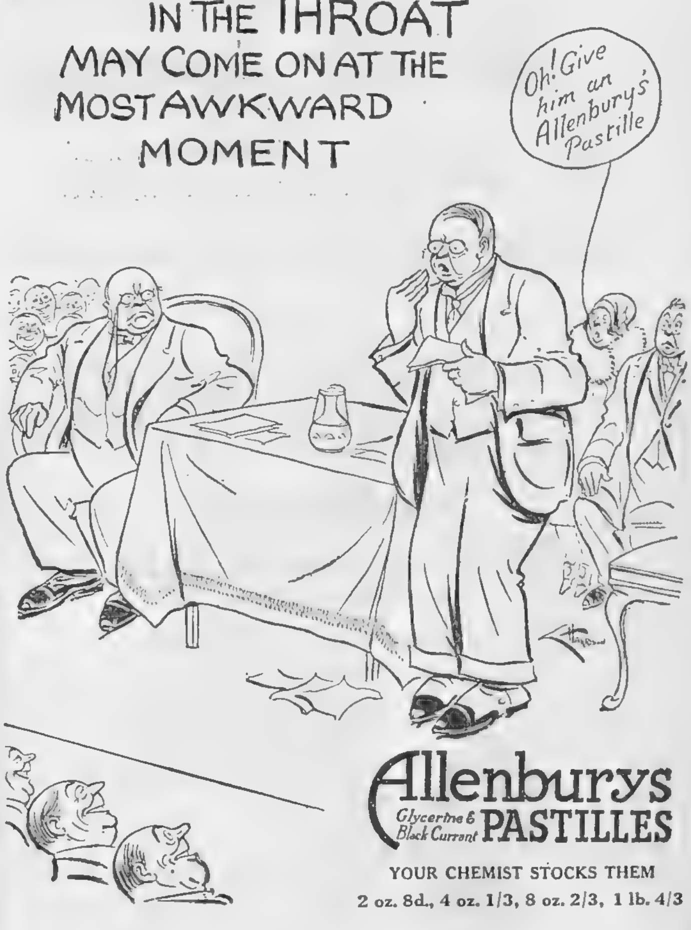
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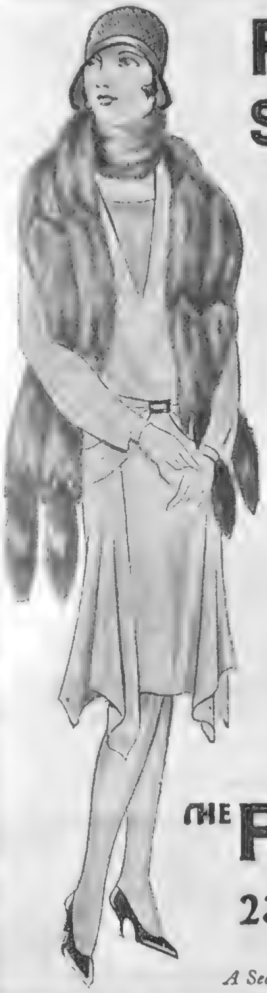

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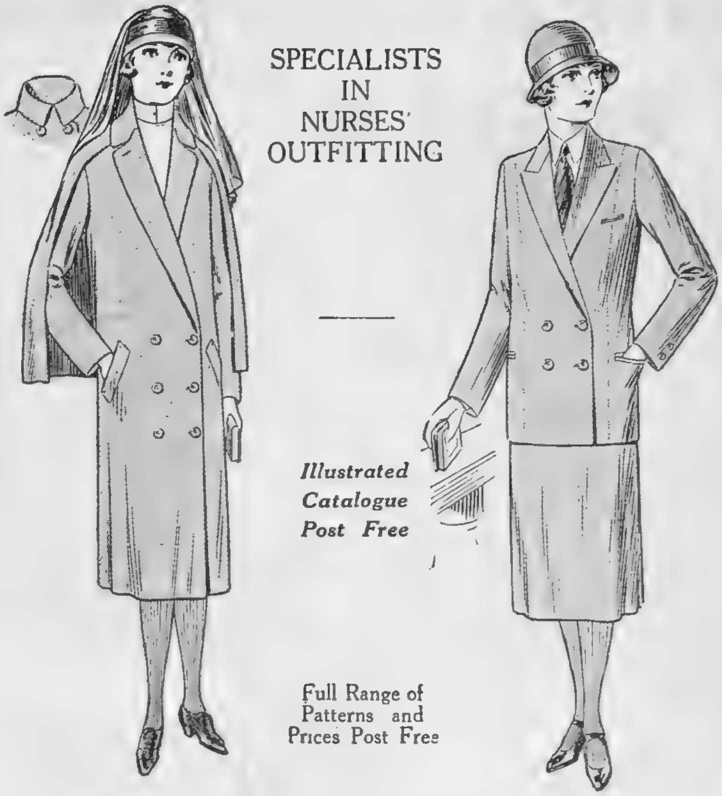

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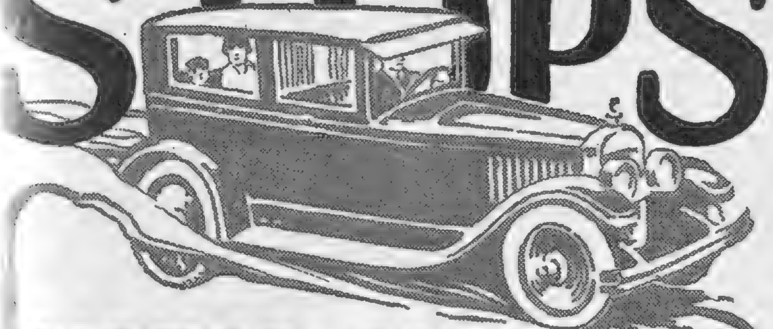

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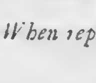

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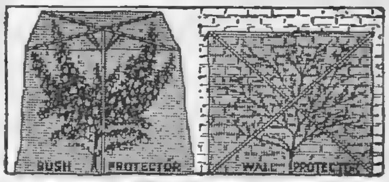

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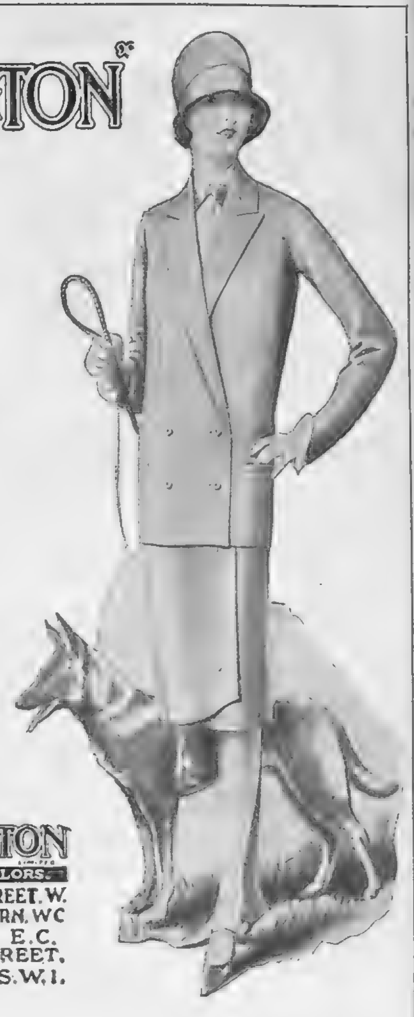

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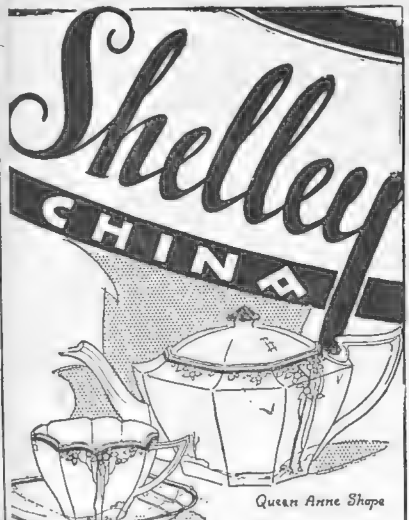

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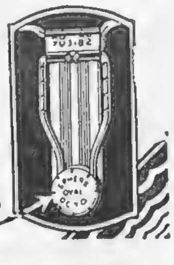

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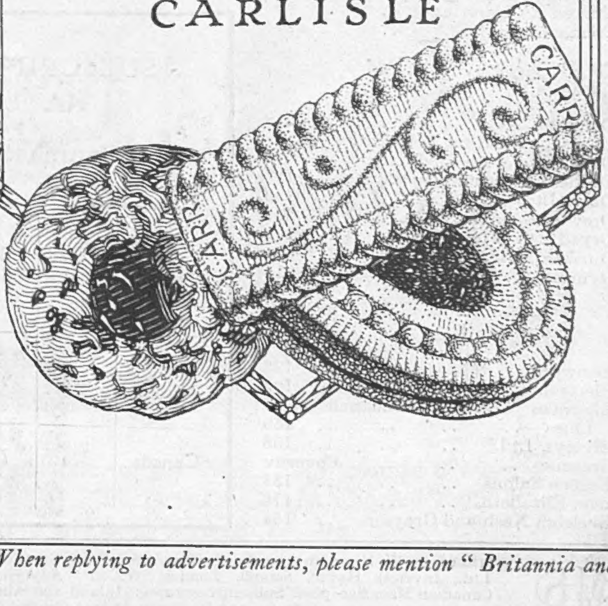

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